







*B. A. Nadal*







THE  
NEW LIFE DAWNING,  
AND OTHER DISCOURSES,  
OF  
BERNARD H. NADAL, D.D.,  
LATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORICAL THEOLOGY  
IN THE  
DREW THEOLOGICAL SÉMINARY.

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR,  
BY REV HENRY A. BUTTZ, M.A.

AND AN INTRODUCTION  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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IT is not more natural for man to yearn for immortality than it is for human affections to desire to keep alive forever the memory and influence of the departed, especially if their lives were beautiful and good. Though made invisible by death, they live perennially in our hearts, and still walk the journey of life with us. Both in our dreams and waking memories they keep ever coming to us as vividly as when they joined hands with us, and seem to be about us almost as really as if we could still behold them. We are filled with wonder, at times, that they do not take form and voice, and commune with us as in other days.

Dear Nadal—the generous friend, the genial colleague, the cultivated scholar, the tireless student, the tender-hearted, gentlemanly Christian—comes to me often, many times a day, just as he used to when we strolled the groves together: comes knocking at my door, as he was wont, in the evening and in the morning. At this moment his step is in the tessellated hall, and I am waiting to see him come with his pleasant smile through the open door. He does not come. May be it is that my dull eye of sense does not see him now.

Glad am I that one who knew him well and loved him reverently has been induced, at the prompting of affection, to give permanent form to some of the reminiscences of his beautiful character and life, as he went in and out among us.

As it is acted before us, a beautiful life is full of precious though often unconscious ministries, which keep on forever voicing themselves in our history and working themselves into the fiber and fashion of our character. Abel, though dead, is speaking still, and the unseen influence of his example goes on touching the shores of human thought and feeling over all the world. The connection is lost to our crude observation, but the Infinite, who is interested to pursue the stream through all its intricate windings, discerns each echo and vibration of the hushed voice and finished act, and will gather them all up at last, and place them, a crown of glory, on the head deserving to wear them.

It is often not until the vase is broken that we discover the precious ointment it contained, even though we were constantly breathing its delicious odors. We walk along the journey of life with a chosen friend, in a commonplace sort of way, in sweet content, without knowing exactly why, until death lets go a bolt, and our comrade falls ; then first we learn that it was an angel who had been walking by our side ; the ascending chariot reveals the Elijah. After the grass covers away his form, and the places where we met him are vacant, we remember the marvelous charm of his presence, and are surprised that, much as we loved him, we really never knew his worth until he had gone from us.

The subject of this memoir was not, during his life, without appreciation, nor did he occupy an obscure place, where his rare qualities were observed only by a few favored friends. For thirty years he filled a large and conspicuous place in the Church's eye and heart. The leading pulpits of several of the principal cities of the nation were the scenes of his successful ministry. Few have gathered about them more ardent or attached friends and admirers. Thousands, we may venture to say, still cherish with grateful love the memory of his instructive words and tender but manly sympathies. His co-laborers honored him with a high degree of confidence and esteem. His words, whether spoken or written, never failed to command attention. To rare beauty of mind he added the superior charm of perfect candor and unflinching bravery. He was no trimmer. The Church had in him a true and faithful son, always ready to do valiant service. But he was no bigot: his catholicity was broad and genial. Many of his most attached friends were found in other Churches than his own. He loved and cultivated the spirit of Christian unity, and was never more pleased than when serving the pulpits of other denominations, which he did with great frequency in all the places where he lived.

His death was recognized by the Church of Christ throughout the country as a calamity, and suitable mention was made of it by the pulpit and the press. In the hour of our country's peril she had no more dutiful son or eloquent defender. Resident at the time in the capital, he was the chosen counselor and spiritual adviser of some of the most eminent statesmen. His voice was ever one of courage and hope.



But, after all, it was not until death had claimed him that we realized how really rare and rich a jewel he was. The place he made vacant was broader than we knew.

The name of Nadal must forever be inseparably associated in my thought with that other kingly name—our beloved President—John M'Clintock. Scarcely a greater compliment could be paid the one than to say he was the life-long friend of the other. Near the same age, and becoming associated in the morning of their young manhood, their lives thenceforth blended in a beautiful confluence of love and just and admiring appreciation.

Never can I forget how, in the closer intimacies of a common interest, we went in and out together for the space of three years. Promenading the grove, visiting in the parlors of our homes, or sitting in the council chamber devising plans of usefulness, it was a union of unutterable friendship, springing from no common affinities and aims, that cemented us. There, as princes, not in position only, but in our hearts and judgment, sat M'Clintock, as great a soul as was ever shrined in flesh ; on his right, holding the place by preemption, sat Nadal ; on his left, the scholarly and affable Strong, the friend and co-laborer of years ; and so in my heart and memory they must forever continue to sit together in consecrated unity.

When the blow fell that laid M'Clintock low, it stunned us all, but shivered Nadal, like as when the lightning stroke rends some great tree. Not for the sad funeral days alone, but for the months following, when we walked and talked his voice and nerves were tremulous, and many times he wept and sobbed

as he spoke of our loss. One of the most trusted friends of all his life had been suddenly taken from him. Dear Nadal! I loved him more tenderly because he loved M'Clintock so much. Our bereavement was unabated in its force when duty called me away for some months from our stricken group. The evening before I was to sail Nadal sat with me to a late hour, and early in the morning, with a part of his own family, joined mine to attend me to the steamer. He was nervous with foreboding as to my health, which was not good, and I am quite sure he even then feared for himself.

When the final signal was given, he seized my hand, and with great emotion said, "Dear fellow, good-by, and don't you be leaving us over there in Europe," and, rushing down the gangway, stood waving his handkerchief until distance hid him from my view. I never saw him again. In ten brief days he had gone to join his dear friends in the realms of light. It was on a bright Sabbath morning, on my way to church, in the beautiful town of Leamington, England, six weeks after it had happened, that I received the news of his death. It fell upon me like a thunder-bolt from that cloudless sky. Shall I say that it amazed me, frightened me? It would be but saying the truth; but I must add that, following the immediate almost terror that came over me with the unexpected tidings, came a meditation of rich and blessed sweetness, worth a great agony to obtain. My comrades were gone. They had left me in the midst of the furrow, while their hands were full of labor; when it seemed to me the Church wanted them, when their usefulness was at its growth, when

love held them with its tightest grip. My faith followed them quickly as my affections. They grew upon me ; became more real than ever. Long robes were upon them, and they were crowned. I rested sweetly that night in an upper room of the Queen's Inn, and dreamed of heaven.

Since that darker days have come to me, and heaven has enriched itself by robbing me of yet dearer treasures. They are not lost, but only garnered. I cannot tell whether they are with us, but I know they are waiting for us.

On this side we are like shadows of a cloud that come and go ; and so we meet and part. On that side they are like the stars that shine for ever and ever.

The following brief memoir tells the story of a few of the many virtues of our beloved friend, and seeks to perpetuate for a time what we are not willing should ever die ; but there is another book written by angel fingers that will be more full and just, in which all his deeds and excellences are embalmed forever.

R. S. FOSTER.

# THE NEW LIFE DAWNING.

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MEMOIR OF B. H. NADAL, D.D.

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## PREFATORY.

THE year 1870 will be long remembered among American Methodists on account of the death of so many of their representative men. During the first few months of that year, Thomson and Kingsley among the bishops ; M'Clintock, Nadal, and Foss among the educators and preachers ; and Cobb, Cornell, and Wesley Harper among the laymen ; with many others, whom, though less known, the Church could ill spare, were called away from earthly labor to heavenly reward.

The influence of their character and labors, however, did not cease at their death. Being dead, they yet speak ; for next to the influences exerted upon society by the contact of living men with their fellows, are the impressions which are left by those whose deeds, whose writings, and whose spirit men have appreciated and loved. They who have won a name among men by their conflict with opposing forces are the real teachers of humanity, and the memorials of their lives cannot fail to be useful to mankind.

Among those whose memory is embalmed in many hearts, and whose history deserves more than a passing notice, was the Rev. BERNARD H. NADAL, D.D., who at the time of his death was Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J. While living, he wielded a powerful influence for good over those whom he addressed from the pulpit and platform, or by means of his facile and instructive pen ; and now that his voice is no more heard on earth, and that the pen has fallen from his lifeless fingers, there are multitudes who will review the records of his life with interest, and who will gather inspiration from a knowledge of his struggles and successes. It is not the intention, however, in this connection, to write a formal biography of Dr. Nadal, nor even to give an outline of his life and character which will be satisfactory to those who knew him best ; but merely to prefix to his Discourses such a memoir of him as will gratify, in part, those who from reading them may desire to know something more of their author. It may also furnish the large circle of his friends, both among the ministry and laity, a small outline, which each may fill up in the points wherein it fails to do justice to the memory of this eminent servant of Christ. For this reason the writer has not called for facts from many sources to which he might have applied, but has contented himself with those within his reach, except in one or two instances. Errors both in fact and in the development of the character will perhaps be found which will be readily corrected by those who recognize them. And yet it is hoped they are so few that those who were unacquainted with Dr. Nadal may

draw from this narrative a correct idea of his life, even if it be an inadequate one.

A large volume might have been made by calling for additional facts, and by publishing many of his interesting letters and writings; but it is thought that the brief narrative of his career here given, accompanied by a few of his sermons, will prove a satisfactory memorial of one who for many years filled such a high position in the pulpit, the professor's chair, and in the literature of his Church and country. The editor of this cannot dare to hope that the portraiture here given by one whose acquaintance with the lamented one was so brief, can fill the measure of the appreciation of his dearest friends, and especially that it can express the full truth as known to that stricken circle upon the altar of whose heart the flowers of his memory will always be beautiful and fragrant.

## I.

### DR. NADAL'S ANCESTRY.

Of Dr. Nadal's ancestry we know but little. That his father, who was a native of Bayonne, France, was both wayward and enterprising, is shown by the fact that when but twelve years of age he ran away from his parents and came to the United States. It is said that he was at that time studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and threw down his books in the street and ran away. A mere boy, without friends, and in a strange land, he grew up to man's estate, and, so far as we know, secured and retained an unblemished reputation and character. He was married twice. His second wife, whose maiden name was

Rachel Harrison, became the mother of three children—Bernard, the subject of this memoir, being the youngest.

Bernard was born in Talbot County, Maryland, on the 27th of March, 1812. Five months before his birth his father died, so that he was never permitted to enjoy paternal protection and counsel. After the death of her husband his mother lived with her father for two years until his death. A fact connected with her father is worthy of notice. At the time of her marriage he had a number of slaves on his farm on the eastern shore of Maryland. Before his death he freed them all, numbering about seventy-five, leaving to his large family only the moderate allotment resulting from the division of the farm.

This instance shows that the grandfather of young Nadal saw the dreadful blight and sin involved in human slavery, and was unwilling to transmit its curse to his children. Bernard's mother was a very pious woman, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from childhood. She was also a woman of much intelligence and force of character. Having been deprived of a home for the second time by the death of her father, she removed to St. Michael's, where she taught school to support her children. While she was thus teaching the children of others, no doubt she wisely instructed her own, and, by pointing out the dry wastes of ignorance, created that intense thirst for knowledge for which her youngest son Bernard was afterward so distinguished.

In 1821 she went to reside with a brother in Hookstown, five miles from Baltimore, which continued to be her home until her death.

Two things are worthy of note in regard to the ancestry of Dr. Nadal, because they bear directly upon what he afterward became. The first is the emancipation of slaves by his grandfather, suggesting that young Nadal's hatred of slavery, which increased with his years and influence, was to some extent at least inherited. He had no doubt heard the story in his boyhood, and the impressions thus made in favor of liberty were never effaced. The second is, that his mother was a thorough Christian, intelligent, and of great energy of character—qualities which were, in a marked degree, reproduced in her son Bernard, whose life we are about to trace.

## II.

### HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

The information we have respecting his childhood is quite meager, yet there is sufficient to show that his was not an exception to the maxim, "The child is father of the man." As the naturalist can take the bone of an animal and from it determine the size and kind of animal to which it belonged, so, were nothing left to us but the scant fragments of Dr. Nadal's early history, we could not fail to conclude that a marked manhood must have followed such a boyhood. As the vigor of the sapling foretells the grandeur of the oak, and the profusion of blossoms an abundant harvest, so his youth gave promise of a brilliant future.

His school life began when he was eight years of age. His mother discovered his aptitude for learning, and made great sacrifices to give him educational advantages for a few years. His school privileges could



not have been very extended, however, for while quite young, he went to Baltimore, and was for several years in the employ of a chemist and liquor merchant of that place, into whose family he was received as one of the household. He soon gained their confidence, and was treated with marked kindness. This family was one of culture and refinement, and his connection with it proved very advantageous to him and also to them. They placed good books in his hands, and allowed him time to read them. These privileges he did not fail to improve. Whenever a little time was at his disposal he might have been found with a book in his hands ; and no doubt to the choice reading and refined surroundings of his boyhood days he was indebted very much for that fine taste, both in style and imagery, which marked his productions in his riper years. If style be, as it has been defined, "The man himself," then in these early years, when no doubt his refined manhood was developing, there was also growing that love of the beautiful which all who knew him intimately could not fail to notice.

It has been said that his connection with this family was also advantageous to them. The kindness of his employer did not fall upon an ungrateful heart. As the earth drinks in the gentle showers and returns fruits and flowers for the benefit of man, so the heart of young Nadal received thankfully the kindness of his friend, and repaid it by a manifestation of gratitude as rare as it was beautiful. This gentleman failed in health and also in his business. The family was thus left without means of support. During the last winter of his employer's life, and while he was wasting with consumption, the family depended

chiefly for support on this boy of sixteen. Such was Bernard's affection for them, and such his anxiety to serve them, that he picked up the trade of a comb-maker, from which he brought them seven dollars a week for some months. This fact in his early history reveals a nobility of character and a delicacy of appreciation rare even among those of mature years and greater advantages, and prepares us to expect that if the grace of the Gospel should operate on his heart and renew it, he would become the fit instrument of Divine Providence in the accomplishment of much good to men.

God, in his wise adaptation of means to ends, selects for his work those who are capable of it; and in this case there seems to have been elements in Bernard precisely adapted to the ministry of the Gospel.

At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a man by the name of John Bear, in Hanover, Pennsylvania, for four years, to learn saddle-making. In this employment he does not seem to have succeeded with satisfaction to himself. He had no taste for it. As it is difficult to do that which is uncongenial, it is probable that while he employed his time faithfully, he did not devote himself to the acquisition of the trade with his accustomed energy. This view is confirmed by his own statement, that at the end of his apprenticeship he could not make a decent saddle. He secured, however, while here, that richest of blessings, the forgiveness of his sins and adoption into the family of God.

In this place he was converted at the age of twenty. No particulars of his conversion are accessible, so as

to be given here, but his future life is the best attestation of the radical change of heart which then took place.

While at Hanover he had a dream which left a deep impression on his mind. He was walking, so he dreamed, in a wood, when he came upon a young man whom he recognized as a fellow-townsmen. This young man lived in Hanover, was somewhat older than himself, and was a person of considerable influence with the young men of the village. He was fond of display, and was considered rather a man of fashion. After the meeting they two walked on together. By and by they came to the edge of a precipice, and the young man suddenly disappeared. He too fell, but he caught upon the roots of a tree that hung over, and sustained himself. At that moment he awoke. He at once explained the dream to himself in this way: that the wood which he saw was the wilderness of life; that this young man represented the gay world and the fate of all who trusted in it; that the precipice was the abyss of endless death, and the tree to which he had clung was Christ. A few years before Dr. Nadal's death he was riding in an out-of-the-way place in Maryland to see his mother's grave. On his way back the stage stopped one morning early at a wayside tavern, and there got into the stage a man with a bundle of tools, who was very much in liquor. He naturally expected some annoyance from this unpromising passenger, and at first got further back in the stage. He began to converse with him, however, and learned that he was from Hanover, Pa., which aroused his curiosity. He asked him his name, and found that he was the

same man whom he had known in his boyhood, and with whom he had walked in his dream. He found on inquiry about him that he was always drunk, and lived on the charity of his neighbors and on such small jobs as they could give him. Thus his dream was fulfilled.

After serving his four years' apprenticeship he returned to Baltimore, and not finding employment at his trade, and conscious, perhaps, that he had missed his calling, he accepted a clerkship in a store at Woodstock, Va. The agreeableness of his manners, his integrity, and his devotion to his business, rendered him a capital clerk, and his employer made him flattering offers to enter into partnership with him, but he declined them all.

The Holy Spirit, by yielding to whose influence he had been converted, now whispered to him that it was his duty to preach the Gospel. He was not disobedient to the heavenly call ; but having been duly licensed, he began at once to fit himself for his life-work. Those views of a thorough mental as well as spiritual preparation for the Christian ministry which in his maturer years he so ably maintained, had their beginning in his early life, and found their first application in his own self-culture. Unfortunately the materials for a full account of his early struggles are very meager, but we know enough to convince us that his efforts were not spent in securing the minimum of preparation necessary to enter the conference, but in attaining that kind and degree of education which would enable him, with the Divine blessing, to become in its highest sense a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. To appreciate his efforts in this regard,

his surroundings must be taken into consideration. At that time the so-called higher ideas of education did not prevail either among the ministry or laity of Methodism. Over the period covered by his youth, the heroic days of Methodism still cast their rays. It was the age of orators and men of power. It was the age of matchless zeal and fervor. The men who then stood at the front of the Lord's hosts, while not depreciating classical and scientific scholarship, regarded the time spent in acquiring it as so much time subtracted from the great work while "the fields were white to the harvest." So pressing was the demand for men that it was usual to urge all who felt called of God to the work of the ministry, and who were certified by their brethren to possess the disciplinary requirements "of gifts, grace, and usefulness," to enter at once upon their evangelistic labors. These statements are not made to question the wisdom of the plan pursued in this respect by our fathers, (for it was doubtless wise and necessary,) nor to suggest a comparison between the old and the new methods of preparation for the ministry, but to show that with surroundings which did not serve as incentives to extended literary acquisitions, he yet devoted himself to a class of studies not required by the general usages of the time. He spent two years in intellectual preparation.

He began the study of Latin during his apprenticeship as a saddler. With his Latin grammar before him, in a little frame made by himself for the purpose, he committed the paradigms and rules while he was stitching saddles with his hands. Afterward he met a lawyer in the town who was interested in young men,

and who aided him in his mathematical studies, greatly to young Nadal's advantage. In further preparation for his first circuit, he made his own saddle and purchased a little black horse, which he called *Doctor*, and whose faithfulness he was accustomed in after life frequently to mention. The traces which have been seen of the choiceness of his early reading, and his voluntary devotion to Latin and mathematics, lead us to infer that while he was destitute of a systematic training such as can only be acquired in the schools, he had at the time of entering on the work of the ministry laid the foundations on which he afterward erected a beautiful and symmetrical structure of finished scholarship. His further studies properly belong to the history of his active life.

### III.

#### AS A PREACHER AND PASTOR.

His ministerial life began with his admission into the old Baltimore Conference in the year 1835. He was twenty-three years of age, and entered upon his work with the hearty enthusiasm of a youth consecrated to God and to his Church, ready to serve the cause in whatever field Providence, through the appointed instrumentalities of the Church, might assign him. His first appointment was Luray Circuit, in Virginia, as a junior preacher.

His subsequent fields of labor were the following: 1836-37, St. Mary's Circuit, Md.; 1837-38, Bladensburg, Md.; 1838-40, City Station, Baltimore; 1841-42, Lewisburgh, Va.; 1842-44, Lexington, Va.; 1844-46, Columbia-street, Baltimore; 1846-48, Carlisle, Pa.; 1848-49, Agent of Baltimore Female College;

1849-51, High-street, Baltimore; 1851-53, City Station, Baltimore; 1853-54, supernumerary; 1854-57, Professor in Indiana Asbury University; 1857-58, Presiding Elder of Roanoke District; 1858-60, Foundry Church, Washington; 1860-62, Sands-street Church, Brooklyn; 1862-64, First Church, New Haven; 1864-66, Wesley Chapel, Washington; 1866, Trinity Church, Philadelphia; and in the fall of 1867 he accepted the professorship of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, where he remained until his death.

Dr. Crooks, who preached at his funeral, after recapitulating the responsible positions which Dr. Nadal had filled, added impressively, "This is not the record of a laggard." It would be needless to attempt here a full account of his pastoral life in his varied fields of labor even if the materials were at hand. There is so much of sameness in the preacher's work, that the presentation of a few salient points is all that will be attempted in this connection. In the years 1836-37 he traveled St. Mary's Circuit, Md., and in 1838 he was appointed to Bladensburgh Circuit, located between Washington and Baltimore. We know little of these years of his life, except that they were years of earnest and successful labors marked by intense devotion to self-improvement. In 1839 and 1840 he was one of the preachers of City Station, Baltimore. From Baltimore, at the close of his two years of service, which was the largest the Discipline then allowed, he was sent to Lewisburgh, Va.

During his second year on this charge he was married to Miss Jane Mays, daughter of John Mays, Esq., of Lewisburgh. While in this appointment he

worked hard both for the Church and for his own improvement. On his arrival he was disheartened somewhat when he saw the smallness of the society compared with the large membership and congregation to which he had been accustomed in Baltimore. He entered, however, heartily into the work, watching over each member with the most zealous care. He was in the habit of having sunrise prayer-meetings, and the interest in the subject of salvation increased so that during the first year of his ministry there, and only a few months after he came, a remarkable revival of religion took place. The Church was powerfully blessed, and a multitude of sinners brought to Christ. His preaching impressed the people very favorably, and he had large congregations. The young took a special interest in his discourses and were greatly benefited by them. As this was the formative period of his life, it is interesting to know that he was accustomed at this time to write his sermons in full, and often delivered them *verbatim*. Occasionally he read his sermons. The week was divided for study purposes into two parts, except Monday, which was rest-day. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were devoted to general reading, and Friday and Saturday to the preparation of his sermons. These were years of hard study. He had formed the purpose, notwithstanding he was already in the active ministry, that he would go to college. He meant to make of himself a cultivated man and a scholar, and he allowed no obstacles to swerve him from his prescribed plan. He promised the Lord that he would press forward, using every means of improvement within his reach. Any body who



knew what he did not know served him as a teacher. It is evident that he was a conscientious student. He loved knowledge for its own sake, and for the means of usefulness which it opened before him. It was to him an instrument of power for good among men, and hence he sought it. He showed his desire for knowledge by his willingness to pay the price which it demands, which is not genius, not opportunities merely, but hard work. An intimate friend said of him, that in his early circuit life he read his books from sunrise in the morning till late at night.

His next appointment was Lexington, Va., a circuit where he was preacher in charge. The young preacher and his wife were kindly treated by the people, but they had all the hardships which the young married preachers of those times and of that part of the country so well understood. They had a good and commodious house, but no furniture, and to supply this was a heavy burden on the small salaries of those days. It was no doubt a severe trial to his young wife thus to step at once from the comforts of a home into the self-denying toils of early Methodist circuit life, as well as to himself. They bore it nobly, however, never faltering in the path of duty. He took a deep interest in the welfare of his colleagues, with whom his relations were very pleasant. He had his study fitted up for their use, and encouraged them to occupy it as often as they could. On this charge his colleagues were successively Rev. William Krebs and Rev. Mr. Ritchie. His own studies were very much interrupted during these two years, as his pastoral and pulpit duties compelled him to travel most of the time.

In his next appointment, Columbia-street, Baltimore, he found a good people, ready to labor with him in building up the Church. He toiled most earnestly. As a result of the united efforts of himself and his people a blessed revival of religion occurred, encouraging his heart and the hearts of his brethren. Here he gave himself to study whenever his pastoral duties would allow, and made rapid progress in linguistic as well as scientific lore. These two years were full of usefulness, and also of his own personal improvement.

At the close of his term of service in Columbia-street he was stationed at Carlisle, Pa., the well-known seat of Dickinson College. This appointment was very gratifying to him, because it afforded him an opportunity, without stepping aside from his regular work, to carry out his cherished plan and complete a college course of study. It is easy to imagine that he would not throw away an opportunity for which he had been so long waiting. The obstacles to be overcome, however, were well-nigh insurmountable. His ministerial labors were more than enough to tax the utmost intellectual and physical energies of one man, especially if that one was already somewhat worn down by severe labor. In addition to his preaching, he was also chaplain of the college. It was his duty to attend prayers in the morning. In those days the time of prayers was not determined by the convenience of the students. With early dawn the bell summoned them to their public devotions. His work was also increased by the character of the audience whom he addressed. The demands were more exacting here than they were in ordinary

congregations. None of these things moved him from his purpose. From the fact that he graduated during the second year of his pastorate in Carlisle, it is probable that he entered the junior class. He did not fail to improve his long-sought advantages. The early morning hours found him at his studies, and midnight often witnessed his protracted labors.

His perseverance in his studies was crowned with success. He graduated in 1848, the faculty conferring on him the degree of A.B. and A.M. at the same time, an honor as richly deserved as it was generously bestowed. It is also worthy of remark that during part of this time he also taught a class in the college. Under the pressure of so much labor it is not surprising that his health declined, but he did not yield his charge. In the summer of his second year he went to York Springs, Va., and was confined most of the winter following to his room. While he was here for his health he wrote a letter to Mrs. Nadal, in which he mentions what was no doubt the beginning of the disease which, twenty-two years afterward caused his death. The physician told him that a week at the springs would cure him. But, alas ! while the springs no doubt improved his health, the promised cure never took place.

Of his style, both as a preacher and a writer, at this time we cannot give a better portraiture than by quoting a notice in the "Christian Advocate and Journal" of a funeral discourse preached by him, during his pastorate at Carlisle, on the death of Professor Merritt Caldwell, of Dickinson College. "We have seldom read a funeral discourse with more

interest than the one before us has inspired. It portrays the character of our late excellent friend and brother, Professor Caldwell, with a fidelity which will be admitted at once by all who knew him. The style is vigorous and direct, without tinsel or extravagance, but often rising into manly eloquence, and always perspicuous and chaste. We commend the sermon not only to the numerous friends of Professor Caldwell, but to the public generally, as a strong portraiture of a strongly marked character."

The Conference in the spring of 1849 was held at Staunton, Va. His health was not sufficiently restored to enable him to take a regular charge, and he was accordingly appointed "Agent of Baltimore Female College." After a careful consideration of the matter, it was decided that he could not engage in it with success, and he was on that ground relieved. There was at this time in Baltimore an independent Church called Duncan's, from the name of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Duncan. It was one of the strongest congregations in the city, and wielded an immense influence. Dr. Duncan was a man of much ability and power, and a great pulpit orator, but was at this time partially disabled by paralysis, so that it was necessary for his congregation to supply his place, at least temporarily. Dr. Nadal, having no charge at the time and being able to do partial work, was invited by the Church to supply their pulpit. It was an invitation creditable to him, and offered him for the time a wide field of usefulness. He took counsel with the Bishop and with his friends generally, and having been advised by them to accept the position he did

so, and entered upon his labors either in the month of June or July. He went as a Methodist preacher, the congregation requiring no modification whatever of his views or of his preaching. During his connection with this Church he preached once a day, sometimes twice, Dr. Duncan himself preaching occasionally. The year was one of enjoyment and profit both to himself and the congregation. They would no doubt gladly have chosen him to remain with them as their pastor. But now that his health was sufficiently restored, through the comparative lightness of his labors, he determined to return to the itinerant ranks. His connection with this Church and with Dr. Duncan was always regarded by him as a green spot in his life, to which he looked back in after years with unmixed pleasure.

In 1850 his appointment was to High-street, Baltimore, an old and strong Church. The people rallied around him, and he here put forth all his energies to promote their welfare. The relation which they sustained to each other was more than official. It was the shepherd gently leading his flock, and the sheep trustingly following the shepherd.

As a consequence of this mutual warmth of affection, his two years here were eminently successful in all respects. His pulpit preparations, his pastoral work, the prayer-meetings, the Sabbath-school, were all carefully watched over, and the entire work prospered. It was also a season of hard study. He did not lay aside his books with his college graduation, but devoted himself untiringly to the pursuit of knowledge and culture. This was in many respects one of the most pleasant charges of his life.

His next field of labor was City Station, Baltimore. This was not a new field, as he had been stationed here before. Familiar faces greeted him ; old friendships were revived ; the past cast its influence over the present, and the present over the past. He went to work with a will. He labored hard, especially at camp-meetings. But the labor was beyond his strength, and during his second year of service here his health failed again. His congregation, kindly appreciating his services and the necessity of his relaxation from care, gave him a vacation and sent him to Europe, where he remained three months, enjoying the sights of the old world and recruiting his shattered health. The substantial manifestations of sympathy and affection on the part of his people during these days of affliction were very grateful to his heart, and were never forgotten. His intense love of nature and of art gave him great enjoyment in the many opportunities which his foreign trip allowed him for observing both.

He appreciated very highly the opportunities, and described the scenery in beautifully written letters. In letter-writing his fine descriptive powers had abundant play ; and had he stayed long enough in Europe, and given his time to the preparation of a book of travels, it would have been of surpassing interest, as every thing of this kind in his hands was invested with an atmosphere of poetry

An extract from one of his letters to Mrs. Nadal is all that space will allow. He thus describes his arrival in England : " When we entered the Channel we found it enveloped in a heavy fog—an English fog—through which we made our way for another day

and a half, when it partly cleared away and disclosed to our view the most beautiful rural landscapes my eyes ever lighted upon. Not overwhelmingly grand, like the mountain scenery of your native State, but soft, gentle, charming. The farmers were just in the midst of their hay harvests, and the scent of the half-dried grass was wafted across the waters of the Thames to our famished noses, which snuffed them up as though the spirits of the very flowers had been bathing their perfumed wings in the air about us. O! how delightful the odors of the land after smelling salt water and being drenched in foam for sixteen days—long, long days! Of course the days grew shorter as we advanced on our voyage, but still those days on the sea were the longest I ever passed. But to return to the landscape. The fields lay fresh and green along the banks of the river, their surfaces as smooth as floors, sloping away from the water's edge up to the higher lands, crowned for the most part with woods. And all through the fields themselves were scattered here and there clumps of beautiful forest trees, relieving by their height and their deeper green color the lighter green and more extended surfaces of the fields. But the fields were not all covered with grass. The harvest fields, ripe and ripening, were there, waving in golden beauty to the scytheman and reaper to come and gather them. There also, after a little more careful looking, I saw the fresh ground itself, with no growth at all upon it, just prepared to receive seed, of what kind I know not, but to me it was delightful, in contrast with the monotonous blue of old ocean. About every half mile on one side or the other of the river a neat

church was to be seen, generally built of stone, with a tower, and surrounded by forest trees. There stood the farm-houses ; there grazed the horses and cows ; and on the whole rested that peculiar mist or haze which never leaves London or its neighborhood for a single day. This last feature—the haze—you would think must be a disadvantage to the English landscape, but it is just the reverse. It is true, you see objects less distinctly, but for that reason your view is more delightful. The haze conceals the sharp angles and smooths the rough surfaces.

Going into London, as we did, on a railroad bridge which goes on the tops of the houses, the first thing that struck me was the chimney-pots, tall and short, which stand in rows on the tops of the chimneys. They are generally earthenware, from two to four feet high. There is not a chimney in London without them. They make the city, when seen from above, look like a vast congregation of potteries, where every man has his sign on the top of his house."

The two following years Dr. Nadal was a professor in Indiana Asbury University. But in the spring of 1857 he returned to Baltimore Conference, and was welcomed back by a rising vote. He was appointed Presiding Elder of Roanoke District, in Western Virginia, a large district when judged by modern standards, but small, perhaps, when contrasted with those of that day. It was a time when those great waves of agitation on the subject of slavery were rolling fiercely over the Border States. The position which he occupied was one of great responsibility, both in its ecclesiastical and in its national aspects.



It was his great work to guard the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that distracted section of it. The battle between the Border citizens of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had been waged long and furiously from newspaper and journal batteries. But ill-directed and vigorous firing clouded the field in uncertainty and misapprehension. The true position of the combatants could not be clearly told. A clamor was raised for open single combat. To this end the "Fincastle Democrat," of Fincastle, Va., heralded forth in September, 1857, the following proclamation:

"TO THE PUBLIC: In vindication of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, against the insidious attacks and influence of her enemies, the Rev. Leonidas Rosser, in compliance with the request of a number of citizens, will deliver an address, in the Court-House in Fincastle, on Tuesday, the 13th of October, 1857."

The Rev. Leonidas Rosser was a member of the Virginia Conference, who graduated, under Dr. Wilbur Fisk, at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, and was the leader of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in that district. Dr. Nadal was urgently solicited by many members of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be present, and to define the true position of his Church, if assailed. He left home, averse to any discussion, because he knew it would do neither Methodism nor the cause of Christ any good. The Rev. Leonidas Rosser spoke nearly all day, endeavoring to show that the whole tendency and action of the Baltimore

Conference since 1840 were in favor of abolition. He tried to prove his assertions by documentary evidence, and denounced the whole Methodist Church, from first to last, as an abolition organization.

The next day, October 14, Dr. Nadal (who did not appear as a combatant at all) made a most triumphant vindication of his Church and Conference against the attacks of her opponents. The only clew we have to the substance of his remarks on this occasion, as he himself represented them at a later period before the Baltimore Conference, is found reported in the "Richmond Christian Advocate." It was written by Rev. J. C. Granbury, of the Virginia Conference. It was evidently intended to depreciate the speech of Dr. Nadal, and to show him as the opponent of the Southern people. It is quoted in a local Virginia paper in order to show, as the editor says, "in what estimation at least three fourths of the citizens of this county are held by Rev. Dr. Nadal." It gives us, however, a view of the nature of the struggle, and of the intense agitation that attended it. The following is the extract:

"Brother Nadal eloquently related his exploits and defined the position of the Conference. He said that he came from the worst district in one respect: no finer country, no more pleasant people than his—but the Southern disease had gotten hold there. He and his brethren had been badly abused and called abolitionists, Seward higher-law men, Plug Uglies, etc. It had been said that they would sneak into the kitchens and run off negroes by the underground railroad. There was only one paper in his district, the 'Fincastle Democrat,' favorable to *them*.

They needed, therefore, a paper of their own, in which they could repel the slanders against them. All the 'respectability,' even, outside of the Church, was on their side, but a great effort was made to excite the mob—the ragged fringes of the mob—against them. His old friend Rosser had attempted to prove that they were abolitionists, but he had vindicated them against the charge. And what was the result? None had been lost to the Baltimore Conference on Fincastle Circuit during the past year, and they had added one hundred and eighty members, who more than counterbalanced all previous losses. Rosser had spoken hours at Salem, and another Southern Methodist preacher had closed the discussion with a speech four hours and a half in length; yet the sun shines by day and the stars look down by night on a more compact Church at that place than before the debate. He had distinctly avowed in these controversies that they were not abolitionists, but were antislavery. The Baltimore Conference, he had told the people, is an *anti-slavery body—antislavery on the basis of the Discipline*. Their opponents believed slavery a divine institution. Rosser had uttered the horrid doctrine that the millennial sun would shine on the system of slavery. Dr. N. had proposed to Rosser that he would advocate his views in Richmond and Lynchburgh, provided Mr. Rosser would promise him personal security. This was refused. And yet, said Nadal, if I cannot be permitted to proclaim and defend these doctrines in these cities—the doctrines of Washington, Jefferson, and Monroe—then Virginia has more sadly degenerated than I had supposed. He did not believe that Rosser correctly represented Eastern

Virginia. The "New York Advocate" was a great trouble to him. The editor was able and well-disposed ; but he began to find it a difficult task to hold on to both parties in the Church, and wished this Conference to take care of itself. Some terrible abolition articles appeared in that paper. Only a single copy is taken in Lexington, and that by a Southern member. The preachers of the Virginia Conference had looked down on the Valley from the summits of Blue Ridge, and had seen that it was a goodly land ; they coveted and would certainly invade it. Shall they be driven back ? A paper of their own could defend them from all attacks ; and as to any agitation which would be excited in the North, if they must fall, let them fall with open eyes."

Dr. Nadal, at the conclusion of his reply to Rosser, told the people that he had been opposed to the whole affair from the beginning ; that he was there simply in defense of his Church and Conference, and that, having made that defense, he was done, and no remarks from any one should provoke further reply.

It is not necessary to enter into the merits of that discussion. Dr. Nadal regarded it as the most trying, and at the same time the most useful, period of his life. He regretted that the necessity for the controversy had existed, but did not regret the part he had taken in it. Yet its recollections were in his case accompanied with no bitterness, and now that the cause of the difficulty is no more, he, if living, would be the first to welcome a complete fraternization between the Churches which were then so wide apart.

In 1858 Dr. Nadal was stationed at the Foundry

Church in Washington, D. C., where, in the capital of the nation, he found a pleasant charge, and preached two years with great acceptability. It was at this time that he began to address himself more particularly to national affairs in the pulpit. The war cloud was then hanging over our country, and none knew how soon it would burst. Dr. Nadal saw the danger, and realized the necessity that the Church should rally to sustain the cause of liberty and of national unity. He preached the funeral sermon of Governor Hicks, of Maryland, in which he portrayed his exalted services to the nation in her hour of peril; and while at all times he maintained his views of right with great conscientiousness, he yet secured the respect of those from whose principles and aims he was compelled to dissent. His preaching and pastoral labors here were successful, and he was much loved by the people of his charge.

At the close of his labors at the Foundry Church he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and stationed at Sands-street, Brooklyn. It was an important charge and a strong Church. While he was there the war broke out. He at once took strong ground in favor of the Government. Both in the pulpit and by the press he did all in his power to arouse the people and the country in behalf of union and liberty.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church of New Haven next welcomed him as pastor. There also he faltered not in his maintenance of the cause of the Union, and was bold in expressing his convictions. The war still continued, and he regarded his influence as a sacred trust, only to be employed on the side

which he believed to be that of liberty and justice. He was respected in a marked degree by his congregation, as well as by the inhabitants of that city generally; and they still remember his success while with them as preacher and pastor, and the fearlessness with which he maintained his views on all public questions.

At the close of his term in New Haven he was again transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and once more stationed in Washington, this time at Wesley Chapel. This pastorate was among the stirring scenes of the war. He became well acquainted with President Lincoln, and gave a hearty support to his administration. At his death he was profoundly distressed, and poured forth in a discourse at his funeral a nation's wail of sorrow as well as his own.

His life during these years belongs in part to the nation's history, and can be traced more appropriately in connection with his patriotic character. During this period he also acted for a time as chaplain of the United States Senate. From Washington he was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference and stationed at Trinity Church, Philadelphia. He was received with marked kindness by the Philadelphia Conference, and also by the Church of which he was pastor. Here he closed his work as pastor in the fall of 1867, and became, as already indicated, Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary.

We have thus rapidly reviewed Dr. Nadal's pastoral life, omitting, however, much that would be pleasing to his friends to recall. No doubt many of the most important facts connected with a ministry of about a

third of a century in duration have been passed over, but as they are not accessible to the writer, those who know them will pardon their omission and allow memory to supply the blanks. In closing the discussion of this aspect of his life, it only remains to give a summary of his characteristics as a preacher.

*He was an evangelical preacher.* This was a natural result of his theological views, which were in the strictest sense orthodox. He had no sympathy with the modern idea that high culture was necessarily heterodox. As his knowledge widened, his culture matured, and his views enlarged, he increased also in his attachment to the standard doctrines of the Church of Christ. He was firmly attached also to the great fundamentals of Methodism, and maintained them unflinchingly. Hence repentance, faith, conversion, the witness of the Spirit, holiness of heart and life, constituted the central themes around which his preaching revolved. He saw the depths of human guilt as revealed in the Bible, the inability of man, unaided by divine grace, to save himself, and also the rich provisions which had been made in the Gospel for his salvation. Christ in his theology was not merely a great teacher, nor even a perfect example only, but the Atoner, possessed of both divinity and humanity, who was crucified for men, "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Hence the arrows of truth, as they sped from his bow, went direct to the sinner's heart, and when they had done their work he poured in the oil of consolation, by commending the wounded to Him of whom it is written, "He was wounded for

our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed."

His preaching was in harmony with the sentiment so often on the lips of God's children :

“ Deep are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds her utmost power.

See in the Saviour's dying blood  
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow,  
And in that sacrificial flood  
A balm for all thy grief and woe."

While there were points in his views of theology and Church polity in which he differed somewhat from his brethren, he was always true to the doctrines and to the work of Methodism. Dr. Crooks, his warm friend, in his article on Dr. Nadal makes the following observations, applying them to the others who passed away about the same time as well as to him : " The fact that he and his compeers who have so recently gone down to the grave, the more widely they extended their culture held only the more firmly to the heart-truths of Methodist theology, is a lesson to the rising ministry, and a good omen for the Church's future. In its foremost scholars it will find the firmest defenders of its pure and simple faith." The matters on which he expressed dissent from prevailing opinions were theoretical, and were to be found in his writings ; but his preaching was full of the marrow and fatness of the Gospel, addressing itself directly to the hearts of his hearers, and bringing before them vividly the great cardinal Scripture doctrines of sin and redemption.



*He was thorough in his preparation for the pulpit.* He regarded the sermon as one of the most important of human productions, and worthy of the best powers of the preacher. No labor, in his view, was more wisely expended than that which was spent in preparation to preach. This is shown by his strict care in this regard both in his earlier and later years. It is demonstrated also by the large number of written sermons which he has left—sermons on almost all the topics on which a Christian pastor needs to address a congregation. A few of them are given in this volume; enough for several volumes remain unpublished. They were mostly written in full, and in his later years they were generally delivered from brief notes or were read. His habit of reading sermons in the pulpit was due not to a depreciation of extemporaneous methods of address, but to his fine critical taste, which could only be satisfied in this way, and also to his belief that for him it was the most effectual method of preaching the Gospel. His sermons were chaste in style, full of thought, and often rose to the highest order of eloquence. There was also about him an atmosphere of poetry, which he threw over both the subject and his treatment of it, so that the most familiar themes were invested by him with freshness and beauty. The manner of his delivery harmonized with the thoroughness of his preparation. It was not declamatory on the one hand nor monotonous on the other. It was rather the expression of the thoughts and sentiments of his discourse in a manner adapted to them. There was nothing artificial in his style. His introduction was simple, and led naturally to his text. He stated

clearly and with quietness the point to be discussed, and yet a careful observer would note that underneath the calm exterior there was an under-current of deep feeling. He was not generally demonstrative either in gesticulation or in voice, and yet there was an earnestness which expressed itself in the voice, in the eye, in the countenance; which communicated itself to the audience, and often melted the hardest hearts, and subdued for Christ the most rebellious wills. There was in his preaching the absence of all attempt at oratorical display, so intent was he in presenting the thought which had taken possession of his mind and heart, and which he wanted to communicate to his hearers.

*He was a growing preacher.* Some men develop early and decline early. They reach what they regard as the highest capacity and position possible to them, and from that time they appear to make no progress. With Dr. Nadal it was otherwise. He did not rest satisfied with any attainments which he had made. He would enter upon the preparation or delivery of a sermon with as much enthusiasm and care in his later, as he did in his earlier years. He sought those from whom he might obtain useful information, in order that he might gain hints by which to improve himself. In one of his note-books he records the facts which he elicited from Dr. Durbin, then at the height of his fame as a pulpit orator: "December 7, 1850. Had a pleasant conversation with Dr. Durbin, during which I introduced his great power in the pulpit. My object was to learn from him, if possible, the secret of that power. He told me, among other things, that when in the pulpit he saw nobody in the

congregation, and therefore he had no fear of the congregation; he felt he had no business with it—his business was to get out the thoughts which were in his mind. He said he had never known but one man who had influence over his courage while in the pulpit, and that he had powers similar to his, perhaps, in a higher degree. He stated that when he stood in the pulpit he felt as though his mind were a sealed chamber from which the external world was entirely excluded; and that this chamber was filled with pictures as distinct as if real, which it was his aim to transfer to the minds of the audience. A great point in making this transfer he felt to be to present each picture in its proper place, and to use no more words in its presentation than were absolutely necessary. Although he saw nobody in the congregation, yet he saw every body, but he saw them not as bodies but as minds, and felt that he was not looking at their features, but at what they were thinking about, that is, at what was indicated by their features. I have heard my old friend Dr. Duncan make remarks very similar to this last. His observation was, not only that he saw nobody and yet every body, but also that he seemed to be shut up in his own mind, seemed to be inside of himself, which is very much Dr. Durbin's figure of a sealed chamber.

“Dr. Durbin also said that he seemed to himself to hold in his hands innumerable little cords, one of them reaching and being fastened to every mind in the house, which he felt himself to be gradually and gently drawing to see if he could get their minds up to his own—now drawing and now slackening, as occasion required, until he felt they were all his own. As to

his gestures, he said he was conscious of none at all, except when he was about to make an awkward one, and then he became conscious of an effort to prevent it, and in this way obtained a glimpse of the outward world.

“Speaking of books, the Doctor said he had not read a great many, but he had read the best and had mastered them. There were to him three great books, ‘The Bible, Shakspeare, and Horace.’ His mode of preparation for the pulpit was to make a simple outline, and then to depend on the occasion for illustrations, thoughts, and words.”

This characteristic of growth was shown in every department of intellectual activity, and is distinctly noticed by his valued friend, Dr. Crooks, in the following words :

“When we consider discriminatingly the lives of literary men, we discern that there are some whose early first-fruits are the best ; others, again, ripen slowly, and have a long period of fruitage. Dr. Nadal was of the latter class. Though beyond the meridian of life, his mind was ever growing : its products were richer each successive year. The stores of thought and truth which he had laboriously gathered were made available by the vivacity and alertness of his intellect. His mind was not a *hortus siccus*—a cabinet of dried specimens of dead learning—but a field full of the fragrance and freshness of living growths. He felt that he had not done his best, and was girding himself for larger tasks than he had before undertaken ; and, while intent on these, he fell down and died. He died, as Bacon phrases it, ‘in warm blood,’ running the race at the very top of his

speed. Yet he failed not, for he has won the prize of his high calling, immortal, imperishable, which Christ assures to all his own."

#### IV.

##### AS A WRITER.

If, as is asserted, "the pen is mightier than the sword," then we may conclude that Dr. Nadal exerted a wide influence, for he wielded a pen of rare brilliancy and power. His pen was the weapon with which he fought many battles, and with which he maintained many a righteous cause. The statement of Dr. Crooks in his funeral discourse that as a writer he has left behind him but few equals and no superiors, will be confirmed, we think, by all who are familiar with his literary productions. The first thing that impresses us in this connection is the variety of subjects on which he wrote with almost equal facility. Ethics, philosophy, politics, religion, poetry, each were discussed by him when called forth by the duties of the hour. The following quotations from the subjects which he had noted in his diary as suitable topics for editorials or essays will best show the intensely practical character of his mind, as well as the breadth of his capacities in this direction :

International Morals ; Gentlemen of the Bible ; Behavior in Christ ; Southern Civilization ; Trollope's Blunders ; Home, Mother, Heaven ; Church Hospitality ; Public Politeness ; God's Personality as Embracing all Human Excellences without its Limitations ; The Evidential Force of the Voluntary Suffering of the Apostles in Connection with the Admitted

Genuineness of Gospel History ; A Mother's Beauty ; Pride of Originality as Compared with the Divine Motives of Orthodox Religion ; When Men present Christ's Doctrines let them get them out of the Bible ; Owning our Friends ; The Danger to Young Men from the Side of Literature and Science ; Ritualism Raises the Question, Whether or Not Intelligence Shall Leave the Pulpit ; Men in the Book and Newspaper Business, including Printers, likely to become Infidels ; Looseness of the Notions about the War—Our War one of Moral Principle ; Social Life and Office ; Methodism as Compared with Puritan Churches on the one hand, and Episcopal and other Churches on the other hand ; Dead Flowers ; Manifestations of Feeling in the Congregation—Applause ; Funny People, Speakers and Writers ; Leaf-Ripening in Autumn ; The Bible Society the only formal expression of Church Union ; The Birds I have Known ; The Victories in the Valley ; Lincoln's Letter to General Conference ; Political Disabilities of the Clergy ; Sore Spots on the Mind ; Poetic Wakefulness ; Sense not Depth ; The Public Press and Religion ; Returning Borrowed Books—How many Books dishonestly in our Libraries now ? Death a Tunnel, but the two Ends in different Worlds ; Man will Worship—Is it more Rational to Worship a Hero or God ? Conceit of Men of Science ; Effect of Age on Love of Nature.

His writings occupied a wide range both as to style and thought. It is difficult to decide in which of the different kinds of writing he excelled. His pen traced with equal ease the grave and the gay, and he could draw an historical portrait or follow a close argument

as if either were his chosen and only field. For some months previous to his death he had been engaged in the preparation of an elaborate work on "The Presuppositions of Christianity," which would have embodied, had he been spared to complete it, the results of his long and careful studies, and of his matured culture and experience.

Dr. Nadal wrote much for the periodical press, both secular and religious. Official and non-official Church papers, magazines, the Methodist Quarterly Review, and M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopedia, frequently published contributions from his pen. His marvelous versatility in this regard was shown by the eagerness with which the various grades and kinds of publications sought the written products of his brain. His capacities in this direction were constantly growing, and, grand as were his literary productions, so far as men could foresee, the noblest of them were yet to come. Judging from what he had accomplished by his pen during the last ten years of his life, it is safe to assume that in his death in the maturity of his powers the Church sustained a great and irreparable loss.

The power and skill with which he wielded his pen cannot be better stated than in the language of Dr. Crooks, from whom we have already quoted, whose intimate acquaintance with his literary works gave him special opportunity for a correct judgment. After speaking of Dr. Nadal as a preacher, he adds :

"But effective as he was in the use of the spoken word, in writing he was almost without a peer in the American Methodist Church. He loved the pen, and wielded it as a scepter with kingly power.

His keen discrimination enabled him to separate the essential from the accidental, and to come at once to the core of his subject. A lively fancy gave freshness to his treatment, while an unflinching felicity of expression furnished appropriate vesture to every thought. His range of writing was very broad. During the war his mind was never at rest. He was a splendid soldier in that battle of opinion which was as keenly and stubbornly fought as the contest on the field. Without unyielding conviction, the nation was powerless. It was indispensable to the success of the national cause that the true question at issue should be set before the people in the clearest light, that they should be urged forward to duty, that they should be cheered when despondent, and that, even in the hour of victory, their hearts should be directed in thankfulness to God. During the whole period of the Rebellion Dr. Nadal was indefatigable: lectures, addresses, war-sermons and newspaper editorials were continually pouring from his tireless pen."

Like all writers of power, Dr. Nadal communed much with nature. For him, the trees, the flowers, the fields, mountain and valley, bird and beast, sunshine and shower, summer and winter, were not dumb, but spake intelligibly, and he understood their language. Through his pen he was the interpreter of their utterances to others. He wrote about them with the warm sympathies of his heart fully stirred, and few can read his gushing, tender words without a deeper love for the beautiful and the good than they had before. In the discussion of such subjects he was pre-eminent, and many of his essays will rank



among the finest productions in English literature. Some of them may properly be called prose poems.

As a specimen of his style on æsthetic topics, we quote from the "Methodist" one of his editorials. The theme is,

#### SLEEPING BEAUTY.

"Is there, indeed, beauty in sleep? Sleep is said to be the brother of death, and, we add, so much the better for death. In sleep the eyes, which give radiance and meaning to the face, and which pour their tides of light along the wrinkles or dimples of laughter, are shut; the bosom heaves mechanically; the mouth, perhaps, is open, and the breath, coming and going heavily, may become a snore. Where now is the graceful and agile movement? where the sparkling wit, the melting mood, the sage or gracious discourse? There is, indeed, nothing of all these; and yet there is beauty here, and all the nobler for being somewhat recondite. What sweetness in the sense of rest that clings to the thought of sleep! 'So He giveth his beloved sleep.' Its idea is that every vein is now distilling its blood afresh for renewed health and vigor. All the joints are lubricating themselves in fragrant unguents; the sore feet are throwing off the ache of the day's long walks or tiresome standing, and the hot brain, especially, is soothed into coolness.

"But, grateful as this is, it is only the covering under which beauty slumbers. Deep down is a deeper charm of sleep. The keen intellect is whetting its instruments; the creative imagination is preparing for new structures of thought; the luxuriant fancy is mixing her colors and tying her brushes

for lovelier touches ; and even the heart is clearing its recesses, and gathering fresh delicacy into its now unconscious throbs. The intellect, the heart, the animal nature—all weave themselves new raiment of beauty in sleep. Healthy sleep is an angel planting the stalks of a power whose blossom is beauty.

“There is, however, another sleep than that of men or animals—a sleep of nature. The winter is the night of vegetable life, and its repose is not without beauty. True, the white ground is without variety ; the brooks are dumb ; the bare trees stretch their naked limbs up into the biting and frosty air. But the world is only stripped for slumber. The vital forces of tree and shrub, of meadow and garden, have only gathered themselves up and retired to their warm caverns—their roots. All the vast power of the earth’s vegetable population, which produces bread in a thousand forms, which breaks forth into fruits and nuts, into grass and blossom, which feeds man and beast and bird ; which runs riot—not for its own sake but for ours—in the summer-time—all this has only retired ; it still lives ; it is no longer above the ground, but under it.

“Walk out into the cold air ; drop, in thought, below the frosty surface of the fields, and in a moment you move amid the life no longer visible above. Walk through these groves of roots, swollen with redundant life. Here is the place of vegetable loves and dreams. Benumbed above, here life cuddles and crowds into happy company below the reach of the blast. The thoughtful feel under their feet the pulsation of a powerful, though a repressed life, and tread respectfully. The grains of earth are the blankets of the

fairest and noblest forms of life. If we had eyes of sufficient sharpness, we might see in the waiting sap the beauties of the coming spring. That colorless droplet on the end of your penknife is the soul of a peach blossom ; that moisture which you wipe from your finger with your handkerchief might, next spring, have glowed on your table in a strawberry ; that mud which you leave on the scraper is a possible pink or lily or morning glory. O earth ! what a mother thou art ! Thou takest thy children not only on thy bosom, but into it, and wrappes them about, not with thy raiment, but with thyself. Thou waitest and watchest with them, and when the warm season comes, thou openest to them thy myriad doors, as happy to see their glory and pride in going forth from thine arms as when thine embrace locked them in security and rocked them to sleep.

“Another thought belonging here is that this slumber of nature is power. The ship all sail and no ballast is gay, perhaps, but weak. She is not rooted in her element ; she does not press down deep into the water and bring the watery stays up about her sides as a support. The tree in summer shoots up, is occupied with its finery, or bends anxiously under its harvest, for the supply of animal wants, but in winter it grows downward ; it nestles, it takes, again and again, a new hold on the soil, and prepares to throw out its life in the coming spring. The winter establishes, the summer exhibits ; the winter writes the sermons, the summer preaches them ; the winter gathers and increases strength, the summer exerts it for the joy and the benefit of man and beast ; the winter repairs the broken and dismantled chariot of the earth ; the summer mounts it, covered with

garlands, and accompanied by music, and finishes a gay drive at the homely door of winter.

“And if the woody life that sleeps around us is resting and strengthening, may it not be so with the human sleepers, our friends whom we thoughtlessly call dead? Sleep’s dark-visaged brother gives only a profounder rest. To the good he gives better than dreams. The spirit has found a perpetual summer without oppression of heat, and without needs; and the body, like wine, is refining during the years of waiting. It sleeps to be raised immortal.”

Among his last literary labors was the collection of materials for the biography of his colleague and friend, Dr. M’Clintock; but he had scarcely begun his work when death closed his own career, and his loving task, as well as the story of his own life, was left to other hands.

## V

### AS A PROFESSOR.

It has been mentioned already that in the year 1854 he accepted a call to a professor’s chair in the Indiana Asbury University, where he remained three years. His department of instruction was “Belles-Lettres and History.” Of his life in this field he has left no record except that which was written on the hearts and lives of those brought under his influence. That his career there was highly successful is shown by the following letter, kindly furnished by Rev. S. A. Lattimore, now of Rochester University, and Professor also in “Asbury University” during the time of Dr. Nadal’s connection with it:

“ My acquaintance with Dr. Nadal began in September, 1854, when he came among us to enter upon his duties as Professor of Belles-Lettres and History. We had been prepared to receive him cordially, but when we felt the sunny atmosphere which he brought with him, and in which he lived, we all gave him at once a warm place in our hearts. His characteristic interest in young men and my admiration for his fine literary tastes soon drew us together in the intimacy of personal friendship, notwithstanding the disparity of our years, I being then the junior member of the Faculty.

“ He entered upon the work of his professorship with a glowing enthusiasm which never deserted him, and which unconsciously stimulated his associates as well as his students. He enjoyed that peculiar popularity among his students which belongs only to the teacher who possesses the heart to enter deeply into sympathy with young men, and also the power to inspire them with his own devotion to earnest work. As a professor, he was, therefore, of necessity, eminently successful.

“ As a minister, he had frequent opportunity to preach in the chapel of the University and in the various pulpits of the city, where the earnestness of his manner and the freshness and vigor of his thought always rendered his discourses deeply impressive.

“ Still, at the mention of his name I find myself instinctively recurring rather to the many delightful hours we spent together in the study or in the family circle. During one whole winter, one evening a week he, with the lamented Dr. Bragdon, who was then Professor of Latin, and myself, spent in studies which we were pursuing in common.

“Interesting as he was in the pulpit, or in his lecture-room, nowhere did he appear to better advantage than at home. The amenities and grace of his manners, his love for his family, which beamed in his face and spoke in his voice, filled his whole house with happiness which he delighted to share with his friends. ‘Come, and bring the children!’ was the cordial invitation he always gave, and when the children came they were sure of being made as welcome and happy as were their parents.

“Thus sped away his three toilsome, successful, happy years at Greencastle. I think he always himself considered it a sort of pleasant episode in his life, which gave him special facilities for study, and was, in some measure, a preparation for the wider sphere he subsequently filled. In obedience to his sense of duty he resigned his professorship and resumed the labors of the pastorate in the Baltimore Conference. The regret of the Faculty, students, trustees, and citizens at his loss was universal, for the generosity of his nature and the beautiful sincerity of his Christian life had attached us all to him very strongly. Among the many precious friendships it has been my privilege to form in the past, to none do I now recur, from this distance of time and of place, with more delightful and tender memories than the warm Christian friendship and fellowship it was my happiness to enjoy with Dr. Nadal at Greencastle.

“A year ago I was journeying westward to spend a few days at the University amid old familiar scenes after an absence of ten years. I was busy wondering whom I should meet and whom I should miss—the

latter seeming the larger company—when my eye fell on a dispatch saying, ‘ Dr. Nadal died yesterday.’

“It was doubly sad to carry with me this new bereavement as I entered again the door which he had entered with me so often, and as I trod again alone his favorite walks ; and yet I felt that he had only joined that ever-growing number of departed friends who still abide on earth in memory, and who, perchance, thronged invisibly those shady walks and familiar halls to bear me unseen company.”

After leaving Asbury University Dr. Nadal devoted himself for ten years to the pastorate, when he was elected to the Professorship of Historical Theology in the Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., just founded by Mr. Daniel Drew, as a “Centenary Gift” to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He accepted the position, and entered upon its duties in the fall of 1867. The institution was about to open. Every thing connected with it was new. Dr. M’Clintock was there as the President, and Dr. Nadal was the only other member of the Faculty who had at that time been elected. Although the general plan had been made by Dr. M’Clintock and the Trustees, yet much remained to tax the head and heart of these two servants of Christ, both of whom have now passed to their reward. There was no house prepared for the reception of Dr. Nadal’s family in the Seminary grounds, and he came from Philadelphia to secure one somewhere in the neighborhood of the Seminary when the writer of this sketch first met him. On these excursions of business he carried with him his Church History, and seemed entirely absorbed in his work. Whatever concerned this institution inter-

ested him deeply. He at once identified himself with it, and from that time until his death labored unceasingly in public and in private to advance its interests, and to train the young men committed to his charge to become able ministers of the Gospel. After the death of Dr. M'Clintock the Acting Presidency of the Seminary devolved upon Dr. Nadal. He performed all the duties of the office with marked ability. He occupied this position at the time of his death. His career in the Seminary will long be remembered as eminently useful and successful, both by the members of the Faculty who were associated with him and also by the students whom he taught. It is needless to attempt a detailed statement of his method of instruction. Let it suffice to say that he made himself master of his subject—not its letter merely, but its spirit—and then endeavored to convey both letter and spirit to the mind and heart of his pupils. The following sketch of him as a Professor in Drew Theological Seminary is from the pen of Rev. S. M. Vernon, a graduate of the Seminary, and now a member of the New York Conference. It appeared originally in "The Christian Advocate," and will sufficiently illustrate this part of his life :

"Though in the pulpit one of the most gifted men of the Church, Dr. Nadal evidently found his true vocation as a professor of theology. During his long service in the pastorate he pursued with characteristic energy an extensive course of study in theology and philosophy, from which he derived not only increased pulpit power, but also a special fitness for his late position. Deprived of the training of the schools, self-culture in him attained a rare thoroughness and



completeness of finish. Entering the ministry at the very outskirts of knowledge, he steadily advanced till he stood in the front rank of cultivated intellect and theological knowledge, his own mental force working out the highest results. His intellect was round, full, and harmonious, strong at every point, yet well marked by special developments. His imagination was vigorous and fertile, tending at times, perhaps, to excessive luxuriance, yet restrained by a delicate and refined taste. No dogma or theory was so dry or abstruse that he could not give it a form of beauty. The singing birds, the opening flowers, the waving forests, and the gathering storm, as indeed all the beauties of nature, found in him an enthusiastic admirer, who was able to make them the fitting ornaments of deep, eternal truths.

“He was also distinguished for a marvelous analytical power, which penetrated obscurity, detected subtle distinctions and relations, and discovered the root or life-principle of things with rare facility and force. With lynx-like vision he followed heresies and dogmas through all their combinations and disguises, with a master’s hand separating the tangled fibers of truth and error. But to interpret Dr. Nadal’s intellect correctly I think we shall have to go deeper than his glowing imagination or his penetrating analysis, and we shall find his chief mental characteristic in an instinctive profundity of thought by which, as a kind of intuition, he was enabled to grasp at first thought the deepest meanings of a question. He was not given to long and difficult processes, but comprehended with a depth of understanding and with a breadth of intellectual grasp rarely equaled. He saw

the truth as by a mental vision, and was conscious as well as convinced of it.

“Those who had the privilege of his instructions can never forget how thoroughly he was penetrated with the great doctrines of orthodox Christianity. They were entwined among the most delicate fibers of his being, and seemed to envelop him as a mystic cloud, which he irradiated by the brilliancy of his own genius.

“Though an independent thinker, he was radically orthodox on all the questions of controversy in the Church past and present, and, what is more, was deeply imbued with the orthodox spirit in the pre-eminence he gave the great doctrines of grace. Now that he is gone, it is sweet to remember, as throwing light upon his own experience, how ardently he defended the broadest orthodox view of the deep and utter sinfulness of human nature, and then with equal ardor gave the widest scope and the highest merit to the atonement; and how his whole being was set for the defense of the divine human nature of the great Atoner—the ‘God-man.’ His mental and spiritual being seemed to be a crystallization of these great elements of Christian faith. He had passed through the conflict with doubt which comes upon almost every thinker, and came forth victor, to have and to hold truth forever as the counterpart of his being.

“The lectures he delivered to his classes were not the dry details of science; they were the warm outbreathings of great truths which lived in his heart. With Dr. Nadal the heart was a glowing furnace that warmed to blood heat every thought of the brain, and

sent it forth with a vital energy that insured effect. Over this vigorous warmth played, in ever-varying hues and forms, a most classical elegance and fertility of expression acquired by extensive reading in the best Latin and Greek as well as English authors. Whatever truth lay in his mind lacked neither force from his heart nor elegance from his rhetoric in its utterance. Even in his lecture-room he often delivered passages that would have thrilled the largest auditory.

“As an element of character in a theological professor never to be forgotten by the student, Dr. Nadal was kind, sympathetic, genial, and companionable. The way to his heart was short and always open. The student found in him a father in counsel and sympathy, and was always welcome to his home and study. Green among the memories of a life-time will ever remain a four months’ vacation spent with him on the beautiful Seminary grounds in daily intercourse. Even yet there lingers something of that matchless personal magnetism which then, and through other months of study and friendship, fell like the dews of heaven upon me.

“That great soul has now passed into the heavens and is at rest, leaving, as we trust, the prophet’s mantle behind. I can wish nothing better for Methodism than that its rising ministry may have many such instructors.”

Dr. Nadal brought to bear also upon his work a high order of critical and exact scholarship, as well as extended and varied reading. He was well versed in the classics, read German with ease, and had given special attention to purely literary and rhetorical studies. It was one of his strongest mental character-

istics to do every thing thoroughly. Hence the intensity of his labors as a student never flagged, and at the time of his death he had still the enthusiasm of youth in the pursuit of knowledge. It is regarded as essential to finished scholarship to have an acquaintance not only with the great principles of a subject, but with its minute details. This was especially true of him. He was not merely a good scholar, he was also a fine critic. He detected inaccuracies at once, especially those which were offensive to a cultivated literary taste. These qualities made him very efficient as an instructor. The breadth and accuracy of his knowledge, his power of communicating truth with clearness and force, united with readiness and skill in criticising the productions of others, were well calculated to secure for him the eminence as a professor which he obtained.

## VI.

### AS A PATRIOT.

The great war which waged so fiercely for four years between the North and South occurred at that period of Dr. Nadal's life when he was at the height of his influence and usefulness.

When the rebellion first broke out he was pastor of Sands-street Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His influence was at once cast with the Union cause, and from that time until peace was restored by the surrender of the armies of the rebellion he never faltered in his devotion to his country.

Allusion has already been made, in the review of

his pastoral life, to his efforts in the stirring times of the war. He was intensely hostile to slavery, and did all that he could for its extirpation. It is difficult to estimate the results of each individual's work in mental and physical struggles of such absorbing interest, and where so many bore a part ; but of Dr. Nadal it is safe to affirm that he did much for the cause which lay so near his heart.

This conclusion is evident from the pastoral positions which he occupied during those years when slavery and the war were subjects uppermost in every community. Sands-street, Brooklyn, N. Y., First Methodist Episcopal Church, New Haven, Conn., and Wesley Chapel in Washington, D. C., were the Churches from whose pulpits he made those earnest appeals in behalf of liberty and the maintenance of the Union. These Churches had in them many men whose influence was great not only at home but in the Government, and his sentiments, so freely expressed both in public and private, were a means of greatly strengthening the friends of liberty and law. His ever fertile and powerful pen was always at the service of his country. During those years of war it was constantly employed on some topic bearing directly or indirectly on the great struggle. Some of the strongest articles of some of the ablest newspapers and magazines of the country were from his pen.

The Rev. Robert Aikman, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Madison, N. J., wrote a letter after Dr. Nadal's death to the "Evangelist" of New York, in which he referred to the subject of this memoir : "Dr. Nadal was a very able and admirable man ; of thorough

manliness, independent in his opinions, of scholarly acquirements, and eloquent in speech. Born in Maryland, and his early ministry exercised in the slaveholding States, no man was more bold in his loyalty to the country during the rebellion. Both these men made their influence widely felt through the country and the Church during all those fearful years, never bating faith or courage. One of the most decisive and powerful editorial articles in an influential daily paper at the crisis time of the rebellion was from the pen of Dr. Nadal."

The Rev. Dr. Curry, in an editorial in "The Christian Advocate," referring to his pastorate at Wesley Chapel, Washington, D. C., said: "Here he remained for two years. These were the later years of the war, and the period of its close, a time of special peril to the country; and it is not too much to claim for him that his influence, both in public and private, was of real value to the cause of the Union. He enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln and others in high position, and was recognized as a faithful supporter of the cause of the Union."

His personal friendly relations with President Lincoln afforded him an opportunity to exercise a direct influence in national affairs, and he was regarded at the executive mansion as a trustworthy adviser. His acquaintance with the President enabled him often to intercede successfully for the pardon of offenders. He was without any bitterness of feeling toward his old friends in the South, and was always glad to aid them whenever he could do so conscientiously. The last time he saw Mr. Lincoln was on a visit to Richmond just after its fall. In a letter dated April 9, 1865, he

says : "I am here in the strongest of the Rebellion. I was afraid my passports could not get me through yesterday, but, looking about, I met old Abe and told him my fix. He forthwith took a slip of paper from my hand, and my pencil, and wrote me a pass to go where I pleased. One third of Richmond has been consumed, and the people are angry with their authorities for doing it. I asked one if there were many Union people in Richmond, and his reply was that the fire had made a good many to-day."

This pass from President Lincoln was written just one week before his death. He once told me how it was given him. He was trying to make his way to Richmond to see his son Thomas, who was in one of the regiments there. The authorities would not let him go through on his pass from the Secretary of War, and while he was wandering along the river bank, wondering what to do and where to turn, he saw a row-boat push off from a vessel at anchor in the middle of the stream. The boat had but one passenger, who proved to be the President. Mr. Lincoln at once helped him out of his difficulty, and wrote a pass upon an envelope, holding the paper up against a board fence. Dr. Nadal's affection and enthusiasm for Lincoln were very strong. He never saw him again, and cherished tenderly the circumstances of this last interview.

The following extract from the "Washington Chronicle" precedes a report of Dr. Nadal's sermon on the death of Mr. Lincoln, and appropriately follows the incident which has just been narrated :

"WESLEY CHAPEL, METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Dr. Nadal, the Pastor of this congregation, only returned from his visit to Rich-

mond on Saturday, and when, at the wharf, he was informed of the death of the President, he wept bitterly. The first hymn, announced by Dr. Nadal, and well sung by the choir and congregation, commenced thus: 'And must this feeble body fail?' His prayer was exceedingly appropriate and eloquent. The anthem by the choir was the hymn beginning, 'God moves in a mysterious way.' Rev. Bishop Simpson was on the pulpit platform with Dr. Nadal."

A few quotations from the sermon, showing his high appreciation of the character and public services of the President, who had just been assassinated, are all that can here be given :

"Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence." Psalm xciv, 17.

"One of the calamities reaching beyond human aid is at this moment upon our country. The Chief Magistrate, the commander-in-chief of our armies and navy, the chosen and beloved representative of the sovereignty of this great people, in the midst of a glorious, a virtuous, a successful career, attracting the admiring gaze of the civilized world, has fallen by the foul hands of an assassin.

"We need not inquire what motive prompted an act so unutterable in wickedness, so bold, so defiant in manner. In the midst of the festivities of an evening entertainment, amid blazing gaslight, in the presence of more than a thousand citizens, the murderer, quick as a flash of lightning, accomplishes his purpose, leaps on the stage, wildly flourishing a great knife, loudly repeating a sentence of Latin, in which he brands his noble victim as a tyrant, and, with the word 'Revenge' on his lips, he makes his escape by a back door. The depth of our trouble to-day may be read in the swollen eyes and tear-stained faces of our whole loyal people; in the draped dwellings and



stores and offices of the millions that loved and honored the noble and glorious dead.

“ Abraham Lincoln was more than a ruler ; he was the father of his people. And this day, in which the sun of victory is dimmed by his death—in which the Churches of the land would have been jubilant with the song of victory—gloom is upon us. We cover ourselves with sackcloth, we sit in ashes, and as a nation forget our victories, our power, our renown, in the dreadful calamity which has overtaken us. ‘ O Lord, our God, thou hast removed from us the desire of our eyes ; lover and friend hast thou put far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness.’ Well may the nation, as it staggers under the blow, say with Elisha, ‘ My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof !’

“ This event has come upon us in the midst of a most important crisis. The death of a great man is always a marked event, though he may be a mere philosopher, poet, or historian. Where genius has fixed its shrine we watch the flickering life with breathless interest. When death fixes his seal on the noble and honored clay, we wake the civilized world with the echoes of our sorrow. But when the man, at the time of his death, is a power in the government of a great country, and has woven himself into the web of its history, his death touches us at points where life is most real.

“ Who does not remember the pall spread over the country by the death of General Harrison, and by that of General Taylor ? With what pomp of grief the nation mourned throughout its length and breadth ! Their deaths, however, occurred in no such crisis as

the present. They filled the Presidential chair at periods comparatively calm. The strifes of their official careers, however animated, were strifes of words, or at best of ideas, which had not yet armed themselves for bloodshed. They died, too, peacefully in their beds. But the pistol which was fired in Tenth-street on Friday night killed the chief of the nation in the midst of a terrible struggle for national existence.

“The late Chief Magistrate fell, after a war of four years against the most monstrous and stupendous rebellion known to the whole course of history ; after scores of bloody battles had been fought ; after the armies of the foe had been substantially conquered, scattered, and, as armies, annihilated ; after the cause of the war had almost utterly perished. But to conquer and pull down is one thing, and to reconstruct and reunite is another. At this moment the elements of society at the South are in a state of perfect upheaval. Anarchy dominates, the wreck and ruins of their former peculiar life. Social life pauses, and awaits the molding hand of orderly and creative authority, and the hand that should have accomplished it is still in death. We must try new counsels, new pilots, who, whatever may be their wisdom or virtue, yet remain to be tested.

“Who does not stand at this historic moment of time, when the shattered power of the foe lies in confusion and disorder behind us, and the difficult, dangerous, and delicate work of reconstruction before us, and feel himself oppressed with a sense of the recent calamity ?

“The sad occurrence of Friday night, however, comes much nearer to us than even this. President

Lincoln had taken hold upon the people of this nation as no other President has done since the days of him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Grateful and discriminating history will write him a second deliverer.

"But, aside from what he has done, his personal character has drawn the people to him as by the most powerful magnets. No public man who enters the arena of politics is able entirely to escape abuse. 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you,' rarely, if ever, falls on the head of a political leader. Mr. Lincoln has not escaped ; but who ever heard a breath against his absolute and perfect honesty ? This is the foreground of his entire character ; the clear, pure light in which the whole world sees him ; the foundation of the perfect and unwavering trust which all his countrymen reposed in him. His native and striking shrewdness, his practical tact, his alertness of intellect, his keen ingenuity, his remarkable reticence, despite his great freedom of speech, were all dominated by his noble honesty. The nation was sure that his mistakes, if he made any, would be of the head, not of the heart.

"Nor was this noble and incorruptible honesty merely a Roman virtue, a mere barbed justice wrought in iron, like that of another Cato or Brutus. It was justice, but it was beautifully yoked with mercy. His heart was soft as that of a maiden, and simple as that of a child. It may have been a fault in him that he allowed so few deserters and other capital offenders to suffer the death penalty ; that so few men served out their whole time in prison. The tears of the

widow, and the wife, and the mother, fairly sealed him into compliance with merciful petitions. A friend of mine went to him to beg the life of a deserter. For reasons of great weight he refused ; but when he came to speak of the execution of these unhappy men, he broke down under the pressure of his feelings. ‘Friday,’ said he, as the great tears rolled down his face, ‘Friday, the day of execution for deserters in the army, is my worst day.’

“And again, on another occasion, when some friends of mine who had been unjustly convicted of a political offense, and who had been pardoned by him, visited the White House to give him thanks, they found him quite embarrassed. He blushed on receiving their acknowledgments, as a modest young woman might have done, and could hardly speak for his emotions, ‘Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.’ The man, in Mr. Lincoln’s case, lived in the ruler ; pomp and power did not freeze the genial current of his soul.

“But with all this mercy and kindness, with all the natural and unrestrained simplicity which marked him, with all his ready yielding to his emotions, he was as far as possible from every thing rash or indiscreet. He could hear and feel, and yet withhold the sought-for favor. Indeed, he was remarkable for the apparently opposite virtues of emotional tenderness and the utmost prudence. In great matters, whatever may have been his feelings, his step was deliberate and cautious ; he could hear all sides, and commit himself to none ; he could be impressed by all, influenced by all, and yet the control of each over him would be so small and so nicely adjusted that the

result seemed to be his own, and was, however he may have been aided in reaching it.

“Sorting exactly with the rest of his character was the entire and singular freedom from all vindictiveness. No opposition threw him off his balance. Not only was he ever generous toward his loyal opponents, showing by his treatment of them that he remembered nothing against them, appointing them to the highest offices and the loftiest honors ; he went beyond this ; he never uttered a bitter word even against the enemies of his country. He pursued his end in conquering them and bringing them back to their allegiance by every lawful means, but he never seemed to feel that there was any personal quarrel between himself and even the leaders of the rebellion. The keenest eye and the most thorough search will labor in vain to find a spiteful or angry utterance in any of his messages, speeches, letters, or known conversations.

“In this war the Union side has not hated its enemies ; it has not returned gall for gall, abuse for abuse ; and we doubt not that this difference is largely attributable to the example of the late President. His noble good nature, his entire freedom from hate or revenge, not only represented, but in part created, a similar spirit in the nation. His great form cast its shadow over the whole country. Wherever his picture went it stood for genial charity ; it clothed itself in the attributes of the man himself, and from a million of walls and of soldiers’ tents it gave its silent rebuke to vindictiveness, until the nation learned to conduct war with judicial coolness. He will live in our memories down to the latest days of life as a

model of elevation above personal rancor, as an example of magnanimity toward opponents, and divinest charity toward enemies.

“ One of the things which brought him nearest the great body of the people was the very thing that perhaps repelled the smaller number. He utterly despised the small conventionalities of society. He was truly polite, but not after the Chesterfield fashion. In his rude early home in the great West, God was forming a gentleman in oak, moss-grown, indeed, and rugged, but still grand. Born one of the people, he grew up one of them, and remained one of them, despite two elections to the highest position in the nation and in the face of all the splendor of his career in the most wonderful historic period. Nothing modified him at this point, and his plainness of speech, his homely illustrations, whatever they were to others, were grateful to the honest million, and won and held them. That peculiar popular life which he inherited, which took no courtly tinge from early school associations, which owed nothing to academies, became the fixed form of his outward manhood ; and when, late in life, his noble intellect developed itself, he was still only one of the people, though in him was the soul of a sage and of a statesman. And when he came to speak and to act publicly, the people claimed and appreciated him ; they honored him, delighted in him, loved him ; and to-day every poor man that loves the nation bows his head and his soul in deep grief for Abraham Lincoln, for a President whom he understood. He feels that it had been better that the swift bullet of the battle-field should have struck down his own first-born, than that the

tragedy of Friday night should have occurred. It we mistake not, this has been the wish and the language of thousands of fathers throughout the length and breadth of the loyal States.

“ We have not aimed in this rapid and partial sketch to set forth the character of the late President in its intellectual aspects. This is not the time to weigh and estimate his great qualities of mind, his skill and power as the chief executive officer of the nation ; it is not the time to measure and test his policies. The earth has not yet received his noble and honored form ; death is yet too fresh for that. We are still quivering and staggering under the blow which has bereaved us. We mean only a moral treatment, a tribute of affection and sorrow, waiting for a broader and more exhaustive and more critical view at some future and cooler moment, when the nation and ourselves shall see through another medium than our tears.

“ The sorrow which has come upon us is rendered peculiar and more overwhelming by the hour in which it falls. The end of the Rebellion loomed up before us, seemingly only a few short days ahead. Richmond had fallen ; Lee, the military leader and hope of our enemies, had surrendered—himself and his whole army. Virginia no longer contained an organized Confederate force ; mercy and generosity had marked the President’s and Lieutenant-General’s course in the treatment of the fallen foe ; the whole loyal territory was ablaze with one universal illumination. Richmond was full of the praise of our troops for their orderly behavior ; the voice of the turtle began to be listened for ; men fancied they

heard the note of peace, not merely in their dreams, but in their sober waking moments ; the glorious issue only waited for the crown to be put upon it.

“ Just then—when the President was so happy ; when we were all so happy *in* him ; when even his enemies were yielding to the power of his character, and were beginning to understand and honor him—just then fell the dreadful doom which has almost broken our hearts. From exultation to weeping ! from bonfires, illuminations, and flags flapping joyously in the winds, down to the garb of mourning—to darkness in our dwellings, to flags at half-mast, deeply draped in black ! O, how are the mighty fallen ! From joy to sorrow ! from the pipe, and the harp, and the tabret, to the muffled drum, and the dead-march, and the sorrowful toll of the church bells ! What shall we do ? Whither shall we look ? Where shall we turn ? God has sore smitten us !

“ For myself, I loved Mr. Lincoln as a father. He came from the people, whence I came myself. I had the honor of a number of interviews with him ; I saw him last, a week ago, at City Point, looking as though he had almost renewed his youth ; I saw him step from his steam-tug, and go forth in the fresh and balmy breath of a sweet spring morning. As he then appeared, he shall ever live in my memory. That shall be my best photograph of him. The murderer cannot take that away. It is a part of me.

“ I know not how you feel, but I feel that my own loss is irreparable. I had honored other Presidents, but I had never loved one before. As I go through my house I find myself continually, and even audibly, inquiring, What shall we do ? What shall I do ? I



can turn to the new President with respect and hope. I fully believe the nation will be safe in his honest and loyal hands. I will pray for him ; but still God has taken away our father—the second father of his country.”

## VII.

### HIS CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No special allusion has been made to Dr. Nadal's religious life, not because it was not the most important element in his history, and the foundation of all his graces and acquirements, but because it can be more conveniently presented as a separate topic. He held in theory that Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour, and he trusted in him implicitly. He enjoyed heartfelt communion with God through his Son Jesus Christ. He had been thoroughly converted, and his life and writings attest the deep spiritual influence which pervaded and animated him. He lived in the atmosphere of Christian love, and he desired above every thing else to be a true child of God. His inner life, as revealed in his letters, shows an earnest desire to be and to do all the Lord would have him to be and to do. His first thought on entering a charge was that his stay in it might be made a means of religious edification to all the people. Soon after arriving at one of his most important fields of labor, and before his family had moved, he wrote to Mrs. Nadal : “ I like Sands-street hugely, and so will you when we get home and we get to going about. I sincerely hope we will have a glorious revival of religion, and that many souls will be added to the Church.” He desired only that God should be glorified and the Church

advanced through him. In a letter to a dear friend who was in affliction, and who had written to him, he said: "I am happy to hear that you attribute this affliction to the Providence of God. Yes, let it drive you to the blood that makes the wounded whole. Get more religion, pray and read your Bible much, and don't be satisfied without an evidence of your acceptance. You say you are alarmed at your apathy to your interests, and fear that 'nothing short of the cold grasp of death will arouse you to action on this subject.' I trust, however, you are now awake, *fully awake!* O, look to God! look, look through Jesus Christ! I pray that God may bless you in body and restore your health, bless you in soul and give you the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Again he wrote to the same person: "Look to the Lord for more religion; pray without ceasing for the witness of the Spirit. O, that the Lord may sanctify you wholly!" His Christianity manifested itself in large charity toward those who differed from him, and also toward those who had wronged him. He cordially indorsed the good that was in others, never depreciating the valuable qualities which they possessed. In one of his letters to a friend he thus spoke of a brother from whom he had been estranged for some time, contrary to his wishes: "Just as I was coming down from the pulpit I met Brother — full in the face. He smiled and I smiled. He spoke and I spoke. We shook hands most cordially. I told him I was glad it had taken place at last, that I had once sent him word that I would like to be friendly with him if it pleased him. He answered that he had never received the word; so we parted. We must forget

and forgive. We must learn to pray heartily for those who have wronged us most, that we may be the children of our Father who is in heaven. O, the importance of being all for God and full of religion ! I feel for you in this respect, and I feel for myself also. Pray without ceasing ; read your Bible ; look to God for an evidence of your acceptance. Live in God ; hang upon God ; draw your enjoyment from God. Let ‘Christ be all in all.’ Go to your knees with the determination never to rise until conviction thrills through your whole soul that you are born of God. But be sure to look entirely to Christ. Look to his precious blood. Look to his cross. Take him as your riches, your fullness, your all—your sufficient, present Saviour.”

It was in the light of religion also that he decided on the kind of work in which he should engage. He left his Professorship in Greencastle, Indiana, for the Presiding Eldership, and while he was eminently successful in this new line of labor he yet frequently longed for literary labor in connection with our institutions of learning, for which he was so eminently fitted both by education and inclination. He was troubled very much about this time with sore throat, which led him to think whether Providence was not in this manner directing to the work of instruction as his most appropriate field of usefulness. In a letter to Mrs. Nadal in 1857, after speaking of his troubles with his throat, he adds : “I have just been praying as earnestly as I could to our heavenly Father for divine direction. He knows that I would rather do right, if I could only know what it is, than to have all the world. O, my Father in heaven, direct me !”

His Christianity was of the sympathetic kind which delights in warm, earnest meetings. He loved the means of grace as furnished in connection with Methodism, and enjoyed in them rich spiritual feasts for his soul. He loved the old songs of Zion, and listened with delight to the warm expressions of the servants of Christ, and any who might look at him could see that he was drawing water from the wells of salvation, and that his soul was full to overflowing. His religious influence as a professor was very marked. It was at that time, and is still, the custom in Drew Theological Seminary to have a prayer-meeting composed of the Faculty and students, and any others who may choose to attend, in the chapel on Wednesday morning. At this meeting he was always present, and his remarks and exercises were instructive and inspiring. He had great facility in pouring out his soul before the Lord, and in making a few observations during a meeting he was remarkably successful. All who participated in those meetings will remember the instructions which were then given by him, and the simple-hearted piety which he exhibited. Often were all present melted by his prayers and by his relations of experience, and his heart in turn was moved and his eyes suffused with tears at the testimonies of his brethren as to what Christ had done for them.

He laid great stress upon the duty of preaching by a sincere Christian life no less than in the pulpit. He used to exhort the students that the only way to lift other lives upward to a high spiritual experience was to enjoy that experience themselves. Regarding example as better than precept, he believed that the

outward life could only impress others effectually for Christ when it was the true expression of the spirituality which reigned within. He grew in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ his Lord, as was apparent to those who saw him day by day. As has been exhibited in his letters, and as was shown in his life, his constant aim was to become more and more conformed to the image of his divine Master. He expressed this longing of his heart, and his desire of living for another world rather than for this, in a letter to his wife, written from the Conference Room while the Conference was in session, about three years before his death: "But I will tell you about the memorial services for those who have died during the year. I felt deeply solemn. Death was brought very near to my apprehensions, and I did greatly long to be good, as well as to be better assured of divine things. The gem of these services was the presentation of wreaths called 'immortelles' by the ladies of the Church. As the name of each deceased minister was called from the roll a lady came forward and presented one of the wreaths with the minister's name in the center on a card, which was hung up behind the pulpit in sight of the whole congregation. Four such wreaths now hang up before me, a touching and tender appeal to all of us to live in view of another world."

The Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., remembers with satisfaction the impressions of Dr. Nadal's piety, which he received many years ago. Dr. Kidder was then returning from his missionary labors in South America. It was about the year 1840, and it so happened that he was for a few days a guest at the same house

with Dr. Nadal, who was then a young man and Pastor in the City Station, Baltimore. About noon Dr. Nadal excused himself from the company, saying that he had an engagement at that hour which he must meet. The lady at whose house they were staying afterward told Dr. Kidder that the engagement was one of fulfilling a pledge which he had made to his people to unite with them in prayer at that hour for God's blessing upon the Church. It illustrates forcibly both his own prayerfulness and the estimate which he placed upon it in carrying forward his efforts to save the people. It also affords an example worthy of the imitation of all ministers of the Gospel, based on the well-known principle that the best way to secure the united efforts of God's people in promoting his cause is to secure their united prayers at the throne of the heavenly grace. Thus by his spiritual life did he show forth the praises of Him who had called him out of darkness into his own marvelous light, as by his intellectual labors he manifested the goodness of God who had so richly endowed him.

His religion tinged all the habits of life as well as his duties. He invoked the divine blessing in all the details of every-day life, and he regarded all faults, however small, as worthy of prompt attention and correction.

The following resolutions, found in his diary, supposed to have been written about 1865, show the practical character of his mind, as well as his earnestness in improvement :

“ I promise, God helping me, the following, namely :

“ 1. To do my best not to lose my temper.

“ 2. Not to smoke.

"3. To eat nothing for supper beyond bread and butter.

"4. To try to be in bed before eleven o'clock.

"5. To visit more diligently. B. H. N.

"I further promise, by the help of God through Christ, never to speak favorably of myself, except to my most intimate friends, and sparingly even to them.

"B. H. N."

How this simple record, intended for no eye but his own, reveals his character! These resolutions, unpretending as they are, show a soul grasping after the loftiest ideals of living. We are reminded of President Edwards's rules of life, which, though of the simplest kind, tell better than direct expressions the struggles of a great mind toward a life without even the smallest blot. As Edwards had his cup, by which he measured the amount of nourishment which he needed at one time, so Nadal would restrict diet to that which would give strength of body and vigor of intellect with which to do God's great work.

## VIII.

### AT HOME.

Whatever may have been his successes, as preacher professor, or writer, they call not back to those who knew him well such pleasant memories as are connected with his home life. At home he was the embodiment of the most complete combination of all those beautiful traits which make it almost a paradise. He was not merely the father of the family providing for its temporal welfare, but he was the companion, the guide, the friend, the brother, to every

member of that little circle. His home was his kingdom, which he ruled with the rod of love ; it was his garden, which he watched with the most anxious solicitude, lest any plant or flower might suffer injury or be obstructed in its growth ; it was his resort for pleasure, where, in the bosom of his family and in the midst of his friends, he could throw aside anxious thought and care, and mingle in all those little enjoyments which make life so pleasant ; it was his sanctuary for prayer, where he, as the head of the family, officiated as priest, calling down blessings upon all his dear ones, so that his house might be like that of Obed-Edom, in which the ark rested. His wife and children were his treasures, in comparison with which all earthly wealth was of no value, and for their comfort, improvement, and usefulness no sacrifices which he could make were too great. His interest in them was not that which is satisfied with the temporal well-being of his family, but his deepest concern was for their spiritual prosperity. He was impressed very much with the importance of the Christian training of his children. As early as August, 1849, he thus writes to Mrs. Nadal : “ My mind has been a good deal engaged of late with the subject of Christian nurture—a subject whose importance I have been feeling occasionally ever since I have been a parent, but which has taken a much stronger hold upon me since I read the book of Bushnell upon it.” In another letter during the same year he says : “ Take care of our children ; remember they are Christians, must be regarded as such, and taught to regard themselves as such.” Here is the germ of those views on that subject which he after-



ward held, and on which was based his article on "Infant Church Membership," which appeared in "The Methodist Quarterly Review" soon after his death.

*His was a home of cheerfulness.* If now and then a cloud appeared, it obscured the light only for a short season, when the sun would shine again with more than usual brilliancy. In Ecclesiastes it is written, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun;" so also the light which beams from the heart of a loving husband and father upon a home circle is one of the most beautiful objects upon which it is possible to gaze. It imparts contentment and peace and cheer such as can be found nowhere else. This was emphatically true in the home of Dr. Nadal. No austerity marked his intercourse with his wife and children. The bond which united all together was so tender and gentle that all restraints were taken away except those imposed by propriety and Christianity. The children knew that their father sympathized with them in their enjoyments as well as in their sorrows, and that what pleased them, so long as it was right and for their good, would also be pleasing to him. Hence to a stranger entering his abode the sun seemed to shine all the time, and he became a party to the general happiness, and felt at home in a sense in which a stranger can feel at home in but few places.

But no home, however beautiful, can prevent the intrusion of sadness, and no cheerfulness can bar the entrance sometimes of the deepest griefs. Such an occasion for grief came in the death of his little daughter Lizzie. It turned for a season the

general happiness of the whole family into gloom. It is not proper to unvail the season of tribulation ! Dr. Nadal poured forth the depth of his heart's sorrow and the wealth of his affection in the following language, which we transcribe. It must have been written purely to relieve his own heart and that of his sorrowing wife, for it was never published. This beautiful tribute to their little daughter, who had been taken away from them, will find a response in many other families where the deaths of little ones have left vacancies which earth can never fill :

“OUR LITTLE LIZZIE.

“She bloomed like the loveliest rose, or rather shone like an angel in our little circle for seventeen months, and then her kindred in the skies came for her and took her home. We were spending the summer amid the magnificent scenery of Western Virginia, where the feeble, the weary, the business-oppressed, and the worshipers of fashion, from the Atlantic cities and the torrid South, seek in the shade of the great mountains a refreshing retreat, and in the virtues of the numberless mineral springs remedies for the various ills to which flesh is heir. For several years we had been shut up, summer and winter, in the thronged and compacted city, and were charmed with the thought of our children having room and air and shade without stint ; we could already see them in our fancy—their cheeks protruding with exuberant health, their eyes emulating the bright stars, their rounded forms, instinct with glad, joyous life, and restless from mere excess of animal spirits—practicing their

ground and lofty tumbling on the thick blue-grass, while tree, hill, and village echoed back their merry peals of laughter. It had not entered our thoughts that death could follow us into our mountain recesses and enter with us the very vales and bowers of health ; that he could sit down with us at the far-famed fountains of health, where thousands are imbibing new vigor with every draught. But death is in the country as well as in the city, in the solitude of the mountain as well as in the confused and noisy crowd. So we found it.

“ I shall never forget that sad letter : it came to me at the ‘ Healing Springs,’ about fifty miles from where my family was staying ; it reached me on Saturday evening, and informed me as cautiously as possible of the extreme and dangerous illness of our child. I felt sure it must be in great danger ; the letter had been written with a trembling hand, and the mother and wife never would have consented to recall me from my pursuit of health if the danger had not been imminent. The conviction seized me at once that my darling would not live—and yet I am glad to remember that I felt no rebellion rising up in my heart ! On the contrary, I felt that there were reasons, abundant reasons, in me to call for just such a chastisement. My head fell on my bosom in submission and in grief, and my heart bled in unresisting silence.

“ The next day, Sunday though it was, I took the stage as early as possible, to see my little darling before she died. And O, what a blending of discordant experiences was here ! The stage was crowded with such people as usually travel on the Sabbath—drunken, profane, uproarious, and mocking

at religion by singing in their merriment snatches of our hymns. The songs of Zion are suited to the Lord's day, and many of them are especially adapted to comfort a heart about to suffer bereavement ; but how must such a heart feel its own anguish deepened and intensified to hear them chanted by bloated, slaving bacchanals as a part of their sabbatic orgies ! I took shelter from this desecration of all that is sacred in religion and human sorrow on the top of the coach, where I found only one of the profane crew.

“At twelve o'clock that night, as I approached the house where my darling lay, my heart rising and sinking with the alternations of hope and fear, I met the doctor ; to my brief inquiry he replied, ‘Lizzie is barely alive.’ Then I met my broken-hearted wife, and then—I looked upon my beautiful child, that two weeks before I had left strong and well, her face all glittering with smiles, and her fairy hands waving her sweet good-bye. She was lying in her crib all unconscious, her face upturned, her eyes open, seeming to look and yet appearing not to see any thing ; her expression was one of half-conscious, half-defined pain. It was plain that the doctor and the family had reached the last hope. There were blisters on her beautiful temples and other parts of her lovely person. She had noticed no one for several days, and her last responses to the many efforts to amuse her were given to her little brother, a remarkably quiet child of three years old, who during the earlier part of her sickness hung continually about her bed. They had spent many happy days together in the nursery ; he was the leader, if not the inventor, of her little pleasures, and his chief gratification

seemed to consist in seeing her pleased. And now that he was deprived of her company by sickness he seemed like a mateless bird ; he hung about her crib hour by hour, watching his opportunity to tempt her to play, reaching her any thing he could get that he thought might please her, and smoothing her little hand with his, and kissing it, as if to say, ‘ Now, sister Lizzie, I have given you all my pretty things, and smoothed and kissed your little hand very often ; wont you get up and play with me ? ’ Her only answers were to receive his offered gifts and languidly let them fall, feebly to return the pressure of his hand, and to meet his look of melting solicitude with a smile that seemed like a momentary triumph of love over pain. But this was all past when I arrived.

“ Lizzie’s symptoms became more favorable ; and as we had determined to make our home in the West, and my engagements there were pressing, it was thought best I should start at once and prepare for the family their new home.

“ A letter—what mean these dry geranium leaves ? Ah ! alas ! it is only too, too plain—Lizzie is dead, and these leaves are in some way or other related to her person. The letter tells that these leaves were placed in her hand while she lay on the marble slab in the little parlor, and that they were taken out of it only a few moments before the burial. There are two of these leaves, one for each of our little boys, who, like their father, were so unhappy as not to be present at our darling’s death. Their mother says they must take these leaves and put them in a book, and that every day they must look at them, think of Lizzie, and try to meet her in heaven. But why did

not the wife and mother send the geranium leaves to me? Why, she tells me she has reserved for me a beautiful rosebud which had lain on Lizzie's breast; and the absent rosebud and the present pressed and withered leaves were things of more than talismanic power. These leaves, especially, seemed to say: 'Your child is indeed gone—gone from you, gone out of the world; we ourselves were held in her dead hand, (more beautiful than the product of the highest art, but as cold as the marble on which she lay—so cold that we were chilled to a quicker death;) we saw the solemn company gather; we trembled under the voice of the preacher, and when they mournfully sang,

“The morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,”

we and the rosebud were there to point the lesson to be, like Lizzie, a tangible illustration of the impermanence of earthly beauty.' This letter tells me that her beautiful frame was clothed for the grave in the very dress she wore when we presented her to God in baptism; that they gave her body back to our heavenly Father arrayed just as she was when we dedicated both her soul and body to Him a short time before. But, my dearest friend, before you had robed her in that twice-consecrated earthly raiment Jesus had decked her pure soul in the fine linen pure and white, the righteousness of the saints who dwell in the abodes of the blessed. A hundred times, in the house of mourning, I had tried to put myself in the place of bereaved parents—had tried to imagine their feelings of loneliness and sorrow; now, alas! the reality was upon me, and all the previ-

ous preparation from efforts of the imagination and from mingling in such scenes, was not sufficient to give me what the world calls philosophy.

“The same evening on which the letter arrived a friend called to sympathize, and, thinking to comfort me, he quoted the couplet,

‘But these new rising from the tomb  
With luster brighter far shall shine.’

The feeling perhaps was wrong, but I felt all within me suddenly revolt. ‘No,’ said I, ‘no greater luster, no brighter shining! I wish to see her just as she appeared while with us; her own, her native beauty is dearer to me than any that could be given her.’ Since this utterance was made I have reflected upon it somewhat, and am satisfied that the feeling at bottom was true, though exaggerated by the intensity of grief. It was the passionate and overstrained expression of the doctrine of the identity of man’s body throughout eternity, as also of the recognition of friends in a future state—this last idea a felt want of every well-balanced human soul.

“My darling Lizzie, how often and intensely I have longed that thy pure spirit might be permitted to commune with thy poor father’s! how it would comfort his heart, still frequently visited with deep grief for thy loss! what a boon he would esteem it! He never wished thee aught but good, all conceivable good; canst thou not in some way come near to him, in some way speak to him? But I ought rather to ask the Lord if he will not allow our little daughter in heaven to come to us in the visions of the night and commune with our thoughts, which would fain be in heaven where she is. Sweet Lizzie, thou art

in paradise ; thou hast seen those who will know thee well ; thou hast seen the Lamb in the midst of the throne. As I listen I can almost hear thy little voice swelling the anthems of glory, and as I look up my streaming eyes seem plainly to see thee. Yes, a part of myself is in heaven, a part of my family is safely landed, whatever may become of those who remain."

*Dr. Nadal's was a home of hospitality.* None who have ever crossed the threshold of his family will forget the kindness and warmth with which they were greeted, and the pleasantness of their stay. His greeting was not the mere formality of receiving a friend. It was not his tongue only which welcomed his guests, it was the whole man. One could not help believing that to visit him was to bestow a real favor upon him. Friends received a welcome to the heart of the home, and not merely to its entertainments and comforts. Friendship was with him not the interchange of courtesies, but the union of feeling and interest and affection. Some of the sayings of Aristotle concerning friends and friendship may fitly apply to Dr. Nadal and his friends. Said the great philosopher at one time, "A friend is one soul in two bodies;" and at another time, in reply to a question as to how we should behave toward our friends, he said, "As we should wish them to behave toward us." So close were the ties which bound Dr. Nadal to his cherished friends, that he was knit to them, heart to heart, like David and Jonathan. His hospitality was proverbial among those who knew him. No one could doubt the sincerity with which his invitation to visit him was given. At this point precious recollections rush upon the



heart of the writer. He remembers a friendship begun with Dr. Nadal on his first arrival as a Professor in Drew Seminary, and which, notwithstanding a disparity in years and in other circumstances, grew into an intimacy which was only broken by his death. The kindness with which this distinguished servant of Christ honored him who pens this paragraph will always be a green spot in his memory, and the last words which Dr. Nadal addressed to him, so characteristic of his genial, loving spirit, will never be forgotten. In parting from him with a view of spending the vacation in travel, he said, "Whenever you return come directly to my house ; remember, it is your home. We always regard you as one of the family." The next news from this dear friend was a telegram announcing his death, and the next look upon his loved countenance was as he lay in his coffin on the day of his funeral.

" Friend after friend departs ;  
Who has not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end ;  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blessed."

## IX.

### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AND DEATH.

Dr. Nadal was about five feet seven inches in height ; though short, he was rather thick set, and very erect and active in his bearing. His step was firm and decided ; he carried himself well, and there was nothing uncertain in his demeanor. His face was strong and expressive. It could be stern at times, but was

as a rule winning and pleasant. His eyes were bright, and when his mood was a happy one they had a warmth in them, a fireside glow, delightful to all that came near him.

He had a great deal of magnetism, and his geniality was contagious ; every body in his neighborhood felt the influence of it. There was a complete absence of the professional solemnities about him. He liked kindness, and, of course, respect ; an impertinent person would have found it hard to take a liberty with him ; but he did not demand that others, even the youngest, should defer to and agree with him. When in the company of those who were beneath him intellectually, or in any other way, his superiority never seemed to occur to him. His courtesy to all was equal, not from principle so much as from instinct. He was impressible, and very sensitive to other people's excellences, and fixed his attention rather upon the good than upon the weak or evil in their characters. Carrying benevolence in his heart, as he did for so many years, it was impossible that it should not appear in his countenance and behavior. He had great capacity for happiness, and when his warm religious or poetic sensibilities had been stirred, when he came in from some walk in the woods or some meeting in the church, nothing could check the flood of his kindness. Every body he met was a happy accident to him ; none could resist the magnetism of his love and light-heartedness.

Dr. Nadal was in the vigor of his manhood, with the freshness of youth in his look and spirit when he was called away. It was early summer—the grass was green, the trees were covered with foliage, the flowers

were opening in beauty at the greeting of the sun, the birds were singing their sweetest songs; it was the season when all the poetry of nature met a response in the deep poetical sensibilities of his own soul, when it pleased his heavenly Father to take him to that beautiful world of which all the charming things of earth are but the faintest symbols and preludes, and toward which his thoughts, his labors, and his aspirations had been so long tending. He had no long sickness. Death found him ready, and took him, with scarcely a notice that he was wanted, on the other side of the river. His first complaining was on the Thursday before his death, and so gentle was the attack that only on the following Sunday was there any serious apprehension on his own part or that of his family that he could not recover. But a disease of the kidneys which for years had been gradually pervading his system had reached its culmination. He sank into a stupor, became insensible to earthly things a few hours before his death, and early on Monday morning, June 20, 1870, he slept in Jesus. The funeral services took place at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Morristown, N. J., on the Wednesday following, and were conducted by Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. Crooks, Rev. G. Haven, and others, in the presence of a large concourse of friends, including the Trustees of Drew Theological Seminary, and the surviving members of the Faculty, excepting Rev. Dr. Foster, who was in Europe. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Morristown, N. J., but were afterward removed to Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, where his mortal remains now rest. He is with God.

## X.

## EXPRESSIONS AND RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION AND SYMPATHY.

Some of the expressions called forth by the death of Dr. Nadal are here given, showing the high regard in which he was held.

## THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Dr. Curry, who was President of Indiana Asbury University at the time of Dr. Nadal's connection with it, closed an editorial on his death in these words :

In the Asbury University we found him an able Professor in his department, and at the Drew Theological Seminary his reputation as an instructor was of a high order. His career is especially valuable as illustrative of what may be accomplished by diligent application in spite of many disadvantages. In his death the Seminary and the whole Church have suffered a real and not inconsiderable loss. God is indeed dealing strangely with us in respect to the removal of our active men from the prominent places of the Church. We would bow most submissively to his providence, praying that, if it may be so, the hand of the destroyer may now be stayed.

## THE EVENING POST.

The following is a tribute from the secular press :

Dr. Nadal was one of the most eminent clergymen of the Methodist Church, and had taken a conspicuous part not only in the affairs of his denomination, but in many public questions. He was about fifty-four years of age, was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, joined the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1835, and for a number of years preached in Maryland and in the Valley and Piedmont region of Virginia.

He was there a courageous and able exponent of the antislavery views which prevailed among Northern Methodists, and was a skilled and well-known debater on this question. He married a Virginia

lady, and after preaching in Baltimore and other places accepted a professorship in Asbury University in Indiana. Thence he returned to the East after some years, and was stationed in Washington—where he was for a session chaplain to Congress—and in Brooklyn, New Haven, and Philadelphia.

On the organization of the Drew Theological Seminary he was selected for the Professorship of Church History, for which he was admirably qualified by his studies, which were of wide range, especially in German literature.

Dr. Nadal was an eloquent and finished speaker, and a forcible writer. He was one of the principal contributors to "The Methodist," and wrote at different times for various periodicals. In his own Church connection he was very much beloved and respected; and the Seminary and his Church loses in him a most valuable and accomplished man.

#### THE TRUSTEES OF THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Drew Theological Seminary, held at Madison, N. J., June 23, 1870, the following resolution was passed:

*Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. Dr. Nadal the Seminary and the Church have sustained a very great loss, and that, occurring so soon after the death of Dr. M'Clintock, we especially feel it to be a most painful and mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, to which we bow with deepest grief. We tender to his surviving colleagues, and particularly to his bereaved family, our Christian sympathies, in the full conviction that he has exchanged the toils and associations of earth for the rest and companionship of heaven. We desire to record our sense of his eminent abilities as a scholar, a preacher, a writer, and a professor; in all of which respects he has made a marked impression on the students, and left them a brilliant example.

#### PHILADELPHIA PREACHERS' MEETING.

On Monday morning, June 20, 1870, the President of the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting read a telegram to that body announcing the death of Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., at Madison, N. J.

Dr. Carrow moved to appoint a committee to pre-

pare a suitable minute, which was adopted. Rev. Dr. Carrow, Rev. Dr. Murphy, and Rev. Mr. Fernley, Rev. Mr. Atwood, and Rev. Mr. Snyder were appointed such committee, and after due deliberation presented the following paper, which was adopted by a rising vote :

The Preachers' Meeting having heard with profound regret of the sudden death of the Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., which sorrowful event took place at six o'clock this morning, the 20th instant, at the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., of which institution he was acting president, do direct the following minute to be entered upon their journal, and a copy thereof to be forwarded to the bereaved family, and furnished for publication in our Church papers.

Our departed brother was transferred from the Baltimore Conference to the Trinity Church in this city about four years ago ; and, during his connection with that charge and with this body, greatly endeared himself to us and to all with whom he came in contact.

His intellectual endowments were of a very superior order, as were also his moral qualities, his conscientiousness being one of his strongest and most distinguishing characteristics. As a Christian, he was remarkably pure and fervent in spirits, and beautifully consistent and earnest in life. As a minister, he possessed extraordinary vigor, variety, and compass of thought, and on the platform and in the pulpit was powerful and effective.

Since his removal from us to his responsible position at "Drew," we have regretted his absence from the pulpit of this city and from our weekly meeting of Pastors, to which he was always welcome from his eminently genial qualities, which made him the joy and delight of all who were favored with his company. We have rejoiced from time to time to hear of his increasing usefulness, power, and popularity as an educator of young men for the Christian ministry, and acting president of the noble institution which had honored herself by his election to a professor's chair.

In the death of our beloved and honored brother the Church has suffered a great loss, which, in addition to others which the Church has recently sustained, renders our bereavement still more painful, and most solemnly admonishes us to be constantly ready for our own departure.

We further order the appointment of a committee of five brethren

ren, two of whom shall be laymen, to proceed to Madison and convey the condolence of this meeting to the bereaved family, and render whatever assistance they can in the funeral arrangements.

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—DR.  
NADAL'S LAST PASTORAL CHARGE.

The Quarterly Conference of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, at a meeting held June 23, 1870, ordered the following minute to be entered on its journal :

The sudden demise of Rev. Bernard H. Nadal, D.D., Professor of Historic Theology, and Acting President of Drew Theological Seminary, late our beloved pastor, and at the time of his death still a member of the Quarterly Conference, affects and deeply afflicts our hearts.

We gratefully remember his manner of life and ministry among us, his tender offices as pastor, friend, and adviser, his rapt elevation of thought and eloquence as a preacher. He "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." While his rare learning, varied reading, ripe scholarship, and clear judgment, which so much profited us, will be missed in the institutions and councils of the Church, yet he was more especially endeared to us, his sometime children and fold, by the affability and nobleness of his bearing, the pureness and sweetness of his spirit, and the many rich graces which rounded his Christian character. The great and good are departing from among us : Thomson ! Kingsley ! M'Clintock ! Nadal ! "Our fathers, where are they ? and the prophets, do they live forever ?"

To the bereaved widow and family we tender our sympathy and condolence, and mingle with theirs our tears and prayers. May the great Head of the Church tenderly sustain the widow and the orphan, and be near us all in this our common sorrow and loneliness.

#### MINUTE OF THE FACULTY OF DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

In view of the sudden death of their late beloved associate, Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., the remaining members of the Faculty of Drew Theological Seminary desire to record their high appreciation of him as a Christian, as a scholar, and as a man.

Dr. Nadal was a member of the Faculty of the Seminary from the commencement until his death, and always manifested the deepest interest in its prosperity. A ripe scholar, he filled the chair of

Historical Theology with ability and success, and brought his richest mental treasures for the benefit of the students, and was unwearied in devotion to their welfare. A brilliant and effective writer, he wielded his pen untiringly to advance the culture, religion, and patriotism of his fellow-men—a devoted Christian, his heart was constantly awake to the interests of the Church and the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom. A thorough patriot, in the darkest hours of his country's peril he manfully sustained the right. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him." We would emulate his bright example, and from his sudden death be admonished to work more faithfully than ever "while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Such utterances from those who knew Dr. Nadal well, together with the brief outline of his life given in this volume, do not penetrate beyond the surface of his career—that part of it which was exhibited before men. The larger and the grander portion of his life, as of all true lives, must forever remain unwritten, save upon the hearts which he comforted and blessed, the institutions which he helped to fashion and enlarge, and the minds and characters to which he gave direction and inspiration.

What he did for God and humanity is his best eulogy. This will abide when the words of men are forgotten. As the masterpieces of ancient art, when scattered by the rude hand of time and by the ruder hand of man, do not perish, but give inspiration to high art in all climes whither they are carried, so the fragments of a life consecrated to God, like that of Dr. Nadal, although scattered here and there, are not lost, but stimulate others to deeper devotion to the Saviour's cause. What has been said of him may pass away, but what he did will long be fresh in many hearts, and in its influence must abide forever.



“He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.” In the home of the ransomed, in the land of the tearless and the pure, the eye of faith may see him, seated near his Saviour, and amid the rapturous joys of the eternal city the ear of faith may distinguish his voice, exclaiming, “By the grace of God I am what I am.” He *served* on earth, he *reigns* in heaven.

# DISCOURSES.



# DISCOURSES.



## I.

### THE NEW LIFE DAWNING.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place ; and I knew it not.—GEN. xxviii, 16.

JACOB had been brought up in a family where the fear of God was the controlling motive. And although up to the time mentioned in the text he had shown but little fruit of his religious education, yet the germs were covered up unconsciously in his heart, and were ready to sprout on the arrival of the earliest fitting occasion. The dream of the glorious ladder between heaven and earth now furnished such an occasion. Jacob, perhaps, understood his own vision but imperfectly, yet it served to awaken in his mind the slumbering lessons of his home life ; it put his mind in a religious frame, and called forth a vow that if God would be with him in his journey, and bring him again safely to his father's house, then the Lord should be his God.

This dream, coming to Jacob in the loneliness of his journey, stirred up within him, it would seem, a dim spiritual consciousness, and became the beginning of his religious life. It does not appear to have been an awakening in any distinct or proper sense, or a clear conviction of sin, much less a well-defined

dedication of himself to the divine service. He seems rather to have been like a sick man whose thoughts are turned toward religion by his affliction, and who promises that if God will spare him he will try and lead a different life. His submission does not take place *now*—it is prospective; it *is* to take place when he is well. So it seems to have been with Jacob: he is thrust out into the wilderness; his heart is sad; he lies down on the cold earth at night with a stone for his pillow, the sand for his bed, the starry heavens for his coverlet; forlorn and desponding, he spends his sleeping hours among visions of angels and spirits, and awakes deeply impressed by his surroundings and condition. Under this impression, he does not dedicate himself unconditionally to God, as he should have done, but promises that he will *become* a servant of the Lord *if* the Lord will only return him safely to his father's house.

We mean to say that all we can find in the experience of Jacob in this case is, that a sense of the supernatural was awakened within him. He had come to think of something better than cheating his brother Esau out of his birthright—birthrights and messes of pottage for the time fell into the background, and spiritual and divine things came, however dimly, into play. His mind gave intimation of a religious turn. The first dim pulse of a religious life was now ready to strike.

And thus it is with almost all who become Christians. Distinct awakening is heralded by intimations going before. Feelings, thoughts, drawings, longings, interest in sacred things or in religious people, are developed, unconsciously, for the most part, by

those who experience them, and yet these turn out to be the first motions of the religious life—the rising of the vernal sap, preparatory to the buds of spring and the fruits of autumn.

It is this dim dawn of the new life, these earlier intimations of Christian experience, that shall be our theme in this discourse.

These intimations of religion are sometimes given very early in life, even in childhood. Indeed, we think nothing can be more certain than that in distinctly Christian families children are religiously impressed even before the dawn of consciousness. We know that in other respects their education must begin as soon as they enter the world. Every sight, every voice, or even sound; every touch, whether of persons or of dead matter, must be developing, however dimly at first, their tender minds. And if this process of training and impressing begins so early with the young soul, considered as intellectual, why should not the same be true of the moral and religious nature? In the life of the nursery in a pious family the religious element is full as distinct as any other, and that element has as good a chance to enter the child's soul as any other.

But still this dim far back part of the religious experience, if we may so call it, will not come under remark to-day, for the reason that it furnishes no intimations of its existence. It is the intimations of the religious life with which we are to deal. We call on you, first, to mark the dawn of the religious sentiment in children piously taught, as soon as they are capable of something like regular thinking and rational expression. Worldly people may see very

little in their nascent experiences, and we ourselves may discover nothing of great dignity in them, but still there is enough to indicate the young mind's movement toward spiritual things.

Sometimes these intimations of religion in childhood appear struggling through clouds of odd, fantastic skepticism. This conversation took place between a little girl and her father. The little girl had been restless at prayers. "My daughter," said the father, "you ought to close your eyes during prayers and be quiet, and think of God ; he sees you all the time." "No, pa," said the little girl in pretty broken words, "God don't see me." "Yes, he does," said the father. "How," continued the child, "can God see me when I don't see him ?" And she looked all around for God. The father fell back upon his authority, and said, "I am your father ; I know better than you do ; you must believe me." The little creature mused, and looked around again, and, as if thinking aloud, said in a low tone, "Well, then I suppose the world is God." She was approaching the spiritual over a rather difficult path.

But this childish skepticism is rather the exception than the rule. The rule is uninquiring, boundless faith. The other world and its angelic and saintly inhabitants seem to be real, and to lie all about us. When I had told a little boy of four years old about Jesus blessing little children—that the Saviour had been a little child himself, and how tenderly that same Jesus loved little children *now*—he looked at me very earnestly and said, "I love Jesus, and I want to kiss him."

Who of us cannot remember spiritual moments in

the life of our childhood, when the future world came down to earth and forced itself into our minds in a way not to be resisted. I remember to this hour a dream which I had when about seven years old. I thought the day of judgment had come, and I fancied that the scene of it was to be the common in front of my home. I saw in my sleep the whole space lighted up with what appeared to be immense bonfires, and the people were rushing to and fro in strange terror. The fires, the rush, the terror, and the idea of judgment made an impression on my mind which all the friction of after years has not been sufficient to erase. The judgment vision was the result of my mother's teachings, penetrating and warming into activity the religious nature within.

We hear in our social religious meetings much said about the influence of pious parents. Many persons, even with gray heads and failing frames, will bless God for pious parents, and especially for godly mothers. This means precisely what we are speaking of, namely, that under the teachings of a pious home early intimations of religion were given forth, which might have led on at once to a definite religious experience, which have exerted their influence since, and even now are recognized as part of our Christian life, considered as a whole and in a wide sense.

But we are inclined to-day to look at mature life. Among the decided intimations of the religious life is an interest in sacred truth. Not merely an interest in Church service: that may be nothing more than a love of music—the sweet music of the human voice or of the organ. Not merely an interest in preach-



ing : that may be only the result of admiration for the preacher's ingenuity, his eloquence, or even his clerical buffoonery. Not simply an interest in truth : that is important, but all truth is not spiritual ; the naturalist, the chemist, the mere metaphysician, are aiming at truth, but not at religious truth. That which intimates the approach of religious life is an interest in *religious* truth—the truth relating to God and heaven and the soul. When we feel ourselves drawn to the truth of Scripture, irrespective of the form in which it comes to us ; when we want to know what it means ; when the interest is not merely sectarian, nor merely critical—then something good is working in us. The germ within, which a bad life is to kill, or an earnest turning to Christianity is to develop into a fair and fruitful growth, begins to stir, and to give signs of possible or probable future budding. Nicodemus, coming to our Saviour to converse with him about sacred truth, showed a mind turned in the right direction. The same was true of a certain lawyer, who came to Jesus asking what was the first great commandment. His share in the conversation was such as to prove that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven. The new life was already intimating its coming—it was moving, it was starting. He was interested in divine truth, and was showing his interest.

Another way in which intimations of the religious life are given is by the exhibition of interest in the Church of God, of affection for the people of God. A certain centurion, you will remember, sent for Christ to come and heal his servant, and the Jews, who were about the Saviour, pressed his suit for

him, saying that *he* was worthy for whom this deed was to be done, for, though a heathen, the centurion loved their nation and had built them a synagogue. That was the proof he had given of his love toward the chosen people—he had built a place of worship for them. Even Herod, badly as his career ended, had good impressions, seasons of seriousness, for we are told that he heard John the Baptist gladly and did many things that John told him. These intimations, no doubt, stirred up hope for Herod in the bosom of Christ's herald. And so now, wherever you see persons loving the Church, and feeling it a privilege to aid in its support ; where you see them attached to Christian people, as such, and loving their society instead of being repelled by it—preferring the society of Christians to that of others—there is some spiritual good in them. They are treading ground adjacent to the heavenly Jerusalem. They have the early dew of Christian life, the early dawn of the Comforter's light. If they will give divine grace a fair chance, these intimations will become great and glorious spiritual facts.

But flowing from this interest in sacred truth, and in the Church of God, as a natural result, is dissatisfaction with the world as the source of our enjoyments. The sacred truth, in which the soul has become interested, has poured its light, however silently, upon the old world, and brought another world to view, alongside of which the old world of gewgaws and temporalities appears in the highest degree mean, flimsy, and painted. It is said that when the peacock is spreading his gorgeous tail and strutting in the sun, as if ready to burst with his

vanity, if he happens to look down at his awkward, ugly, rusty feet he becomes ashamed, his strut ceases, and his outspread plumage drops at once. Such is the effect of divine truth when it shines upon the world. That world, before so fair, so fairy-like, so gorgeous, so bright, so wonderfully dazzling and attractive—with all its money, with all its honor, with all its glory—shows itself to be nothing better than a dressed corpse, as disgusting to the view as it is useless to bring us relief. It is a mere peacock, whose gay feathers are a false badge, and whose ugly feet are its true index. Another Morgana is it, with his splendid vail, which, once dropped, reveals deformity, to fill the soul with disgust. And in the light of this divine truth the soul asks the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and in the end lose his own soul? What is such a world good for? How can we get real, deep, lasting happiness out of it? How can dry, hard matter, or fashion, or any earthly polish, or culture, or any thing merely earthly, fill the capacity for spiritual life?"

Still another intimation of spiritual life is when we discover that the cause and fault of our not being happy is not found wholly in the world, or in any thing outside of ourselves, but most of all in ourselves. While the world looks bright, and every thing around promises to be fine and pleasant, we are not so apt to suspect that there is any thing the matter with ourselves. But when we are undeceived in regard to the world, when under holy light it drops its vail, and we fall back on our own resources for happiness, we find we have been cheated at home as well as abroad—in as well as out of ourselves. We

soon find that our happiness is far from being under our own control ; that a few nights of wakefulness, a heavy pecuniary loss, a bereavement, an attack of illness, puts our enjoyment beyond the reach of ourselves and of any earthly help. Among the first dawns which preceded my own more distinct Christian life I reckon almost a week in which I did not, to my knowledge, sleep one minute. I was in perfect health ; no adverse occurrence had taken place ; I simply could not sleep. Why, I could not tell ; but so it was. I lay all night, and night after night, and counted backward and forward ; I recited poetry ; I shut my eyes as with a mad clench and tried to exclude every thought, and to bring into my mind dark, blank vacancy ; I got up at midnight and wandered through the streets, and when weary set me down on step or cellar door, or embraced and leaned myself against a post, but no sleep ; sleep, as the poet has it, seemed to have been murdered, and there was no calling it back again to life. Then, in those long, half-angry, sleepless nights the feeling very dimly stole over me that I was at best but a poor helpless creature, bankrupt as to all the means of controlling my own enjoyments, and that self, like the world, was a poor thing. Now, whenever this sense of human weakness takes possession of us, the way is preparing for Christ and his Gospel.\*

A still stronger intimation of the divine life is when the mind begins to turn itself in thought toward the great God. The Bible tells us of certain persons who have not God in all their thoughts. Is not this a just description of almost all unregenerate and impenitent persons ? How little and seldom they

think of their Creator. The injunction, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is another hint how prone we are to forget God. "Out of sight, out of mind," holds especially of our heavenly Father. Philosophers forget God, except as a metaphysical abstraction ; judges and rulers forget him, except as a piece of machinery with which to hold in awe the people ; merchants and mechanics and others forget him, except when they recall his name in their oaths. The Germans, as a nation—even the professedly pious among them—think so little about God that they use his name on the most trivial occasions as a mere expletive, and the French do the same almost constantly. Those who thus use the name of God the most think of him the least. One serious thought about him would make us tremble to think of naming him lightly. How finely Cowper has taken off this thoughtless use of the divine name :

"A Persian, humble servant of the sun,  
Who though devout yet bigotry had none,  
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,  
With adjurations every word impress,  
Supposed the man a bishop, or at least—  
God's name so oft upon his lips—a priest ;  
Bowed at the close with all his pious airs,  
And craved an interest in his fervent prayers."

I call on those of my audience to-day who are wholly neglectful of religion just for one moment to study how little they think about God. It is amazing. He is never, never in your minds. And, my brethren, when a soul begins habitually to think of God and the spiritual world—when God comes before the mind, and we think of his infinity, his power, all

his attributes frequently—we are beginning the process that *may* lead us to him.

Yet another instance : We hear, among men of the world, a great deal said about right and wrong, good and bad, vice and virtue ; but how seldom we hear the muse the words *sin* and *righteousness*. *Vice* and *virtue*, *right* and *wrong*, *good* and *bad*, tell only, or mainly, of human judgments respecting human conduct. *Sin* and *righteousness*, on the contrary, are religious words, and whenever people begin to view life through the medium of the ideas expressed by these words a change is taking place. Those who use these words reverently as the expression of their feelings are moving, however slowly and unconsciously, toward religion. Their minds have taken a new drift, and they have only to remain in this current to come to the right and safe haven.

Last of all, when people begin to come to close quarters ; when they put themselves with serious forethought or from spontaneous choice in the Sunday-school, whether as pupils in Bible classes, or as officers and teachers of the school ; when they begin to attend prayer-meetings and other social religious assemblies ; when they begin to make a habit of reading the Scriptures regularly and thoughtfully, and not from curiosity, nor to prepare themselves for controversy, we may have hope—the intimations of the religious life are thickening.

What, now, are the several points we have made ? We have shown that in pious homes, in quite early childhood, we are frequently brought into thoughtful contact with the spiritual world—even then intimations are given of the new life ; that later, we see

intimations, dawnings of light and grace in the soul, in the form of interest in sacred truth, the truth of Holy Scripture. We have said that such intimations also are sometimes given in attachment to the Church, or by a clear and painful discovery of the emptiness and poverty of the present world, when the sacred truth shines on it and on our hearts. Such intimations are given, too, by a discovery that the source of true satisfaction is no more in ourselves than in the world—that both are devoid of power fully to bless ; by the fact that persons begin to regard right and wrong not merely as vice and virtue, but to think of them as sin and righteousness ; by the fact that men begin to think habitually and frequently of God, so that they will only speak of him reverently ; and, finally, by the fact of persons coming to closer quarters with religion—entering, for instance, the Sabbath-school, attending prayer-meetings, and thoughtfully and regularly reading the Scriptures. Any of these, it seems to us, are spiritual intimations ; like the notes of the cuckoo, that tell of the coming spring. They are sprouts of grace, when we see which we may say, Yet four months, or perhaps four years, or possibly only four weeks, and then cometh—harvest.

If I have described the experience of any who are present, let them rejoice that the soil of their life is not wholly barren ; that the good seed is at least under the sod, and that the ground promises to be vigorous enough to sprout it. But let us not overvalue these intimations. Let us remember that one swallow does not make a summer, nor one stalk of wheat a harvest, nor one drop of rain a shower, nor yet one

gracious motion of the soul regeneration. Far, very, very far from it. Not every man who gives early intimations of genius really becomes a genius—not one in a thousand. Not every business man who starts fairly, and whose early course augurs well for success, really wins in the doubtful play of life. A ship may be grandly built and fitted and freighted; there are intimations that she will go, and yet she must *start*, or she will rot at the wharf. And, in relation to divine things, to the spiritual life, we read of one who began to build and was not able to finish; of Herod, who gave signs of life, but was dead; of Felix, who trembled, and forgot it; of Agrippa, who was once almost persuaded, but never quite; of Simon Magus, who believed, and even was baptized, but loved lucre too well; of Balaam, who prophesied, and yet loved the wages of unrighteousness, and fell by it; of Judas, who was called to be an apostle, and yet sold his Master for a few paltry pieces of silver; and of a rich and virtuous young ruler, who knelt to Christ and sought his counsel, but rejected it when given. Most of these were clearly marked cases of religious impression, and yet they were as the morning cloud and the early dew; they came to nothing, and they show that these intimations are nothing, and worse than nothing, unless they are followed by a distinct rising up and coming to Christ.

If any of you, my friends, are conscious of having in you such intimations of the life divine, how important that you look well to them, and see that they are improved! For if you have nothing more than these, you may come to Church until the knell of the last day, and your life will be nothing more than



a tiny seed that perishes in sprouting. It was a genuine seed ; there came upon it out of the spiritual sky a measure of moisture and warmth ; the shell gave way to let forth the tiny sprout ; but the granite and rubbish of the world was thrown on it ; you permitted it to be so, and it perished. The thorns sprang up and choked it, or it perished, for lack of soil, under the sun. Seize, I beseech you, seize this fleeting moment to fan the spark into a flame, to turn the intimation into a heart-revelation, the dim and microscopic bud of thought and feeling into fair flower and luscious, holy fruit. Has God indeed intimated the divine presence in you ? then come to his Son, who is the fullness and explanation of all intimations, and the realization of all just religious anticipations.

## II.

## LINGERING AT THE GATES.

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And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him : but if Baal, then follow him.—1 KINGS xviii, 21.

IF we follow the life of any Christian congregation that has a history at all, we shall come upon several classes of persons. We shall find that a part of the people reared in it, or who have been brought into it, after continuing awhile, have grown weary, or have been enticed away by the world. They have left their places in the Church vacant. To-day, while we worship here, we doubt not that many who have been reared in this Church, and who were habitually present in it for years, are found in the haunts of dissipation ; while others are content to remain at home in domestic enjoyment, or to spend their time in visits and company. They received the grace of God in vain, and to them the Church of God is as a worn-out garment.

There is another class with whom the results have been just the reverse. They have grown up in the courts of the Lord's house, or, later in life, they have been brought to it, and, having become identified with its interests, are now pillars in the Lord's temple.

They witness for Christ before the world ; they willingly bear the burdens of the Church, and are the very people, in all the Churches, who, keep the cause of Christ alive in the earth ; who, down at the very heart of Christian civilization, work to maintain its vitality. These are the men who fill the missionary treasuries of the several denominations, who look up the poor, who build churches and schools for them, and show that they have at heart the salvation of the souls of men. They hear the call of their Lord and obey it.

There is, however, a third class, different from both of these. They have neither deserted the sanctuary, nor yet identified themselves with the people of God. Without a profession of faith, they have still retained their early attachment to the Church, are regular in their attendance, and devout in their deportment at her altars. If they are not the friends of God, they are at least the friends of his friends ; ready to aid them with their gold and silver, as well as to encourage them with their countenance in every religious enterprise.

In every Christian congregation of tolerable size, the minister can look forth and see quite a number of these friendly persons. Indeed, he would as soon expect his principal Church officers to be absent from their seats as these outer-court worshipers. Yet, attentive as this class of persons is, they do not even profess to be Christians. Dwelling perpetually at the very gates of Zion, there they halt, and decline to enter.

This class is the object of our solicitude at this time. We would address, and seek to interest and

benefit, those who have been long in the habit of attending Church service, and yet have not decided to come out openly on the Lord's side.

The character of many of this class of persons is most admirable. Before the world their lives are well-nigh spotless. Many of them would be as much shocked at profanity as the best of our Church-members. In trade and social intercourse their word is their bond. Indeed, we have known many persons of this class whose moral and intellectual frame seemed so admirably built, whose tempers were so nicely balanced, that a habitual sweetness seemed ever to sit on their countenances and to attract the good toward them.

Nor is all this excellence of character, and correctness of life, and attractiveness of appearance and conduct, without a deep and valuable reality of meaning. What they are is, as far as it goes, a Christian result. Their attachment to the Church has wrought itself out in much that is amiable and good. They have in many cases a real fondness for the Church, and a real pleasure in attending upon her services. It is a very poor explanation of all this to say that these people "have got into the *habit* of attending Church." A habit not only proceeds from the frequent repetition of an act, but it implies pleasure, as well as facility, in the performance of the act. It is easy and pleasant for these people to come to Church.

In some cases it is the pleasure of taste. They are pleased with an eloquent speaker. They love the roll of musical periods, the swell of rising passion, even the flash of æsthetical and oratorical wrath, or

the tearful gush of a pathetic story ; they wait with breathless anxiety the completion of the word-painted landscape, and feel toward it as toward a fine picture or a gorgeous sunset.

Nor is this wrong. The Creator has given the fruitful imagination, the bright and variegated fancy, the power of pictorial representation, and the pathetic tone, that they may be used. Apollos was an eloquent man as well as mighty in the Scriptures. Paul has some most eloquent and poetic touches in his epistles. David and the prophets abound in stately allegories and burnished metaphors ; and the Gospel, while it scorns all tawdry ornament, naturally inspires and cordially accepts all the forms of true eloquence. When God vouchsafes eloquence in any high degree to the preacher, saint and sinner may both be gratified.

But beyond the mere pleasure of being excited by the beautiful, the genuine Christian hearer receives solid, golden treasures of Gospel truth. Not only is his fancy entered, but his heart and conscience as well. He rejoices, not merely in gorgeous displays of mind, but that the Gospel has been made so attractive, so beautiful. His feeling is not, *How lovely is this raiment !* but, *How lovely the Gospel looks in it !* But people who cannot bear to hear the Gospel except in connection with eloquence are not apt to be constant at Church, and hence we must look for something better in the hearts of those who regularly attend Church through a series of years.

The regular attendants upon Church service, in some cases, are partly held to a particular Church by hallowed associations. Here came, in other and

happier days, those who were dearer than life to them. Here, in these benches, they sat, and prayed, and sang, and listened. To cease to come here seems to them like forgetting their holiest ties. They come here just as they visit the graves of their treasured dead ; and as the graves make the spot where they are precious, so does memory make this place. These memories lend their aid to the service, and yoke the holy dead not only with the spot, but with the living in these seats who were once their companions. We love to sit in the chairs and under the trees where our friends that are dead once sat ; we love to see and talk with those who knew and loved them, and so even unconverted men love the Church in which their friends worshiped, and the people with whom they took sweet Christian counsel.

But beyond this, many of our friends who are not professors of religion have deep convictions of the value of Christianity to the world. They know that sound morality, public and private virtue, cannot endure on any other foundation than that of Christianity. They are thoroughly penetrated with a sense of the baseness of vice, and the glory and excellence of goodness. They know that politics would rot, and the liberties of the country go to the owls and bats, in a quarter of a century, without the sustaining pillars of Christianity. The conscience is the bulwark of humanity, but without religion it is a bulwark of pasteboard. The Church is the depository, the defender and promoter, of religion, without which both Christianity and the public conscience, like Jonah's gourd, would perish in a night. This being manifestly true, our non-professing friends

love the Church, and support it, as patriots and as friends of humanity.

We go, however, still further than this. Many of our friends who have attended the Church for years—besides the pleasure of taste, besides the memory of the precious departed, fragrant thoughts of whom still cling to the place, besides their conviction that humanity cannot live without virtue, nor virtue without religion, nor religion without a Church—have a higher enjoyment, a real religious pleasure. If we may infer from their satisfaction with the divine service, from the purity and Christian decorum of their lives, from the very tenderness and beauty of their attachments to the pious, from their tears under the simplest Gospel preaching or the narration of the simplest Christian experience, from the eager pleasure with which they contribute to the support of the Gospel, from their well-known habits of secret prayer and reading of the Scriptures, they cannot be wholly devoid of piety. No; it is a pleasant thought, and very full of comfort, that many not in the Church are not far from the kingdom of God. They dwell on the borders of the land; only another and but a little step is needed to take them in.

We are not now speaking of your moral men, merely, whose virtue is entirely hard and cold; but of those who take pleasure in the Church, who delight to serve it.

Now, what is it that keeps these people out of the Church? Having come so far, why do they halt?

In some cases, we doubt not, they are kept back by bare timidity. They distrust themselves, and this prevents them from trusting Christ. They look at

the world and tremble at the formidable front which it turns toward them. They can only do the things to which they have been used. The profession of Christ seems like a towering enterprise which must attract the world's gaze upon them, and they tremble to be looked at by so many, and in so conspicuous a place. Besides this, they exaggerate the responsibility involved in the profession of religion. They forget that men are responsible for profession when they do not make it ; that Christians are not more responsible than others. They tremble at the thought of setting themselves up as examples for other people, which they rightly believe Christians bound to do ; they tremble to think of what would be expected of them if they should take their position among the people of God ; they think there are already too many unworthy and weak, if not false, disciples, and ask themselves with alarm if they are to be added to the number of them that bring a reproach on the holy name of Jesus.

They overlook the great fact that to be a man is to be responsible, and that it is infinitely worse to shrink wholly from our responsibility than to make even the most imperfect honest and well-meant effort to meet it. The servant that hid his Lord's money was cast into outer darkness, while he that had only one talent and improved it met welcome and reward. My timid brother, you must be bold enough one day to die ; you must face eternity and judgment, and stand distinctly on the right or left of the Judge ; surely, by divine help, you can come out before the worms of earth and profess Christ.

In this connection, perhaps, we ought to mention



what among us is called the altar. Many of these excellent people of whom we speak allow the custom of calling persons forward for prayers to stand between them and a profession of religion. This custom has worked well; multitudes have thus made their profession of a purpose to forsake sin and seek the pearl of great price. But it is folly for the Church to treat it as a test of the Christian profession. It does not even belong to original Methodism. Our early fathers knew nothing about it. The public profession of Christ, which is demanded of us in the Scriptures, is coming to the table of the Lord. God forbid that the altar, which is meant as a prudential and human help, should be erected into a test, or allowed to be a barrier!

But it may be that these dear friends of whom we are speaking have fallen into the sad mistake of fancying they must wait to be more powerfully moved. What a mournful hallucination is this! Why, my dear brother, have you not been for these long years on the confines of the kingdom? Have you not been divinely influenced to abide with the people of God in his temple? Have you not, by God's grace, been kept from the vices of the world? Do you not already love the gates of Zion, her songs, her holy lessons, her sons and daughters? and do you not reverence and worship her King, the Eternal God? Have you not then been moved—mightily moved? Have you not been carried forward a great way toward God and his Church? Have you not been set down before the very latch of the strait gate? Moved, indeed!—wait to be moved? Why, you have been moved through and through—through

your life, through your being—and only one thing thou lackest.

But, my dear friends, who are so regularly in the house of God, and so long halting on the confines of the kingdom, perhaps you have fallen into a mistake as to your duty. It is possible you may not regard it as necessary to become members of the Church. You may, perhaps, make the mistake of supposing that it is enough to be friendly and attentive to the Church, friendly and helpful to God's children. "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

It is not enough to believe as God's people do ; to pray, and read and love the Scriptures, as they do. It is not enough to be united in spirit with them. You must, dear brother, go still further. The inner love must be formally bodied forth in the act of public profession. Do you not know that Christ has established a Church, which would fall to pieces and drift into oblivion if its friends were all to treat it as you do in your mistaken course ? Are you unaware that Jesus has set up in his Church sacraments ? that he has said, "Do this in remembrance of me ?" If you would fully identify yourself with Jesus you must, with his people, come to the Lord's table. You must share with the saints the sacramental bread and wine. You must show forth, not only the Lord's life in your life, but his death, until his coming again. The cup of the Lord is the communion of his blood, and the bread is the communion of his body ; and if you refuse these you are not of his people, you deny him before men, and he has said he will deny you before his Father and before the holy angels. Come,

my halting brother, rouse yourself, and allow your fixed and long-cherished purpose to culminate in a distinct act of Christian profession. Enter, at once and openly, into the visible Church of Christ.

There is great danger that you may reach a state of chronic indecision—that your virtues may freeze into sins. How many have grown gray, and finally hard, under the very shadow of the temple!

If a man were to occupy a chair for a single month, without ever rising from it, however strong when the month began, he would at the end of it find it almost impossible to rise; the stiffened limbs would find it almost impossible to perform their functions. And he might remain sitting until the impossibility would become complete. Unused grace is like unused physical strength. To sit at the gates of the Church ever, only looking in, or watching and enjoying the going in of others, will not do. The sacred tides of feeling on which we might have floated in will become stagnant; the blessed impulses of grace will grow feebler and feebler, and the hour when we might have risen and entered, and fallen at the feet of the Master, may forever pass, and our complacency with the people of God may be converted into an indecision at once motionless and hopeless. O, stand up for the truth! Use your present impulses and convictions before you quite stiffen into a man of iron, whose face and look may be friendly, but whose heart may be beyond the power of change.

The proverb says, "Constant dropping wears a stone." But remember that constant dropping also *produces* stone. Enter one of our famous caves and look around you. See the vast and magnificent

formations of rock—pillars rising from the floor in surpassing strength and beauty, and others hanging from the roof in glittering sublimity, surpassing all the glory of Grecian architecture. The eye is oppressed with the vision. Whence came all this? We answer, From the drops of water trickling through the soil and rocks above. The gentle drops have been transformed into all this indurated beauty. How splendid are these formations, and yet, alas! how hard. So it may be with you: God vouchsafes the precious drops of mercy—beware lest, falling on you and remaining unimproved, they themselves may turn, and turn you, into stone. You may become only so many beautiful petrifications—admirable but still only stone; morally upright, but hard, and fixed outside the pale of Christ's Church. You know that the Gospel, meant for living water, may become a stone of stumbling, a rock of offense; a savour of life unto life in itself, it may become a savour of death unto death—the bread a stone, the egg a scorpion, the fish a serpent.

There is still another danger to those who have so long been near the kingdom. Sitting so long at the beautiful gate of the still more beautiful temple, it is probable they will by and by begin to apologize for their delay in entering. Leading excellent lives, beyond reproach, there is danger that they may begin to compare themselves with the people of God, and to plume themselves upon their own good conduct. Within the Church they may see strife, may hear the din of the voice of disputation, and may be tempted to think that they compare favorably with professing Christians. They are in danger of forgetting that it is their duty to be inside, doing what they can to

make the Church efficient ; that, with all the faults in the Church, it is still that same Church that is doing all that is done toward saving souls and advancing the glory and power of the kingdom of God, while they, with all their virtue, are idle, and even by their example keeping others from entering. They are in danger of forgetting that their supposed superiority to some of the people of God does not do away with that terrible word of Christ, that he will deny them before his Father who deny him before men ; does not meet his requirement that they shall distinctly profess his name. O, my brethren, beware ! The apostle has warned you against comparing yourselves with others, and has commanded that we compare ourselves only with the requirements of holy Scripture.

Do you then, waiting at the vestibule of the Church so long, ask what you shall do ? We answer your question by asking another, What has been your error ? Has it not been that you have been undecided, that you have stood idle and irresolute before the altars of the Church ? You know it is. To every call of the Church, to every tear which the Spirit has wrung from your heart and eye, your answer has been persistent inaction. What you are to do is to act, to act promptly. With all your fairness of character you are to confess yourselves to be sinners—carnal, sold under sin, wicked in halting a single moment, much more in refusing so long. What is the course of a sensible man when perplexed in business ? Is it to gaze into vacancy, and stand spell-bound before his trouble or before his duty ? or is it not, rather, immediately to ascertain the safe course and go forward ? Does the sane sick man

only learn what is right and then stop? If he did, how quickly would death put an end both to hope and delay! With him to decide what should be done is quickly followed by the doing. Though the medicine be bitter, or the needful operation painful, he submits eagerly, for life hangs on that submission. So must it be here. Gazing at Christ in the distance, even though reverently, will not do; we must go *to* him, we must be *joined* to him, and to his mystical body, his bride, the Church. From long and culpable delay the required act may be painful; it may demand all our resolution, all our moral courage, to ignore the eyes of the world, the censure or the praise of our friends; but it must be done. We shall never be at home and find rest for the soul until we get to Christ—never, never!

A few evenings since, in a neighboring city, a young man knelt at a Methodist altar in prayer. Pointing to this person, an aged member of the Church said to me: "There is a young man like the young ruler who came to Christ. If he were directed to keep the commandments, he might reply as the young ruler did, 'All these have I kept from my youth up.'" Yet there he knelt, a weeping penitent, asking pardon of God. His obedience had not gone to the extent of accepting Christ as a Saviour. He felt that although his outer life had been blameless, yet the leprosy of sin lay deep in his soul.

How sad is the state of those who go no farther than the commandments; who stop at the law; who try to arrange the matter with Moses, and who do not profess Christ. Look at that young ruler in the Gospel, just alluded to. His moral character was

exemplary. Even the sublime Jesus admired it, but he came not up to the test of joining himself to Christ and his disciples, and who can tell the end of his career! Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were disciples of Jesus, but secretly. They were friendly to his person and cause. They hung about the outskirts of his communion. They enjoyed, admired, and delighted in his preaching; they went almost to the last and crowning act, but not quite. And what became of them? Fine men, noted and prominent as they were in their day, the sun of sacred history sets on their doom in clouds. The poor sinful woman who anointed Jesus's feet with the costly oil is chronicled and treasured among the early saints; the poor Canaanitish woman, dog as she allowed herself to be, will descend to latest posterity, wearing the wreath of evangelical history; fishermen and jailers are securely written in the book of life; but the rich ruler, the astute councilor, Nicodemus, the opulent Arimathean Joseph, have doubt written upon their fate. They did not confess Christ before men. They were only friendly; so far as we know they never united themselves and their fortunes with Jesus and his. They never joined the Church. They never professed his religion.

O, my long listening, long halting, long anxious, long upright, long friendly brethren, I put to you a serious question which asks a serious answer. Tell me, if you do not love Christ and his cause on earth well enough to identify yourself with it, can you believe he will accept you as his in heaven? Only *almost in* here, do you candidly believe you will get further there? Are you content to go on as you

are down to the dark valley of shadows, and meet Christ in the next world not having fully chosen him in this? Do you believe your present course will content you in your death-bed reflections? *I* fear not, I think not. Will it be enough for you then that you stood as a mere spectator of the struggle between Christ and Belial, wishing well to the sacred cause, but not joining in the conflict? Will it satisfy you in the waning hour of life, with a solemn eternity outspread before you, that your conduct said to every friend you had on earth, to your own family, don't profess the religion of Jesus? I believe that thought will stud your dying pillow with envenomed thorns, and give you gall for your last draught. I beg you to prevent such a sad result by coming at once to Christ, by ceasing at once to halt, and committing yourself this blessed, gracious moment to your Lord and to his Church. Amen.



## III.

## OUTSIDE HOSPITALITY.\*

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Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers : for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—HEB. xiii, 1, 2.

IT may appear curious that the injunction, "Let brotherly love continue," should be immediately followed by the command to "entertain strangers." The significance of the close connection between the two is, that solicitude for strangers is one of the forms of brotherly love. If the Samaritan, hated and condemned by the Jew, was still his neighbor, whom the great Master required the Jew to love as himself, so the stranger, whether Jew or Samaritan, or of whatever nationality, is our brother ; and brotherly love is not continued, but marred and ignored, if we refuse to care for the stranger.

This duty of regard for strangers is quite as strongly presented in the Old Testament as in the New. Moses puts the stranger along with widows and orphans, and says "the Lord doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment. Love ye therefore the stranger for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." The allusion to their being strangers in Egypt is, of course, not intended to imply

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that they must treat strangers well because they were well treated by the Egyptians. We know, on the contrary, what hard and oppressive bondage they suffered. The allusion to Egypt means rather that they must remember that they had been strangers themselves, and must not treat others as *they* had been treated. They must be impelled to do right to strangers by the remembrance of their own wrongs endured in Egypt.

We have, however, in the Bible, another reference to the stranger more striking even than that just quoted. It is a word from the blessed Jesus himself, in his description of the last judgment. You remember how, in that description, he brings all nations before the final judgment-seat, dividing the wicked from the righteous, placing one on the right hand and the other on the left, and then pronouncing the decision. Among other things, he says to the righteous, as a reason why they shall enter into life eternal, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in;" and among other reasons given to the wicked for dooming them to eternal punishment is, "I was a stranger, and ye took me *not* in." The decision of our case in the last day is, therefore, to be affected by the manner in which we treat the stranger.

The philosophy of the matter is as broad as the entire question of Christian ethics. The command to deal kindly with strangers, to look to their interests, is only an illustration of the command to love our neighbor. It is an extreme example under the general law, intended to show us how very far the law extends, how very broad the commandment is. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," therefore,

does not cover merely your relation to your own family, kindred, friends, acquaintances, country, but even to the stranger, the man you do not know, never saw, and never will see. You must love him, and do what you can to reach him with your love. In other words, we have laid upon us here the duty of what may be called, not inaptly, *outside hospitality*. This, brethren, from its very terms, is quite a different thing from what usually passes under the name of hospitality. This well-sounding word, in popular use, represents a very respectable quality and certain very popular customs. It means a readiness to have your neighbors in your house, and at your table ; it means making a banquet, and inviting to it a great many wealthy or renowned guests, who are pressed to overload their stomachs with wine and brandy and French cookery and confectionery ; it means in many country neighborhoods, as also, indeed, in the cities, the cordial reception into your houses and social circles of visiting strangers from remote parts of the country ; provided, always, that they come with good letters, or introduced by respectable people ; it means lending your smiles, and sometimes your horses and carriage, and giving your time and the contents of your groaning tables to such as these, while, perhaps, your pockets would not yield a cent to a tattered beggar ; it means, in a word, the trouble and expense of public and private entertainments for people who are fully able to pay their own way.

Of course, we do not condemn all hospitality between the better-off classes of society. Human life, besides its uses, has its charms ; nay, these charms are themselves uses. God, who studs the acres with

wheat for man's needs, who has stuffed the earth's bosom with fuel and the richest ores, has also hung out the lamps of the sky, and sowed the all-hued flowers around us, as though the feet of angels had marked the earth with the colors of heaven. The table of God, spread in his great guest-chamber of the world, besides offering fish of every fin, and bird of every feather and flavor, and bullock and sheep and swine, blushes also with berries, with peaches and apples, and laughs with flowers, while the feasters are regaled with a thousand forms of music from air and stream and woods. God loves beauty, and he intends that we shall enjoy it as well in social intercourse as elsewhere. But he has made us rational, and requires of us to be temperate and frugal. Why might we not have received the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit a few years ago, without a costly ball? Did he not see in the crowds that thronged the streets to greet him a profounder respect for his nation than in a ball, where only a few of the people could be present? Could not the English railway magnate, Sir Morton Peto, and the friends in this country who entertained him and were entertained by him, have been quite as polite and agreeable to each other without spending a hundred thousand dollars on their dinners and suppers? Of course they could; and in that case they might have risen from the table less dyspeptic, and have had more left for the poor. But the wicked and prodigal wastefulness of great banquets does not touch the rights or the joys of rational social intercourse. Let my friends come to see me and let me see them in our moments of leisure; let the simple republican

and Christian table be spread, and let there be no rivalry of expense, no extravagance or finery ; let the joy of friendship, the pleasure of pure converse, the overflow of sweet and affectionate humor, supply the place of waste and vain display.

The hospitality of which we speak to-day is not a matter of fashionable and expensive intercourse, neither is it the pleasant intercourse between friends at each other's homes. It is real kindness and service toward strangers, for the purpose of doing them good ; it is an interest in men as men who have upon us only the claim of a common human tie. This we have seen is implied in the idea of stranger. But what is there about a stranger especially calculated to enlist our sympathies or to call for our aid ? Why, a stranger in Washington, for example, is one who has lately come ; who has here few acquaintances ; perhaps none. Home and all its endearing associations are remote. He is thrown as a waif on the wide, uncertain waters, to climb on the first raft that floats by, to mount any ship that passes, and thus to join himself to any company that offers. Washington is full of just this description of people. Relatively to the size of the place, no city in the world, perhaps, has such a number of strangers as Washington. We say nothing of the members of Congress, who come here to spend several months of every year ; we do not mention the heads of the Government, executive and judicial, who have but temporary homes among us ; we leave out the large corps of newspaper reporters and letter-writers. Besides all these, consider the vast number of clerks from every State in the Union continually coming

and going, all dwelling with us a shorter or longer time. These are largely young men, reared in Christian families, in Sunday-schools, in Churches ; they are in part married men, they and their families almost utterly isolated ; and in not a few cases they are young women, who come to the seat of Government to procure better compensation than is usually awarded to female labor, and to prove the capacity of their sex for work. Now just consider what is the position of these people. We all know how greatly our safety depends on circumstances. The work of transplanting is always one of difficulty, of delicacy, of extreme danger. What a breaking of roots, what a drooping of foliage, what a dropping of blossoms, what a wilting of unripe fruits ! If this is so of trees and plants, it is even more so of men and women. These people at home were upheld in the path of virtue and safety by the presence and love and counsel and example of father and mother ; by the ties of long-tried and pure friendships ; by the regular communion of Christian Churches, and by the charmed localities which they call home, whose landscapes, and whose forms, even of brick and mortar, are still treasured in their hearts. These formed the elements of the soil in which the roots of being grew ; these were the embankments within whose strong and guarding sides the smooth current of their life has flowed ; these were the silken twine with which, in knots of love, they were bound to the right. Let us bethink ourselves how much of our own happiness and safety are dependent on such relationships and surroundings. How orphaned, how lonely, how sadly dubious should we feel in their condition ! Do you

not remember how you felt when you sojourned in a strange place, even for a short time? how thankful you were for even a slight attention? how prompt your heart was to respond to a hospitable act, and how glad you were afterward of an opportunity to return it? Are you right sure—firm as you now feel—are you right sure that you could have navigated that strange sea safely for three or four years? Would you certainly have maintained your integrity, with all the dear old home-ties broken?

This is the condition of thronging multitudes around you. They are isolated; the old home safeguards are wanting; parental counsels can come only by letter; the ten thousand familiar and tangible solicitations to good and arguments against evil are missing. This stranger life must find a new channel for itself; it must move. And look at the dangers; see what sort of a place Washington is. Count up the gambling-houses; enumerate the groggeries, high and low, of which there is one for every few scores of the population; guess at the number of places of sexual impurity; call to mind the four or five theaters; and then remember the infinite pains taken by all these agencies of sin and the evil one to inveigle these strangers into their nets; that they rob them, and riot in the ruin and overthrow of their souls and bodies. See the liquid that giveth its color in the cup; that moveth itself aright; hanging out its sign, and bidding for victims at every few steps. Listen, tremble, at the syren voice of the strange woman, who whispers now, as in the days of Solomon, that she “has decked her bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved work, with fine linen of Egypt, and per-

fumed it with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon." Hear the gamblers' promises of fortunes to be made in a night, or even at a single throw of the symbols of chance! Read the flaming hand-bills of theaters, with sometimes an impure hint on the face of them; and scan the huge pictorial posters of circuses, presenting female equestrians in dress and posture of grossest immodesty; notice the show-chariots from these places, parading the streets with gayly-decked horses, flying banners, and loud music of trumpets; sending their invitation into every chamber and into every ear, saying, "Come, come to the place of revelry." Do not forget the vile, trashy literature, almost as cheap as the dirt in which it deserves to be trampled, flaunted at every book-stall, and piled up in so many shops, and vended on all the thoroughfares. Think of the numbers of vile newspapers; of the many infidel books; of the frequently unchristian tone of the more respectable newspapers; and, last of all, remember how profusely and expensively all the more popular forms of sinful amusements advertise their snares.

Thus beset, surrounded, watched, pursued, dogged, blood-hounded, by all the multiplied and combined packs of the great hunter of souls—away from home; out of reach of the sweet voices that had taught them the little prayers of childhood; away from old friends and friendly advisers; from old Church and Sunday-school; from all the soil of place and person in which they had been rooted; from all the strengthening and purifying fountains which had refreshed and invigorated and fertilized them; in short, utter strangers, unprotected, unwarned, unguarded—how can these people escape!



What can be done for these strangers? Our first answer is that they can do a great deal for themselves. One part of them can so act as to influence the rest for good. There are a great many people—Christian people—who come here to spend the years of an administration; many of them look upon Washington merely as a place of sojourn, and therefore do not formally unite themselves with any of its Churches. They may have good reasons for this course; but there are more and better ones for the opposite course. The plan for the Christian Church does not contemplate the idea of its members remaining for years virtually out of its communion. The Christians who live here, with their Church-membership elsewhere, are out of practical relations with Christianity; they are not amenable to Church discipline here, and their life is utterly unseen and unknown where their names are on the Church register. The result is, they are entirely irresponsible.

My dear strange Christian brother, is it not your duty to identify yourself directly and intimately with the Church of Christ? If you remain at a distance from the Churches with which alone it is possible for you to be vitally and practically connected, what will be the effect on other strangers—such, namely, as are not Christians? Will they not feel that if the communion of the Church is unnecessary for you, it is not needful for them? Does not your course make light of the Church? and does it not give an excuse and an example for the unconverted in keeping out of it?

Besides, you will find, my brother, sooner or later, that the Christian life is something regular and pro-

gressive ; that he who practically makes light of any of its advantages, and especially of direct communion with it, will be dwarfed in spiritual stature, will lose his taste for spiritual nutriment ; and, while occupying his anomalous position in the Church, may discover that his dangling and distant connection with the body of Christ was not close enough to keep him alive.

Christian brethren, dwellers in Washington for a few years, you ought not only to be in the body of Christ, and of it ; you ought to dwell in its very bosom ; you ought to be solidly compacted with it. You ought to feel every pulsation of its heart, and *your* strength ought to be a part of its every generous and vigorous action. You cannot afford to live four or five years in a state of suspended animation—to have a great four-year gap of indolence and uselessness thrown into the very middle of your life. Belong where you live, and work where you belong. Thus, a part of the strangers will be disposed of, garnered in a Christian way ; and the Christian strangers, compacted with the Churches of the place, may do much toward drawing others with them.

But how shall we reach the strangers that make no profession of religion ? how save them from the ways of sin, from the dens of vice, or from spiritual neglect or isolation ? We answer : The first qualification for the work is to *feel* in regard to it—to feel deeply ; to put these young strangers in the places of our own sons and brothers, and ourselves in the places of their parents and friends. What would we have others feel and do for our boys in a strange city, where vice threw its gilded bait into all waters ? The answer is

easy, and hardly need be put in words. Go thou, go we, and do likewise!

There is scarcely one of us who does not come into contact with some of these strangers. Let us remember what it is to be a stranger; let us recall the danger to which it exposes them; let us treat them in a way to revive in their hearts and thoughts the associations of a Christian home; let us invite them to Church and to Sunday-school, and do every thing in our power to prevent them from perishing, or even suffering injury by transplantation; every thing to rear new embankments for the current of their life as safe, as pure, as happy, as the old ones at home, and even more so.

What though we be not acquainted with them? Neither are those who seek their ruin acquainted with them. The liquor dealer does not refuse his beverage to the stranger. The stranger is welcome, thrice welcome, to the faro bank and card table; is most earnestly implored to crowd into the theater.

What though we do not know them? God knows them; Christ redeemed them; angels are ministering spirits, watching their pathway for good, and wicked spirits are diligent in their efforts to assist wicked men to destroy them. As wicked men and lost angels seek to ruin men as men, so Christianity seeks to save men as men. It sends its disciples out for all, to gather in all, as many as they can find; its field is the world; its love is for souls; its great, all-mastering passion is to conquer for Christ, and to lift man, as man, to God. For this it fills missionary coffers, and sends men to the "line or to the pole." It is not so anxious to know men as it is that they

should know God and Christ, and "be found in him." When one of its disciples converts a sinner, no matter whom, from the error of his way, he saves a soul from death and hides a multitude of sins. When one poor sinner, no matter who, is redeemed by the power of Christianity ; when the Good Shepherd brings home the lost sheep, whatever the name, on his shoulder ; when the tattered, beggared, humbled prodigal—any prodigal—comes back to the loving Father, the harps of heaven are swept by angel fingers, and its walls and floors echo with holy, grateful joy. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, no matter who he is, no matter whether those who sing and shout ever saw him or not. It is enough that he is a man, whether a Cæsar or a Lazarus.

" The rank is but the guinea's stamp ;  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

O what a glorious thing it is to save a man, whether savage or civilized ! But we are especially bound, not only by the motives of the broadest Christian charity, but even by a regard for our own welfare as a community, to labor for and to save these strangers. They are here for our as well as their weal or woe ; they will make our city better or worse ; their life, whether good or bad, will make its mark upon others. In working for them we are working for ourselves. The man we neglect may poison the minds of our own children. The man we convert may bring life to our own friends. It is for us to say whether the young people among us shall bless or curse us, build us up or pull us down.

But how shall we speak to the strangers them-

selves, especially to the young—more especially to those who stand off from the Church, who stand in the way of sinners, who visit dangerous places, who are lingering on the slippery ledges of temptation ; who think to touch pitch without being defiled, to tipple without being drunken, to keep bad company without being like it, to read bad books without being corrupted ; who are allowing a mother's image almost to fade out of their hearts ? I would ask such to go back with me to their early homes ; to mingle once more, in thought, in the scenes of their childhood ; to say over again their little prayers ; to join in family devotion at the old fireside, and to be children again. If you consent, we are "home again." Now look into the face of that mother. O, fathomless depths of a mother's love ! Is there a line long enough to sound it ? Is there a sacrifice she has not made for you ? Is there a misfortune of yours that has not caused her heart to bleed ? Is there a sin of yours for which she has not repented, even though you did not ? Is there a sorrow of yours that has not deepened the wrinkles in her cheek ? Have you looked, my brethren, on a mother when her child was in trouble ? Did any other face ever so blend love and grief ? O, constancy and intensity, O, persistency and endlessness, of a mother's love ! Fate may smite you ; you may become an outcast ; the law may seize you and pronounce you a felon, and you may be a felon, but you are still a son or a daughter. The prison cell will be your mother's happiest resort, and even the scaffold has no power over her love. She forgives what the law punishes with death, and society with disgrace, and

forgives, besides, the greater crime of breaking her heart. She would love you if you were a swollen, bloated drunkard. If you were a wretched magdalen, with the seven demons still unexpelled—ay, if you were stained with blood foully shed—she would not refuse even then the blessed, holy kiss that sweetened the lips of your innocent babyhood.

Such is a mother. Young man, art thou a wanderer from God in a strange and wicked city? has thy heart been robbed almost of its holy memories? art thou already in the edge of a dreadful vortex, and is the rapid, whirling current chafing and tearing at thy soul? Look at that mother. Feel again, dear endangered stranger, her warm kisses on thy brow; remember how you hung about her neck, and how she gave back all your caresses more than double; look down into the depth of her loving eyes; hear her prayers following you like a breathing shadow from the moment of your birth to the very last tick of yonder clock; let the power of home memories, especially of a mother's love, come to thy relief, and take thee back to the softness and plasticity of childhood, and, when thy mother and thy childhood have thus reached thee, prayer may come again; the Church, the Bible, and your Father, God, may be welcome again! O, I beseech thee by the gentle features of thy infancy; by the scenes of thy childhood; by the breasts from which thou wast nourished; by the old Bible and hymn-book out of which thou wast read and sung to, and especially by the holy heart on which thy infancy slept and dreamed of heaven; I beseech thee, come away from sin, come to Jesus, come to his Church, come to thyself!

## IV.

## THE EVIDENTIAL FORCE OF MIRACLES.

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Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish : for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.—ACTS xiii, 41.

RELIGION has appeared in the world in two forms—natural and revealed. When we speak of natural religion we do not refer to that system which the learned have deduced from the study of man's nature and his relations to the world about him. The dogmas of this system are the being and certain attributes of God, man's immortality, his freedom, and his accountability, together with the necessity of some sort of worship to be rendered to the Creator. By natural religion we mean no system at all ; but rather that religious sentiment, or element, which all great men, unless they were atheists, have acknowledged to be a part of human nature, as essential to it as air to the lungs.

It is altogether the fashion, when revelation is totally denied, to admit that man is a religious being, and to claim that the religious sentiment in him, honestly obeyed, is religion enough for him. And yet we are not aware that either the system of natural religion, technically so-called, or this more vague religious sentiment, has ever been erected into a

system of actual worship. Whatever sense of obligation they may have awakened has not drawn men together and organized them into Churches. They who deny revelation have justly felt that if God did not instruct us how he would be worshiped, the matter might be safely left to each one's taste and option. Where does history tell us of deists meeting together, and laying down their creed, and forming themselves into a Church, and establishing their Church service? Where have the philosophers and their followers organized themselves into worshipping societies around the mere religious sentiment which they acknowledge to be an essential part of human nature? We answer, Nowhere.

And yet we are not inclined to deny the existence of deistical Churches—Churches which are united around the vague religious sentiment of which we have spoken. Such we regard all Churches which reject the essential elements of Christianity, as the divinity of Christ, his atonement for the sins of men, and the great doctrines of depravity and regeneration. But these deistical Churches did not originate from their present theories. They became deistical within the pale of orthodox, evangelical, Christian communions, and went out, or were thrust out, carrying their Church organization, their forms of worship, and their deism with them. They were Churches, or societies, from which all the peculiar elements of revelation had been eliminated, and in which only the general truths of theism and ecclesiastical forms had been retained. The soul had departed, but the body had not immediately fallen into decay; another soul essayed to keep house, but was ill at ease; for



it is not natural that mere deism should express itself in Church life. It never has made a Church for itself, though it has fallen heir to the shells of some that were already formed.

We mean simply that natural religion, the mere religious sentiment, has never organized itself at all. Where Churches have departed from Christian truth, and have nothing left but the common religious sentiment or instinct, they have sometimes retained their organization and their forms of worship, but they have been obliged still to hold on to the name of Christian. No religion but a revealed one, or such as claimed to be revealed, or passed under the name of revelation, has ever had an organized existence in the world. This is most remarkable, and very damaging to such as hold religion to be an essential element of human life, while they still deny revelation. All the religions of antiquity, however false they may have been in many respects, however conflicting with each other in their doctrines, agreed in claiming to have been revealed from heaven. The same is true of the religions of heathen nations *now* : they all claim to be revelations. There seems to be a conviction—universal in human nature—that religion is essentially a revelation. The world heretofore has always acted on this principle, and in so acting has no doubt expressed a great truth, namely, that a true religion is, and must be, a revelation.

Let us, then, turn our attention to revealed religion. The religious sentiment finds its demands met nowhere but in a revelation. It is only when it believes itself in communion with the supernatural that it is satisfied. But how shall the supernatural, how shall

the revelation from heaven, prove itself to be such? We have sometimes met with the demand that religion should have proof similar to that furnished by mathematics. This is simply foolish. Christianity is not a circle, nor a square, nor a triangle; it is not a sum, to be worked out by arithmetic or by algebra. Will we teach a child his alphabet by giving him lessons in counting? or send him to the woods to see the life of the city? Nor, again, can we prove religion to be a revelation from heaven by arguing upon its contents. It is true that there is much in the teachings of the Scriptures to commend them to our belief. Coleridge has said that the Bible *finds* him as no other book does. Daniel Webster said that when he read the Sermon on the Mount he felt himself penetrated with the conviction that it was from God. The Earl of Rochester, on his death-bed, said that when he read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah he became fully convinced and assured that the Bible was divine. But this is far from being universally the case. These persons, and others like them who have been convinced by simple reading, were in the proper spiritual condition to receive the truth of God; but other persons, and even these themselves at other times, have not had this fitness to hear and believe at once. The heart was opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, and conviction could only be obtained through the intellect.

In a discussion on the merits of Christianity—as on every thing else—success depends more on skill and acuteness than on sincerity or truth. The worst is easily made to appear the better reason. What and who, then, shall decide? We answer, God him-

self must speak. If he has indeed made a revelation, he must speak a second time, and say so. The miracle of revelation is a miracle indeed ; but it is only a miracle to him who receives it. It must be substantiated to others and made a miracle to them by another miracle which shall be manifestly such. There is no other way ; and hence Christianity professes to be a miraculous history, and Jesus and his apostles appeal to miracles as the proof of their inspiration. Christ says, " If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." And again he says, " If ye believe not me, yet believe me for the very works' sake." And Peter, on the day of Pentecost, in his address to the Jews, speaks of Jesus as " a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him."

Without, therefore, making miracles the only evidence of religion, we hold them to be essential. To the Christian the contents of Holy Scripture are strong self-evidences, and the work of divine grace in his own heart is a powerful proof ; to the receptive seeker after Christ and his divine life the sacred books may be their own authentication. But they are what they are—even in these cases—not only because they contain certain doctrines and precepts and promises, but also because they narrate certain miracles. Take out these miracles, and the Bible ceases at once to be even a sacred book. Without its spots of supernatural brightness, without its angelic appearances, and its bold and grand divine interpositions, the promises and precepts become tame and common, and the doctrines dwindle into arbitrary

propositions. If, therefore, the *character* of the Scripture has its office in proving their divinity, that character is ineffectual unless in its turn it has direct supernatural attestation in miracles. The grand and indispensable test, the divine test, of the Bible being divine must be furnished by the interposition of God, clear and manifest. A miracle alone is such an interposition.

But we are met at the threshold of the argument with objections. These objections may resolve themselves into two, namely: 1. That of Spinoza, that the law of nature, being God's law, cannot be altered or modified; that God will not interfere with his own law, and that therefore a miracle is impossible. 2. That of Hume, that, even if it were possible for a miracle to be wrought, it would be impossible to prove it.

Let us now take up these two objections in their order: 1. That of Spinoza, that, the order of nature is fixed, that it is the law of God, and that, this being so, a miracle is impossible, because God will not dishonor his own law by breaking it.

There is, of course, a fixed order of nature; there are what are called laws of nature, and these are laws of God; but the assertion that a miracle is impossible because the law of nature cannot be violated falsely assumes that a miracle is a *violation* of the law of nature. It is true that the miracle of Scripture interferes with nature, changes the modes of its manifestation, and does it, too, in a way to show clearly the hand of God, and thus to give indubitable proof of the divinity of Christianity; but an interference with the course of nature is not necessarily a viola-

tion of its laws. Allow me to illustrate here. The ordinary way, among farmers, of rearing chickens, is to allow the hen to sit on her own eggs a certain number of weeks, until the happy mother-bird hears the musical chirp of her own chicks. But suppose, instead of leaving the eggs with the hen, the farmer should hatch them out in an oven of the proper temperature, would he be violating the law of nature? Certainly not; and yet he would be obviously interfering with the ordinary course of nature. When we grow tropical fruits or flowers in a hot-house, do we violate the law of nature? Of course not; and yet we interfere with the ordinary course of vegetable life. By these illustrations we do not mean to intimate that the manner in which *men* interfere with the law of nature is analogous to the way in which Christ and the apostles interfere with it in their miracles. In the miracles an immeasurably greater control is exerted over nature than is possible to man—that is essential to a miracle. All we mean is that man, in raising chickens, for instance, makes as great a change in *his method* of dealing with nature, when he uses the oven instead of the hen for hatching the eggs, as the Saviour does in *his method*, when, instead of using his power in the ordinary way of nature, he uses it in the extraordinary way of miracle. If man in changing the form or mode in which he exerts his power over nature violates no law, neither does the Creator in changing the form in which he exerts his higher power over nature. As the law of nature for man does not require every act to be performed with rigid and unvarying sameness, but admits great variety within a certain range of fixed

principles, so the law of nature in its relation to the Deity cannot prescribe and bind him to a single mode. The substance of that law for the Lord of all must be that, however his infinite power is exerted, the exertion must be controlled by infinite wisdom and holiness; and, whatever may be the change in the mode of the power, the law remains unbroken, provided the same power be exerted under the direction of the same wisdom and holiness. Man, that is, uses his power over nature variously in his sphere without violating law, and God may use his higher power in its sphere variously without a violation of the grander and broader law which regulates the exercise of divine power.

Let us apply these reasonings to the miracles of Scripture. When the wine grows in the grape, Christ exerts his creative power in one way; and when he transforms the water in to wine, he exerts the same power in another and uncommon way. So, when the multitude is fed with the five little loaves, Christ only uses the same power which had produced bread in the old way to produce bread in a new way. The production was rapid and immediate, instead of waiting for the common, tardy process of growth. The same substances which are at the divine disposal for the ordinary processes of producing wine and bread must be at his disposal for other methods. The power which creates, if intelligent, implies the power to vary the form in which the creative act is done, just as the greater implies the less, and as the whole includes its parts. The law of creation, which consists in the power to create according to an infinitely wise and holy and divine will, is not violated any more by one

mode of creation than by another. It seems to me to be taking a very narrow view of the divine law—the law of nature—to suppose that the ordinary processes of nature exhaust the whole of that law, that is, all the modes of its operation. That were as though a tyro in art should undertake to judge his preceptor after having received only a single lesson, and should boast that he had all his master's art at his finger ends.

Besides, there may be other worlds, in which the law of creation, or the law of nature, assumes a form substantially like what we call miracle. And if God should exert his power in those other worlds, as he ordinarily does in this, the inhabitants would cry out, A miracle! and some Hume or Spinoza would proceed to show that what had taken place was impossible, because it was against the order of nature.

Or, again, what we call miracle may be the law of nature for special exigencies in God's moral government, only called for at long intervals in eternal history. In this respect the miracle may be analogous to laws of war. In times of peace every thing proceeds according to a certain fixed order, but when war breaks out the changed circumstances call for a different method of administering the law; still, it is law in one case as much as in the other, and one of broader enactment, as just in one, as in the other case; the law is no more violated in the one case than in the other. The law has only varied its form to suit the circumstances.

But let us take another view. We must remember that the law of God is not merely physical.

It does not consist wholly in modes of animal or vegetable life and growth. There is higher law than this. Perhaps it would be degrading this higher law to call it a law of nature. In one sense, at least, it is above nature. But still it is the law of God over the world of mankind. We mean that, besides the laws of the material world, there are the laws of the intellectual and moral world. These, taken together, make the law of God, as we see it in the present state. Of course, we would not undertake to say that even all of these constitute the whole law of God. They are, no doubt, but parts of his ways. His universe and his nature, are too large for us to restrict him. But, even taking these laws of God as we see them, and remembering that they are a unit—that they are his one law, as far as that law is known to us—still the different parts of this law are not of equal dignity: those parts of the law relating to the intellect must be more important than those relating to matter; and as mind is higher than matter, those parts of the law relating to morals, to purity, must be higher than those which only regard the intellect, because of the superiority of our spiritual to our intellectual nature. Now, should it be esteemed a violation of this law, as a whole, if its lower forms are modified to promote and honor the higher? Nay, is not this the very idea of subordination, as seen in the divine government—that the lower interest shall serve the higher, and, in a sense, be sacrificed to the higher? Among men, physical interests, which are lawful in themselves, must be sacrificed to intellectual, as, for example, in taxing the wealth of a city for public education. In this case the law of the intellect overrides that of



wealth. Or, again, if we were about to send a son to school, and two different schools presented themselves for our patronage, in one of which a perfect system of literary training was seen to be combined with ruinous moral principles, and in the other a pure moral training with only respectable scholarship, you would sacrifice the lower, the merely literary, interest to the higher, the moral. Again, the law of the State protects property; that is law; and yet, if a certain piece of property is needed for public purposes, no matter what may be the resistance of the owner, the lower interest of the individual must give way to the higher and broader of the State. Now, when property interests are sacrificed to the intellect, or when the intellect succumbs to the rights of the conscience, or when private property is taken for the State against the remonstrance of the owner, who will say there is any violation of law? The lower laws have succumbed to the higher, have shaped themselves to the higher, have been modified for the general interest; and this was in accordance with the spirit of the law, taken in its broadest sense; this was, and is, the law in its inmost spirit. The individual must yield to the State, the body to the intellect, and the intellect to the moral nature.

And so in relation to God's law. The clods are subordinate to brute life, brute life to human life, and man's earthly to his eternal interests. And when Jesus, as Lord of all, recognizes this subordinating distinction, and trenches upon the forms of national law in the interest of the spiritual life of immortal beings, he *keeps*, not violates, the law of the universe.

When he calls up the dead, or heals the lame or blind, he is simply modifying the expressions of divine power in the lower spheres of being in the interest of the higher life of men. He is promoting the highest portion of his law, and honoring it by a free but lawful use of the lower part of it. The law of nature *seems* to be broken in the miracle, that the higher law of the spirit may be kept ; but that seeming breaking is an essential part of the broadest and truest keeping.

This leads us to another thought closely related to this. Why was the course of nature fixed, as it manifestly is, as a general thing ? We might answer that every interest of human life is served by a fixed course of nature. What a sad condition should we be in if the rising and setting of the sun were matters of uncertainty—if summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, might come or not, or might come and go in capricious order, or in no order. The order of nature gives certainty to our calculations ; it gives work, and rest, and bread, in due season. But was not this fixed order also intended to serve a much nobler purpose than any merely temporal one ? If the course of nature had not been fixed, if there had been no rule according to which the world should be governed, there could have been no miracle ; every thing' would have been anomalous—*anomaly* would have been the useless rule ? And in that case, how could a religion have been authenticated ? for we have seen that religion could only be proved by a miracle. Strange, then, as it may appear, it seems rational to assert not only that a miracle is *possible*, notwithstanding the fixed course of nature, but

that the course of nature was fixed, perhaps, mainly for the very purpose of making miracles possible. Man's religious interests—his interests for eternity—are, of course, infinitely higher than every thing temporal. What are harvests, and all the blessings of regular mundane life, compared with life eternal? And if the order of nature was meant to serve these lower forms of life, how much more the highest? A miracle is possible, therefore, *though* the order of nature be fixed, and *because* it is fixed. And if religion be man's highest interest, was it not fixed more for that purpose than for any other? Was not all the lower creation intended as a sort of scaffolding, or stand-point, from which to build up man's highest interests—the immortal? At all events, if nature had not been generally fixed there could have been no such changes wrought in it as take place in miracles, and, so far as we can see, there would have been no way of establishing religion. A miracle is such a modification of the course of nature as only God can effect. Without such a miracle it would be impossible to know that God had spoken to men; and God could not thus have spoken if there had been no course of nature on which to lay his hand and show his power by modifying it.

Having answered the first objection, namely, that a fixed order of nature makes a miracle impossible; and having shown that a miracle is not a violation of the law or order of nature, but only such a modification of the lower parts of the law as vindicate and establish the higher parts, and thus do honor to the law as a whole; and having shown that a fixed order of nature, so far from making a miracle impos-

sible, is the condition upon which a miracle becomes *possible*, let us proceed to answer the second objection, Hume's, that no possible amount of testimony can prove a miracle. The case of a miracle, an alleged miracle, he says, is a contest of probabilities; a question whether it is not more probable that any human testimony should be false than that a miracle should be true. His meaning is that men generally have found the laws of nature unvarying, and that the impression made upon their minds by this fact is so strong that they find it impossible to believe in a miracle, which is at least a deviation from the ordinary manifestations of nature, and such a one as only divine power can produce.

In answering this objection to the possibility of proving, or of believing, a miracle, we scarcely need refer to the fact that it is already substantially met by the above explanation of a miracle. The objection that belief in miracles is impossible, proceeds on the supposition that a miracle is a violation or reversal of the law of nature; whereas, we have shown that a miracle is only such a modification of the lower law of the universe as completes and glorifies the higher; that the great Ruler in a miracle stands on the scaffolding of the lower law to build up the higher—the moral and spiritual; that what men have falsely called violating the law of nature, is simply the noblest use that could be made of one part of the universe for the purpose of upholding the highest interests of the whole of it. If the miracle, therefore, keeps and strengthens the law, instead of violating it, the objection founded on the hypothesis of its being a violation of the law must fall to the ground.

But there is still more to be said, in showing the folly of this objection against the possibility of believing a miracle. In the first place, if there is a strong presumption against any such change in the operations of nature as is shown in a miracle, if the permanence of the laws of nature is a presumption against a change, there are also presumptions in favor of a change. Such a presumption is found in man's religious constitution. That constitution is a standing demand for a revelation. Man feels that he must serve his Creator, but is painfully conscious of his own ignorance as to the manner of performing that service. He is not content with the simple religious sentiment which he finds in himself. Nay, that is what produces the discontent. That sentiment reveals a want which it cannot satisfy. It intimates a God, duties, rewards, punishments, and then leaves the whole in utter darkness. No mere tinkering with this sentiment can content him—no building up of a human system on this inward hint; he feels a longing for the infinite, for communion, actual communion, with the supernatural, and any thing short of this is mockery to his soul. Is there not in this a presumption that God *will* reveal himself? Did he put this want in the soul of the race only to tantalize it? If God should grant a revelation, and work miracles to attest the revelation, would not such a course be in accordance with what he had already done? would it not be fulfilling the promise implied in the religious sentiment?

Further, all our *ideas of God*, our heavenly Father, are such, among civilized people, as to make it probable that he would miraculously reveal his will, and

attest it by supernatural intervention. God is all powerful, and therefore able to make himself known; he knows our wants; and then he is benevolent, and delights in our happiness. Does not this, instead of arguing that it is impossible to believe in a miracle, make it probable and easy to believe that God would intervene to give his will to men? Are we not, therefore, inclined, from our ideas of the divine nature, to believe that a miracle is the very thing to be expected?

But to what folly are Hume's objections reduced when we look at the actual facts? He asserts that it is impossible to believe in a miracle, and yet if you take the whole history of the world, nine men, perhaps, out of every ten that ever lived have actually not disbelieved, but believed in miracles. The heathen believe in miracles, and Christians believe in them; and even in our own times belief in them is the rule, and unbelief the exception. The great mass, educated and uneducated, believe; only an occasional man rejects. Where, then, is the propriety of saying that no testimony can prove a miracle, and therefore no one can believe a miracle, when almost every man's belief contradicts the brazen assertion? Hume's argument is to the effect that no one can believe a miracle; the fact is that almost every one believes in them.

Nay, more: the love of the supernatural and of the miraculous is inherent in man, and ineradicable. Even when men become infidels and atheists they are not rid of it. Who are most of the Spiritualists, who fancy themselves to be holding daily intercourse with disembodied spirits? We answer that many of them are rejecters of the Christian revelation, trying to satisfy the spiritual want and the longing for the

miraculous in another way. They have freed themselves from their old prejudices in favor of the Bible ; but the love of the supernatural still asserts its existence ; it will not down ; it must still have satisfaction, in however foolish a fashion.

It will not do to say that this longing for the supernatural may be resolved into the love of the marvelous, the wonderful. It is not so. We may see all the wonders of nature, all the prodigies of chemistry, mechanism, and electricity, and not the slightest advancement is made toward satisfying the demand for the miraculous. The soul still thirsts for God, still cries out for the living God, still demands to be brought into the presence of the supernatural—to see, in miracles, the evidence that Jehovah speaks to men. And hence, where there have been no genuine miracles men have invented false ones. But the fact that false ones succeeded only proved that the demand was real, and that even the true religion could only succeed by meeting this demand. And when the true religion came, it was a religion not merely of mercy and truth, of wisdom and goodness, but also of miracles ; and *without* these miracles—man's want—the deep demand of his nature would not have been met. How foolish, then, is the objection that a miracle is incredible ! It is, on the contrary, as now shown, the very thing we might expect from our religious constitution, from the character of God, from man's universal, inextinguishable craving for the very thing itself, and from the fact that men believe so easily in the counterfeits in the absence of any thing better.

We have now shown, in opposition to Spinoza,

that a miracle is possible; that, so far from violating the law of the universe, taken in its broad sense, it only modifies the lower portions of the law called the course of nature, for the purpose of establishing and glorifying the law in its whole height and breadth. In opposition to Hume we have proved that, so far from its being impossible to believe in miracles, it has been impossible to prevent the great body, even of civilized men, from believing in them: that our nature demands the supernatural, and only finds rest, not in common marvels, but in miracles; and that our ideas of God make it in the highest degree probable that he will meet by miracles the demand planted by himself in our nature.

It would naturally be now in order to examine the miracles of the New Testament, and see whether or not they are supported by sufficient historical testimony. But this would be the work of a ponderous volume instead of an ordinary discourse. In conclusion, we can only say that the miracles of Jesus and his apostles beautifully agree with the other parts of the sacred history, with which in sweetest simplicity they are interwoven. From Him who said he came down from heaven, and was one with the Father; from Him who dared to call himself "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" who boldly set himself before men as the Light of the world, we were obliged to expect miracles. His being among men in the character which he claimed was professing a miracle, and if he had only done common deeds his pretensions would not have been supported. Miracles, and miracles alone, could convince men that he was what he claimed to be.



How natural it was that He who said he had come from heaven should ascend to heaven, as he did before the eyes of his disciples ; how natural that he who called himself the Resurrection and the Life should rise from the dead ; how natural that he who offered to raise men from the death of sin to the life of righteousness should call Lazarus out of his grave ; that he who came to instruct the ignorant and imbruted human race should open blind eyes, deaf ears, and cast out evil spirits !

How harmonious with itself is that book in which the Sermon on the Mount is framed in with miracles—miracles at the beginning and miracles at the end—wonders of wisdom but wonders of might ! How beautiful, in short, that the attributes of divine wisdom and love in the teaching of Christ should move side by side, in the same narrative, with the attributes of power and love in the miracles of Christ !

Yes, holiness and wisdom were to be expected in the teachings of revelation, and yet with these alone we should be miserable, for how should we know whether the wisdom was from God or from men ? The miracles were necessary to be added ; and so added, the divine teachings find appropriate company and certain proof. The teaching is worthy of the skies ; but the miracles alone could connect it with the skies. The teaching seemed in the divine handwriting ; but who had ever seen God write ? The world would have been in doubt if Jesus had not wrought his miracles ; they showed God putting his hand to the instrument, and signing it in the presence of witnesses who died in attestation of what their eyes had seen and their hands had handled.

Here, my brethren, in these miracles of Scripture, we find the fulfillment of the human hope that God would speak to the world, and so speak that the world would know the voice to be indeed his. Here we find the meaning of all the longings of the heathen, expressed in their strange mythology ; here we find the fulfillment of what is promised in the dim but powerful religious instinct of the race ; the explanation of the universal demand for the supernatural ; the meaning of the wayward fancies of spirit-rappers, and of the wonderful power over the human mind of ghost stories. They all point to the miracles of Scripture as their reality, as their sense, as their substance. Even the counterfeit miracles have a power while they are believed, but that is because the feeling is natural and real, and therefore proper, and their power to produce this feeling shows that there is somewhere a real miracle, from simulating which the counterfeit derived its power. Come, my brethren, study the miraculous history ; the more it is studied, in its works and in its words, the more thorough will be our conviction of its divinity, and the nearer shall we come to Him who is the central form of all its saying and doing.

## V.

## PROFANITY A FASHIONABLE CRIME.

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Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.—Exod. xx, 7.

But I say unto you, Swear not at all ; neither by heaven ; for it is God's throne : nor by the earth ; for it is his footstool : neither by Jerusalem ; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.—Matt. v, 34-36.

WE do not characterize profanity as a fashionable amusement, but as a fashionable crime. And yet there is an aspect of profanity which allies it very intimately with amusements—that in which it assumes the form of a jest, and gathers its material for quips and conundrums from sacred sources. As amusements oscillate between coarse and brutal sin on the one hand, and comparatively innocent forms of speech on the other, so profanity finds its completed diabolical form in blasphemy, and from that height of crime sweeps down through its lower grades, until it seems to vanish on the line between sacred wit and criminal license.

Another point at which fashionable amusements and the crime of profanity appear to approach each other is to be found in the fact that neither they nor it appear *directly* to assail the interests of the community. Murder, slander, and theft, for instance, are crimes not only because they are in violation of the

divine command, but because they attack the life, the good name, and the property of men ; they must be resisted by all honest, and indeed by all, people in self-defense. But as men can allow fashionable amusements, even in seriously doubtful shapes, to go forward, and not apprehend direct danger to the community, so can they allow swearing and other forms of profanity to be committed without the fear of personal harm. Profanity, for the most part, is only wicked breath, wrong words. But it were a shallow and godless view of human life which would deny that there is any such thing as injury except to property, person, and reputation. There are evils connected even with fashionable and respectable amusements which taint the heart and corrupt the moral character, and it is of the very nature of profanity to do the same thing in a still higher degree. The breath spent in profane swearing, cursing, or jesting, may not rob a neighbor of his money, or life, or good name ; it may not literally taint the air with contagion ; but morally it robs and murders the profane wretch himself, and spreads abroad a contagion deadlier than cholera or yellow fever.

Let us now proceed to inquire, first, what profanity is, and wherein its great criminality consists ; second, to what extent it has become fashionable ; and, third, what should be done to check and restrain it. What, then, do we mean by profanity ? We answer, Any light or contemptuous treatment, whether by word or deed, of sacred things, as in common cursing and swearing or in common conversation.

The essence of profanity, therefore, is contempt for what is sacred, and wherever this contempt is shown

it must, of course, be presumed, however unconsciously, to exist. If children can bandy about the names of their parents, it is evidence that contempt has crept into their relation to their parents, and has usurped the place of that filial reverence which both nature and the Creator have ordained. If an American can speak abusively of our Revolutionary fathers, or can sneer at our country's flag or Constitution, it is evidence of a real breach between his heart and true patriotism. He is, as an American, demoralized. He despises both the history and the authority of the nation.

If we now examine the various forms of profanity, we shall see that we have properly defined it. Look first at what is called "taking the name of God in vain;" that is, the violation of the third commandment, which forbids any name of Jehovah to be used lightly, thoughtlessly, angrily, or irreverently. God's name stands for himself; it is that word, whether written or spoken, by which we receive and express all the attributes of God; if, therefore, there can be such a thing as a *most holy word*, that word must be any recognized name of the Supreme Being. By the side of such a name the most sacred ones of earth, even that of mother, father, country, and all others, must almost cease, at least during the comparison, to be sacred. And if an irreverent use of these inferior names would shock us as having the quality of wicked contempt, what shall we say of contempt for that name that includes the excellences of all others, and appropriates and exalts such excellences to an infinite altitude! To trifle with the name of God is to treat with contempt not only all his intimate perfections,

but the very Godhead itself, for his name stands for both his attributes and his essence.

But the most usual forms of profanity, and those most commonly recognized as such, are known as *cursing* and *swearing*. It may, however, be said that these do not necessarily imply the use of the name of God; that men are said to curse and to swear profanely when in swearing they invoke some other name than that of God, and when in cursing they omit all names. This is true; but the ideas of God and the spiritual world are implied in the very notion of either a curse or an act of swearing. The meaning of a curse is that the person employing it wishes, whether seriously or not, to hand the person cursed over to higher, sorer evil, than he, or any merely human power, can inflict upon him. The curse is an appeal from human judgments to the judgment of God—a wish that a supernatural calamity may fall on its object. It is true, we speak of the curse of a country falling on a traitor, of the curse of widows and orphans lighting on the heads of those that wrong them, but the meaning is still the same. What is intended to be expressed is the wish of widow and orphan, of mothers and country, that the divine curse may fall on the heads of traitors and oppressors. A curse uttered, in whatever form, is an invocation of the divine vengeance; it is an entrance into the holy place, a dealing with sacred things, and is only legitimate when one has seen the Creator, and can say with dreadful, awful solemnity, out of the Eternal's mouth, as said the angel, "Curse Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." Except in such a case a curse is profane; it is a contemptuous appeal

to what is holy ; it is an arm of flesh attempting to snatch from God his bolts of wrath, or to force him to hurl them in obedience to human passion or human caprice.

Swearing admits only of a similar explanation. A man may swear, as far as the verbal formula goes, by heaven, or by the earth, or by his head, or by his country, or his favorite statesman, or even by some trifling and unmeaning name. No matter, the religious realm is still in any case invaded. God and heaven are still appealed to. We mean to say that the oath in its *very nature* is still, and always, a religious act. Does a man cease to do a religious act who worships the sun, for instance? No, he has worshiped wrongly, but still he has worshiped—and worship is an act of religion ; and if he has done it in a bad spirit he has only added profanity to idolatry. So, if a man swears, by whatever vain name, it is an invocation of *that* name, as of a God, to bear witness to the truth of his statements. If it were only the name of a star, of a political leader, or some unmeaning title belonging to nobody, that is employed in the oath, still by virtue of its *being* an oath the act is religious. He calls on God, only that in this case he attempts to fill the awful throne of deity by a creature, or by an idle fiction, and thus adds idolatry to profanity.

Hear on this subject the pious and eloquent Bishop Jeremy Taylor. Speaking of the sins of the tongue, he says : “ The first is common swearing, against which Chrysostom spends twenty homilies, and by the number and weight of arguments hath left this testimony, that it is a foolish vice, but hard to be cured ; infinitely unreasonable, but strangely prevail-

ing ; almost as much without remedy as it is without pleasure ; for it enters first by folly, and grows by custom, and dwells with carelessness, and is nursed by irreligion and want of the fear of God ; it profanes the most holy things, and mingles dirt with the beams of the sun—follies and trifling talk interweaved and knit together with the sacred name of God ; it placeth the most excellent things in the meanest and basest circumstances ; it brings the secrets of heaven into the streets ; dead men's bones into the temple. Nothing is a greater sacrilege than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulancy of an idle tongue, and blend it as an expletion to fill up the emptiness of a weak discourse."

We are not, however, allowed to imagine that cursing and swearing exhaust the crime of profanity. Many a person who respects himself too much to indulge in formal profanity, whose face would take on a crimson glow if he should be betrayed into a profane oath, has nevertheless his very spirit and temper thoroughly pervaded by profanity. That is, sacred things lie lightly upon his mind. He accustoms himself to a contemptuous treatment of them. He frequently gives a jocular sense to a passage of Scripture ; he puns its sacred names ; he gets up a ludicrous interpretation of portions of sacred history ; he makes prophets and apostles to play the harlequin, and has a genius for profane jokes in general. It is contended that this may all be done without conscious guilt, without a sense of moral and religious inconsistency. The plea may be true, but only makes the case worse—a thousand times worse. How profane must be that mind, how lightly must it esteem



God and his ordinances and word, to be able to treat them as mere playthings ! to put on the sacred habiliments and wear them as the dress of a clown ! to turn the altars of the Church, in his prurient fancy, at least into the ring of the circus ! The contempt of sacred things, in such a case, is not a temporary fit, but a regular induration ; the gambols of the profane spirit are performed over the crisp surface of a seared conscience. Beware, my friends, of the day when you can make a joke out of holy things, or can laugh at such a joke by another. Profanity in such a case is so old and stultified as to have forgotten its own existence ; it has grown deaf under the strain of its own laughter. Hear Jeremy Taylor on this point. He says : " Above all the abuses which ever dishonored the tongues of men, nothing more deserves the whip of an exterminating angel, or the stings of scorpions, than profane jesting, which is a bringing of the spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man ; as if it were not enough for a *man* to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into those horrible scenes. He that makes a jest of the Scriptures or holy things plays with the thunder, and kisses the mouth of the cannon just as it belches fire and death ; he stakes heaven at a spurnpoint, and trips cross and pile whether ever he shall see the face of God or no ; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest."

Profane swearing and cursing and jesting with holy things, then, whether in anger or in mirth, whether conscious of the crime or utterly oblivious of it, is contempt of God and divine things. It is the creature putting himself on an equality with the

Creator, or rather above him, and presuming to make faces at him. Where the profanity is mere sport, it is the creature performing a comic dance among the glories of divine wisdom, and kicking them about as so much antiquated lumber. Where the profanity is angry, or the curses and oaths, or the criticisms of the divine word, appear to be earnest, it is an effort to eject God from his throne, and fill it with weakness, and filth, and ignorance.

And is it needful to show that this contempt for holy things, ay, for God himself, is a crime? And yet our streets and places of resort are full of profanity. "By reason of swearing the land mourneth." If we would see the intense wickedness and criminality of profanity, considered as contempt for whatever is sacred, we must look at the divine law, in which it is forbidden: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." This, we have seen, embraces the whole subject; for whatever makes light of sacred things, of the things of God, makes light of God himself, and thus takes in vain, treats with levity, his awful, glorious name, and his holy, blessed being, expressed by his name. Now, this third commandment is of equal dignity and authority with any of the other nine. The man who murders or robs, or slanderously and basely lies, or commits uncleanness, is not, according to this law, a greater sinner than the man who by word or deed, in jest or earnest, makes light of sacred things. Among men who estimate the heinousness of sin only by the mischief or injury which it manifestly does to their interests, murder, theft, and falsehood

are great crimes, and profanity only a foible. But when God delivered the Ten Commandments from Sinai, we are not told that the thunder rolled more loudly, or that the lightning flashed more fiercely, or that the mountain shook more terrifically, after the utterance, "Thou shalt not kill," or after, "Thou shalt not steal," or "Thou shalt not bear false witness," than it did after, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

Nay, there is following the last-named law a terrible threat which does not follow either of the others. To protect the sanctity of the holy name, and of all relating to it, it is said, "for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." This looks as though there were a higher than usual sanctity attached to this commandment, and a deeper criminality to its violation, than to either of the others quoted. Indeed, this is the reason why this distinction should be made.

To break one command is indeed "to be guilty of all," for the law is a whole, and the spirit which violates it is hostile to the holiness which constitutes its unity. Every part of the law represents the divine authority over men, and he that does violence to it in any part has assailed that authority as a whole. But particular laws protect particular interests: for example, the law forbidding stealing protects property, and that against murder protects life. But what shall we say of that against profanity? We answer, It aims to protect the rights of God himself. What is the Divine government, what becomes of it, if reverence for God himself is wanting? Why, the whole fabric tumbles into wreck. If God, who gives the command-

ments, is not honored, revered, worshiped, adored, his law must share the fate to which he himself must submit.

The other nine commandments hang on this. Reverence for the Divine name is the very spirit of obedience, and profanity thus attacks virtue and morality at their very foundations. God's law rests on God, and it is only possible to honor that law when we rightly honor God himself. That honor gone, the foundation is gone, and the whole structure falls, or stands in mid-air, the product of a dream. Thus whenever a person curses, or swears, or makes light of sacred things, he is virtually insulting not only the very conception of morality, but the Holy Being who makes it possible.

Still further: If the *decalogue* is anywhere in Scripture republished with greater light and more awful sanctions, it is in our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. And there again we find profanity forbidden, and made part of the same chain on which are linked all the great crimes.

Indeed, it is quite remarkable that *the one* sin which our Lord has pronounced unpardonable, namely, what is known as "the sin against the Holy Ghost," whatever may be its peculiar character, certainly partakes of the nature of profanity. The Jews had attributed the miracles of Christ to Beelzebub, the prince of devils; our Saviour declared this to be blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which had no forgiveness either on earth or in heaven. And the Evangelist declares Jesus to have said this because they charged him with having an unclean spirit, with having a devil. Their crime, therefore, whatever else it was,

contained a high degree of profanity ; it abused most basely what was most holy. It not merely dragged Christ's act down to the ordinary level of a human transaction, it profaned it further by making it the work of a demon. So that the very highest sin known to the Bible seems to be only a modification of that with which the idle, thoughtless swearer is daily and hourly loading down his guilty and wretched soul.

But we propose to show that, radically and fearfully criminal as profanity is—assailing, as it does, the divine authority, and wantonly insulting the very God-head himself—this terrible crime is fashionable. We do not mean that fashionable people display it as they do their dress, equipage, and jewels, but we do mean that in the sense of wide prevalence it is more fashionable than fashion itself. There are more people addicted to profanity, even in its vulgar forms of cursing and swearing, than there are who keep up with the fashions, as commonly understood.

It is the universal vice of all the degraded classes. It would be easier to find in these classes statesmen and philosophers—ay, almost easier to find an angel—than one who is not profane. But to a large extent the very highest classes share this crime with the most degraded. We have had Congressmen by the quantity, Senators and Governors of States by the score, who were as familiar with profanity as with cards and the bottle. I myself have heard a Senator swear profanely in the chief room of the President's house at Washington. The House of National Representatives and the Senate chamber have been desecrated by profanity in num-

berless instances. It has not been long since a member of the lower house uttered maudlin curses in his seat in the Capitol. People were disgusted, but not surprised. But a short time has passed since, in company with another minister of the Gospel and several gentlemen high in position, all of whom were Christians, I went on board one of our ships of war. The ministers were introduced in their character, as ministers ; the commander of the ship knew, therefore, what he was about, and yet his whole discourse was thoroughly soaked in the broadest, coarsest profanity. The worst pirate could not have outdone this representative of our Christian navy in the foulness or the frequency of his oaths.

But why multiply instances ? From the highest functionaries to the very boys in the street, profanity is found prevailing ; and even many Church members, who are not guilty after the vulgar sort, are in the habit of breaking the third commandment by the levity with which they treat holy things.

Now, is all this purely arbitrary ? It has sometimes been so alleged. It has been said that profanity holds out no temptation to indulgence ; that there is really no inducement to it which can operate upon our nature ; that sin here is purely willful ; that while Satan, fishing for the souls of men, baits his hook skillfully for other sinners, for the swearer he has only to let down the naked hook. With this view we do not agree. We believe that *this* sin prevails for the same reason as others, namely, that it has a root in our nature, an element there to which it is congenial. Men must become more corrupt than most sinners are before they love sin just because it is sin, just

because it is offensive to God. The true state of the case in regard to sin and men's love of it, at least until they become well-nigh demons, is that they commit it as a means of gratification, and not out of naked and arbitrary hostility to God. This is as true of swearing as of other sins ; there *are* temptations to it ; in no other way can its prevalence be reasonably accounted for. Let us see.

Who has not frequently reached a point of mental excitement at which he felt the feebleness of all the ordinary forms of speech, and struggled for some adequate expression of what he felt ? Now the oath, the curse, the ideas of eternity—of heaven, of hell, and of the Supreme Being—are the grandest and most sacred and fearful of which we have knowledge ; and if rage possesses the sinful soul, to express itself fully, to make its utterances fire, it rushes at once to what men concede to be the strongest words—so strong, so high, as only to be fit to be spoken with sacred intent.

The same is true if the excitement be a pleasurable one. Oaths and sacred epithets seem to the depraved the only adequate expression of high admiration. The corrupt heart and tongue only find satisfaction and rest when they have used sacred words for their profane purposes. In words it is impossible to go higher, and to exhaust the strength of the language they have indulged in sin.

This observation will account for the profanity of employers and commanders in giving orders to those under their control. They have an excited sense of the importance of the work to be done, and of the sluggishness of their workmen ; and, instead of rely-

ing upon a due and steady exercise of legitimate authority, they try to *crowd* power into their orders, and hence use the strongest words—that is, the sacred ones ; but still they are only the strongest for the expression of their own feelings, not for moving others. Thus it is that if a profane man wishes to express his resentment in the highest degree his strong word is a curse, which contains the supernatural element ; if he wishes to assert strongly, he must confirm his assertion by sacred allusions ; if he wishes to praise extravagantly, Jehovah and heaven must lend him epithets ; and, even in the common conversations of the profane, the emphatic and sealing words are uniformly the oaths and curses. True, this profanity, which originates in the demand for the strongest expressions, grows by and by into a habit, which, being once formed, operates in uniform connection with the excited mental states, and sometimes without excitement.

But the fact of this excitement creating this demand for strong words is no apology for profanity, nor the slightest palliation of it. It is no more a justification than malice is of murder, or covetousness of theft, or jealousy of lying. The profane man has such a disregard, such a contempt, of God, that the only use he makes of him is to emphasize his excitement, and to give adequate expression to merely earthly feelings.

There are two classes—if classes they be called—to which the fashionable profanity does not reach ; we refer to the clergy and to respectable females. The Gospel minister, by his very calling, is supposed to frown on every form of profanity, and if the char-



acter known as a gentleman chances to swear in a minister's presence he promptly asks pardon, not of God, but of the minister, for his offense. So corrupt is the *gentleman* that the vilest sin with him is transformed into an act of mere impoliteness. In the same way so-called gentlemen treat females. They swear before none except those of their own family. It is easy to understand why ministers, and indeed all Christians, should be free from this sin. It is their business and their profession to oppose sin; but why is it that respectable women are not profane? Why is it considered inconsistent with the character of a lady to curse or swear? They share human nature with the other sex. They enjoy no natural exemption from depravity. The reason may, perhaps, be found in part in the fact that they do not mix so freely with the world; but we are inclined to think that the principal cause is to be found in the consciousness of Christian nations that the mission of woman as mother, wife, daughter, sister, is sacred; that, standing, as she does, at the fountain-head of domestic and social morals, she must not be contaminated, she must not communicate the infection of profanity to the coming generations. Wicked, corrupt, as the world is now, can you imagine what it would be if our wives and mothers and sisters and daughters cursed and swore like drunken sailors? But after all, with many respectable women, their not being profane is, like their not smoking, only a matter of fashion. They are not profane because it is not the fashion for them, just as men *are* profane in some cases because it is the fashion.

Finally, on this question of fashion, what a dis-

grace is it that such a crime—so gross, so groveling, so heinous, so undermining to national and individual morality, so sacrilegious, so insulting to God and so destructive of all religion—should be fashionable, and in such a sense that a man may curse and swear and profane the name of God, and yet hold up his impious head, and pass for a gentleman !

But, last of all, what can be done to check and restrain this odious and abominable crime? We answer, First, and highest of all, our souls must cherish the profoundest, the loftiest, the most adoring reverence for God. We must feel as the cherubim in the prophet's vision will teach us to do. Those pure intelligences as they stood before the throne veiled their faces with their wings, and uttered their awful sense of the divine excellence by crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of Sabaoth."

"Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings."

Thus should we feel toward our ever-glorious Father, the ruler of the world.

Instead of using his name merely to point and emphasize our common discourse, let us emphasize his name in another way, thinking of it and mentioning it only with the emphasis of reverence and awe. Let the names of the Supreme Being only be used when needful, and always with a high sense of their sacredness, whether in the house of God or out of it. Let the Scriptures have from us the religious respect which is appropriate to their divine character. Let a Bible be handled not superstitiously, and yet not exactly like another book ; let no jokes be made

upon its contents. Whatever else common wit may play with, let it not touch inspired wisdom. Let the house of God, with all its services, be regarded and treated with religious gravity. Let us give men in authority to know that they cannot be profane without being accused of it. Let police officers, and all executors of law, know that it is their business to restrain, not to commit, profanity ; that there are laws on all the statute books of the country making profanity a crime, and that an officer who is himself profane, or allows profanity to pass unreprieved in others, shall no longer wear his bright buttons or bear his staff of office.

Turn away from profane books and newspapers, and if a man is guilty of profanity in your presence, instead of smiling, or even keeping your countenance unchanged, let him know that you are at *least* as jealous of the honor of God as you are of that of your wife, or daughter, or sister. What a contemptible spectacle is a Christian standing by and laughing at insults offered to high Heaven, thus playing the double part of traitor and coward !

My dear friends, let us honor the name of God ; it is holy and reverend. Look up at the sun—it is a dark shadow of God's glory ; hear the roar of the sea and the thunder—they are the whispers of his majesty. Look up at the great rounded sky—it is too small for his tent. Think of the holy angels—they are unclean in his sight. Remember that he made you to imitate and reflect his purity : your heart to glow with his love ; your mind to teem with his wisdom ; your tongue to speak, not profanity, but as the oracles of God.

A friend of mine, a pastor, knelt in prayer with the wife and family of a wicked man. Meanwhile the husband entered, and was angry. He sternly told the minister never again to attempt such a thing in his house. "Why," said the minister, "I have heard men pray in your store without reproof from you." "What do you mean?" said the man. "Why, I have heard them pray to God to damn their souls, and you made no objection." This was true. Profanity is the devil's way of worshiping God. It is the ritual of his religion. Let us never defile our lips or hearts by indulging it.

## VI.

### THE HIGHER LIFE.

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But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To him be glory both now and forever. Amen.—  
2 PET. iii, 18.

IN every description of life, while it is healthy there must be progress. If a tree is planted, it must either grow or perish. If its life is good for any thing it must show itself in the growth of the tree. A bird bursts from the egg-shell because it has grown either too large or too strong to be longer confined in it, and if it lives it grows both in plumage and in flesh ; it develops its powers of motion both of foot and of wing.

The same is true among men, not only in the physical sense, but in relation to mind, morals, art, science, and religion. The young apprentice at some mechanical employment in his first efforts, perhaps, spoils the materials he was to have put into the forms of his new art ; his hand is yet unskilled. But, continuing his exertions, he adapts his muscles to the work, and the results gradually appear in better shape. He advances ; he grows in the knowledge of his trade. The same holds in regard to education, in the usual sense of the word. What a progress

between the labor of learning the alphabet, and the heights and depths of science and literature! what growth! what advancement! This is indicated by the apostle, where he says: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Or look into the department of high art. What a distance between the daubs of the first untaught effort of a genius in painting and the master-strokes of the same hand when it becomes practiced! In the experience of the greatest painter there is every degree of perfection, from the humblest to the highest. Each successive effort of his training period rises superior to the preceding, until, with untold toil and care and study, he reaches the topmost round of the ladder. And he stands on that eminence because he took the first step and then persevered in the path on which he had entered.

To this rule of advancement toward completeness the Christian life furnishes no exception. In religion, as every-where else, the beginnings are feeble. They are like the new germ bursting out of the hull of the seed; like the young bird, unfledged, and hence unfitted for lofty, and indeed any, flights; like the infant, needing milk rather than meat, requiring to creep, or to walk timidly, guided and supported by other hands than its own; like the artist, with the first boyish efforts in chalk or slate pencil—the true artist instinct may be revealed, but in rough and straggling touches.

The Christian is the possessor of a new life as soon as he is born into the kingdom of God. He is a child

and an heir of heaven. But his life is as yet only germinal, infantile ; he has yet to learn the depths and heights—aye, and the dangers—of the new calling upon which he has entered. Understand us : the change is great, very great, though the new life be small and feeble ; the change is from death to life, from the rule of sin to the dominion of God in the soul. It is so great that the man is now a child of God, an heir of heaven, and to die would be to enter into eternal blessedness. Hence all God's people are called in the New Testament saints, and saints are holy ; but the saintly life is just begun in the case of the newly regenerated Christian. Henceforth he is to grow in grace ; to become more and more a new creature ; to put off more and more the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and to put on more and more the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness ; to forget the things which are behind and to press toward the things which are before ; to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and to go on to perfection, that is, to the higher stages of the Christian life.

To these higher stages of advancement in the life of God I now call your attention.

The religious life may be said to begin in the soul of an awakened adult person when he first resolves to be a Christian. In that resolution is contained the very fundamental element of repentance. He who in his inmost soul resolves to turn to God is a true penitent, and a true penitent is a person over whom the heavenly angels clap their pinions and sing songs of gladness. But a simple resolution to repent, though it be virtually the beginning of the

new life, does not necessarily involve the comfort of assurance, though it does involve a measure of faith. No man can sincerely come to God unless he believes in him. No man can come to Jesus as a Saviour, and be in earnest, without believing in him as a Saviour and Redeemer. If he did not believe at all, how could he come? How could he repent, unless he felt that he had offended, and offended the Saviour whose pardon and mercy he seeks? But while he has faith to bring him, weeping and sorrowing, to Christ, he may not have faith enough to dry his tears, faith enough to make him happy, faith enough to bring assurance. In other words, he may be justified, pardoned, have a new nature, and yet not have assurance. Mr. Wesley gives it as his matured view that justifying faith is not assurance, nor necessarily connected therewith, because, says he, "if justifying faith necessarily implies such an explicit assurance of pardon, then every one who has it not, and every one so long as he has it not, is under the wrath and under the curse of God. But this," he adds, "is a supposition contrary to Scripture, as well as to experience."

Now there are many persons in the Church, perhaps the majority of true Christians, who are substantially in this state. Either they never had an assurance of pardon and adoption, or, having had it, they have allowed it to slip away from them. Multitudes of such have a true Christian life and a true Christian experience, and proofs of a renewed nature; they love God and his ways, and his house and service, and his people; they have a tender conscience, watchful to scrupulousness; but they are sorely given



to doubts, and live without assurance. It may be that there are times in the experience of some of them when they feel themselves rising up toward the region of blessed certainty, but moments of coolness bring back their fears in full force.

Now, one of the leading forms of the higher Christian life consists in breaking away from, and rising up out of, the shadowy regions of these doubts into the clear and radiant light of permanent assurance. This is what we may properly call the life of faith. Not that the Christian had no faith before. If he was a Christian he *had* faith—saving faith, justifying faith—but not assuring faith; or if he had enjoyed assurance once, or still did occasionally, he had not habitually lived at that height; assurance had not become the habit of his life. Now, however, in what we call the life of faith, the word of God is realized as living and present truth; the soul comes to take it as if it had heard God himself speak out of heaven. There it is, written. Nothing more is wanted. They want no signs, no superstitious emotions; there is the word. The soul, in the fullness of faith, says, It is true, and it is mine; Christ is mine, and his promises are yea and amen to me.

This is indeed an enviable life, a blessed life, and we cannot see why it may not be the privilege of every Christian. But, after all, we have here the higher life in only one aspect, in regard to only one Christian grace, namely, that of faith. Here is a man who like Moses, or almost like Moses, endures as seeing Him who is invisible. But does this high and glorious faith secure an equal completeness in the other traits of Christian character? We answer,

Not of necessity, by any means, and yet many people would call this state by the name of entire sanctification. It is indeed a state in which the soul feels free from condemnation, free from all sense of guilt ; that all its transgression is laid on the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world ; a state in which it may sing :

“ O love, thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me :  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.”

It realizes perpetually a heavenly Father's forgiving love. But yet alongside of this complete and ever joyful faith there may be many unsanctified tempers.

As an illustration here, take Luther, the great Reformer. Was there ever a more abiding, a nobler, a loftier, a more heroic faith ? From the time when the old monk taught him how by faith to draw forth the holy and blessed substance from the Apostle's Creed, and realize that he was the son of God, how he ever gloried in his adoption as a child of God ! With what a mighty and world-shaking faith he met in spiritual conflict the powers of popery, burnt papal bulls, stood before the Emperor, wrote, preached, prayed, sung, married, lived, and cheered universal Protestantism with his holy and blessed trust, down to the very end of his life. And yet he would be a bold man who would deny that Martin Luther had a high and fiery temper, that he was abusive and harsh to his enemies, that his words were frequently such

as did not become a Christian. Indeed, this was his ordinary spirit in his controversies.

Such facts as these repeat themselves constantly in the history of the Church. They occur among us, as they did among the Reformers. You can easily recall to mind Christians of easy faith who seem always assured, whose tempers would be none the worse for mending, who hold to their money with a miser's grasp, who are uncharitable in their feelings toward those who oppose them, and who show that uncharitableness in harsh judgments and in the circulation of false stories. Their faith is genuine, and their joy is real and Christian, but they are poorly sanctified.

Such a man now comes to my mind. He was an untaught, rugged soul in a great giant frame. He was full of faith, and had much of the Divine spirit; he was noble in his liberality, giving away his hundreds every year to the cause of God and benevolence; he *seemed* never to have the shadow of a doubt of his relation to his heavenly Father, and he had not, for with him to seem was to be. His nature was eminently truthful. But yet if he was not invited forward, or if he fancied himself in any way overlooked, he would give the pastor one finger in shaking hands, and turn his face away from him in silence, and pout, indeed, perhaps for weeks. His faith, like Luther's, was mighty, and his assurance perennial; but his tempers, like those of the great Reformer, were still in part unsanctified. He was good, but, like the sun, he had his spots, and they were spots upon his moral nature; they soiled the purity and marred the loveliness of his character.

But yet, whatever may be the degree of advancement in holiness, where this faith exists, this blessed assurance, this divine trust in God, this realization of the present truth of all his most holy words, this complete and abiding persuasion of the love of Christ toward the individual soul ; wherever this is, we say, there is a noble form of the higher life, one toward which every one should aspire. But we see plainly that such a life of faith does not necessarily imply the very highest degree of sanctification.

Another form of the higher Christian life is not only, like the life of faith, *related* to sanctification, but synonymous with it. It consists in the cultivation of what are called the graces, or rather the fruits, of the Spirit—that is, all the holy tempers of the soul demanded by Christianity.

What now is entire sanctification? It has two meanings—it means, first, the complete *dedication* of the soul, and all appertaining to it, to the service and glory of God. This is sometimes called *consecration*. This we suppose to be meant by the apostle when he says, “I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.” This dedication, or consecration, is essential to becoming a Christian, and, as far as we can see, to remaining a Christian. For if any soul should withdraw any thing that he has or is from God, and continue to withhold it, he withdraws his submission to God, and ceases to be his. In this sense, therefore—that, namely, of dedicating ourselves holy to God—every Christian must be entirely sanctified, and sanctified every day, again and again.

But more than this is meant by entire sanctification in Scripture. The second meaning of it is this : When we have thus given self up to God, and feel that, in the sense of being consecrated, we are entirely sanctified, we find that much still remains to be done in our souls. That which we have thus given, and given, too, as fully as we can, is very imperfect, a poor maimed sacrifice, not only because we are ignorant and liable to mistakes in judgment and the like, but morally imperfect, in temper, in feeling, in motive ; that we are troubled with evil, or sinful tendencies, which are constantly working across the texture and bent of our renewed nature, and holding it back in its struggles toward perfection.

Now, by entire sanctification, in the highest sense, we can mean nothing less, and the Scriptures can mean nothing less, than such an advancement of the soul as results in a complete poise of all the affections and passions, a complete mastery of all the appetites and propensities, and a perfection of all the fruits of the Spirit—such as love, joy, meekness, gentleness, goodness, faith, patience, and the like. It is a perfect fulfillment of the law, and entire freedom from sin. Sanctification in its lowest sense means dedication ; in its highest sense it means holiness, and entire sanctification therefore means entire holiness ; that is, a whole holiness—a holiness without a flaw—a perfect holiness.

So much is clearly implied in such passages of Scripture as that petition in the Lord's prayer : " Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ; " and again, " Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is the image held up before

us in the Scriptures. As a final law, nothing lower could be demanded of us. If any thing lower were demanded it would be tantamount to God's permitting sin—it would be God authorizing the violation of the highest law of holiness.

But does any human being in all history, except the Saviour, come up to this mark? Does any one do the will of God on earth as perfectly as the angels in heaven? Is any one as perfect in holiness as the all-holy God, whom we are commanded perfectly to resemble in this respect? Every one at once answers, No, that were impossible. All sober, orthodox, not to say sane, theologians give the same answer. All our own standards, even while contending earnestly for entire sanctification in a certain sense, clearly assert that the holiest man on earth, judged by the perfect law of God, is still a transgressor.

And has God any other law than his perfect one? Does he pare down his law to suit our imperfections, and then say we are not sinners because we have lived up to an imperfect law? There is no such intimation in the Scriptures. Judged by this law the most laborious of the apostles, who visited the third heaven and heard there unutterable things, declared himself the chief of sinners, and the noblest of saints in modern times have humbly adopted the apostle's confession.

Mr. Wesley, on his death-bed, over and over again repeated,

“I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.”

Not “I the chief of sinners *was*, before my holy state set in,” but “I the chief of sinners *am*.” This was a

favorite expression with him. In this high sense, therefore, of not being in conflict with the law, of being sinless as an angel or as Adam, of being pure in the eye of the perfect divine law, there is no such thing as entire sanctification among men.

But is entire sanctification therefore a mere dream? Does it mean nothing on the pages of the Bible for the Christian believer? Far from it; it means much—its meaning is glorious. It is set before him as the goal—the mark of the prize of his high calling—toward which he is ever to aspire and ever to approach, and which he relatively and comparatively, but not absolutely, achieves. The holy law demands the whole of it of him; but when his earnest, holy soul falls short, as it always will, the blood of Christ covers him, and his relative perfection is accepted just as if it were absolute.

But O, how high may be his attainments! What depths of humility, of forbearance, of patience, of meekness, of love, even of our enemies, may be reached! What elevation above ambition, above pride, above avarice, may be achieved! What superiority to fleshly lusts, to spiritual indolence, to hatred, to revenge, to all the power of temptation, may be attained! No man but a madman, indeed, is exempt from temptation; but, better than that, he may rise above it when it comes; he may be secure in it, though not from it.

The soul may proceed in this sanctification until the passions glow with the fire of the Divine love; until it becomes the meat and the drink to do the Father's will; until grace becomes, not the second, but the first, the stronger nature; until heaven shall

be established in the soul ; until we become genuinely simple as little children ; until our renunciation of Christ will be as unlikely, not to say as impossible, as the fall of the tried and approved archangel.

But this growth up toward the image of God in all holy affections, in gentleness, sweetness, and love, does not necessarily imply the joyous life of faith in the sense explained a while ago, just as the joyous and assured life of faith does not necessarily imply sanctified tempers. They do not require each other ; they may exist apart. There is often a glorious growth of grace, a noble advancement in holiness, in souls that are too timid, almost, to say Abba, Father. They sigh,

“O, that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash the dear disciples’ feet!”

and yet, though lacking the boldness of assuring faith, they have a genuine faith, a real, a practical, and mighty faith, that works by love and purifies the heart.

Look at Melanchthon—how timid as compared with Luther’s was his faith, and yet how sanctified were his tempers as compared with Luther’s ! In the same Church which contained the rough, bold, good man, of whom I have spoken, as living without a cloud of doubt upon his horizon, there was an aged saint, a Christian of sixty years, standing and working. He was a most beautiful character, just as much like the Apostle John as you could imagine a modern saint to be like an inspired apostle. Evil *seemed* to be extinct in him ; the graces of the Spirit seemed to mantle his brow, and to adorn his character like rich, and fruitful, and clustering vines,



wreathing a noble column. As far as I could see he was nearly faultless, and yet for the uses of personal comfort his faith was weak; he doubted his own acceptance, he feared, he trembled; he had mighty buffetings of Satan to endure. His faith had been sufficient to make him an earnest worker in the Church for the whole of a long life, but still it had not been sufficient to keep him assured. He had not been a rejoicing Christian, like his less sanctified but more confident brother in the same Church, but with all his timidity he illustrated a form of the higher life.

But we have not separated the life of faith, in which the soul enjoys perennial assurance, from the sanctification of the tempers—completeness and soundness of character from assurance—because such separation is necessary; but for the purpose of showing that the life of faith does not necessarily imply a high degree of holiness, and that a high degree of holiness does not necessarily suppose a perfect faith. A faith may be real and practically powerful without rising to assurance, and sanctification may be profound and pervasive without the joy of a triumphant faith.

But, although what we have called the life of faith and a profound sanctification may exist apart, they may also exist together, in the same life and character, and this is doubtless the noblest form of the advanced Christian life. Luther, in that case, drops his unruly tempers, and joins with his powerful faith the meekness and gentleness of Melancthon; and Melancthon rises above his timid fears, and unites the faith of Luther to his own pure and beautiful Christian char-

acter. The Apostle John weds his gentleness to the boldness of Peter's faith, and Peter steadies his unreliable impetuosity by joining his ready faith to John's loving meekness.

Indeed, these are the two sides of the one higher Christian life. Each without the other is incomplete. What we have designated as the life of faith, without a corresponding sanctification of the tempers and passions, is always in danger of degenerating into spiritual pride, and of becoming such a faith as the Apostle Paul warns against in 1 Cor. xiii—a faith that can remove mountains and is yet without charity.

Such a naked faith, however powerful and assured, is under temptation of becoming boastful, and of looking down on purer, holier people with contempt, because they are not so confident and loud in their professions. To illustrate: I knew a man of this sort who usually gave his experience in love-feast in this way: He rose, and, straightening himself to his utmost height, he would begin by saying that he had to thank God for a good deal of religion. He refused to go to hear his pastor preach because he did not profess religion exactly as he did. He claimed boastfully that he knew more about religion than the minister, and said that if the minister had been out on the Washington road only one mile, and he himself had been all the way to Washington, then the minister might know the road to the one-mile post very well, but beyond that he knew better than the minister. This, of course, was Pharisaism.

On the other hand, the profoundest holiness, the most purified affections, the most completely molded

and beautiful Christian character, needs to sun itself, and to find its joy in the bright daylight of assurance ; otherwise it is in danger of growing sad, if not gloomy ; it loses the strength, the conscious power, which a sense of divine favor would be sure to give it. The true idea of the development of Christian character is for faith and holiness to advance with equal steps—then it is that faith works by love and purifies the heart.

Another development of advanced Christian experience, and yet not another, is to be found in a life of Christian labor and sacrifice. Assurance is an essential part of the highest Christian experience, and holy tempers are equally so ; when the two unite to form one character the life is one of joy and the character one of beauty. But it would be a gross a wretched mistake, to suppose that such a high state of experience and of inner life is to be regarded in the light of a mere luxury—as though divine love were only a sort of sacred titillation, a mere fire of scented wood by which to warm and refresh the senses ; as though the Church were a sort of spiritual confectionery establishment, where the children of the rich and glorious Father were to sit all day long and eat candies.

Genuine faith united to genuine holiness fixes in the soul an impulse answering to the word of the Master, “Go work to-day in my vineyard ;” “Work while it is called day.” And the true development of the inner, higher life is an outer one of work and sacrifice. It does not wear itself out in good meetings, but its meetings are the places where it receives fresh inspirations for work and sacrifice. Men and women who have this higher life—this burning,

assuring faith and this holiness of temper—are fitly represented by Howard, who spent his life and his fortune in going about doing good ; by such men as the Baltimore Zaccheus, who gave all he made to the Lord, and spent all his leisure moments in looking up opportunities of benefiting the souls of men around him ; and, also, by men and women in private stations in life, who, with less means and fewer opportunities, do what they can to snatch souls from ruin, and who freely and joyfully give their money for the promotion of the welfare of men, both in soul and body. If any one fancies that he has attained to any degree of the higher life without this, Satan has cheated him. He is following a mere jack-o'-lantern into the bog of fanaticism, and he is destined to a fearful surprise some of these days. Giving and doing are the only proof of being. Here, then, is what we understand by the higher life : first, the life of faith, that is, of assurance, in which the soul not only is once assured, but lives satisfied that God has accepted him ; second, a life of great purity of affection, passion, temper, words, and deeds, when, notwithstanding faith may be timid, and the soul suffers painful doubt ; third, a life in which assurance and a high degree of sanctification are united, so that confidence does not degenerate into vain boasting and Pharisaism on the one hand, or the holy soul sink into gloom on the other, but when the radiant light of faith shines on the modest and beautiful fruits of humility ; and fourthly, where blended faith and inner holiness express their combined force, not only in a sweet and charitable spirit, but also in works, in sacrifices of time and money and strength, for the good of mankind.

Such a holiness need not advertise itself ; it will be known and read of all men. It is humble—it will not set itself above others, but will take the lowest seat. It ever remembers, and that without labor, for it is the prompting of a new nature, the words of the apostle, “Let each esteem other better than himself.” It knows that a man is holy according to what he is and does, and not according to what he says respecting himself. For my own part I never think the better of a man for his professions. I judge by his life. That is the Saviour’s test : “By their fruits ye shall know them.” My theory, my motto, is, “Profess Christ, and live the amount of your religion.”

Finally, Does any one inquire how these high attainments in the life divine are to be made ? I answer, By growth. The child of God, like the natural offspring, may be born in a moment ; but, like the child, he must achieve spiritual manhood by the process of growth. True Christian growth may be more or less rapid, according to watchfulness, study of Scripture, diligence, sacrifice, prayer ; but, however rapid, it will still be growth. The Scriptures tell of thousands converted in a single day ; but high attainments are never, so far as I know, represented as being thus made, but always as something gradually obtained. The Church groweth into a holy temple of the Lord ; individual Christians are said to grow up into Christ ; the Christian babes need the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby ; the faith of Christians is said to grow exceedingly ; the kingdom of God is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of

meal until the whole was leavened. It spread gradually, and thus operated like a growth.

Indeed, necessarily, growth is the soul and the meaning of the progress of any and every form of life, and the Christian who does not grow holier will never on earth *be* holier. By means of this growth the child of God may vie in holiness with the apostles and martyrs of past ages. But he will never reach the point where he can refuse to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses ;" where he can refuse to join in the confession of the sacramental service, "We acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins ;" where he can stand before the most holy law of God, and say that he is without sin. But we may reach a point, not merely of high faith, but of deep saintly humility, when we will feel that we are less than the least of all saints, and at the same time feel that we are complete in Christ, that his grace fills us with holy, perfect love ; when his service will be perfect freedom and joy, and when his atonement—sinful though we be before the holy law—will secure us perpetual pardon and redemption, so that we may say,

" Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Mid flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

## VII.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.\*

AT the ninth chapter of St. Luke, beginning with the twenty-eighth verse and closing with the thirty-sixth, we have an account of the transfiguration of Christ: "And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said. While he thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him. And when the voice was

\* Preached at the Morristown Camp-meeting, Tuesday, September 1, 1868.

past, Jesus was found alone. And they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen."

Of course we do not propose to attempt an exposition this morning of the whole of this most wonderful and glorious passage of Scripture, and equally glorious passage in the life of our Saviour. Perhaps, if we had time, the whole exposition might, at least from our point of view, be threaded upon these points: First, the presence in which the great transaction narrated in the text took place—Peter, James, John, Moses, and Elias; secondly, the exercise which ushered it in—namely, prayer; third, the significance of the great fact itself—namely, the transfiguration; what was the meaning of the glory that burst out from the person of Christ, and shone so brightly? what does it prefigure? what does it represent as a permanent thing in the economy of the Church of God? and, fourth, the effect upon the disciples—they were filled with wonder; they were cast down with astonishment; they fell on their faces. When Peter said, "Master, it is good for us to be here," it was as if he had said, "We have got so far on the way to heaven, and glory has come out from its gate to astonish us by the view. We have lost the atmosphere of the world, and left it behind us. If we cannot go up now, let us, at least, never go back again. Let us here abide."

The exercise which ushered in the transfiguration was prayer. There, on the top of the mountain, in the sole presence of his disciples, while he prayed, there came out two persons from the spiritual world. A question suggests itself, no doubt, to many a



thoughtful reader here : How could our Saviour pray, seeing he was divine ? what was the need for it ? what propriety in it ? what possibility of it as a reality ? The answer to that suggestion is, that if our Saviour might be supposed not to pray because he is divine, he must pray because he is human as well. If his being divine implies his possession of all the attributes of divinity, his being human implies equally his possession of all the essential attributes of humanity. He was troubled—sin apart—like other men ; he sorrowed, and wanted, and longed, like other men. So that our Saviour's prayer was a real thing, and came out of his heart ; it was the expression of his troubles, the utterance of his great and pure human longings. And when we are told that our Saviour prayed (and especially when we have his prayers recounted to us) in the garden of Gethsemane when he said, " My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death ; " and when, as he fell down on his face, he prayed that if it were possible this cup might pass away from him, that was not something simply communicated as a mere example of prayer—an example in form and not in reality—it was the expression of the true humanity of our Saviour in the deepest trouble ; it was real prayer.

Nor are we to suppose that the word prayer necessarily includes at any time sin. It does not necessarily even include confession and a petition for help in our weaknesses ; it does not always imply utter prostration, or any degree of prostration ; it may consist—seeing that prayer in its very essence is intercourse between the creature and the Creator—without any sense of weakness. Prayer was the

form of communion between the unfallen Adam and his glorious Creator in the garden of Eden. The communion of heaven between the ever-blessed Father and the spirits of just men made perfect is, therefore, in a sense, prayer. It is intercourse between the finite and the Infinite ; and we know, too, that prayer becomes more and more the life of a man as he becomes holier and holier on earth. When he passes away, he only ceases to be weak and sinful ; he only ceases to feel the burden of want ; he does not cease to hold communion with God. Prayer is thanksgiving ; it is praise ; it is the utterance of our joy. So that when we are told that our Saviour prayed, we have but a recognition of the great truth that prayer is the universal language of communion between the exalted and pure soul and its God, as well as the utterance of the wants of a soul that feels the pressure of its sin.

That was a very remarkable relation, too, between our Saviour's praying and the glory that shed out from his person, when from within there came out the glittering dazzle upon his garments, that more than sunlight brightness upon his countenance, the glory of God now literally shining in the face of Jesus Christ. There was a lesson in that. No doubt it was meant to teach us the relation between meditation and prayer on the one hand, and our spiritual and internal transfiguration on the other ; to teach us that wherever the soul is glorified, lifted up into higher communion with God, prayer is the element in which that exaltation takes place, the divine exercise that brings the clouds of glory down from heaven to encompass and to adorn the brow of the praying saint.

But we come this morning, brethren, to speak of another and different aspect of the transfiguration ; not the exercise that ushered in the transfiguration—prayer ; not the significance of the glory which came upon the person of Christ ; not the blessed effect of it upon the minds of the disciples when, almost beside themselves with joy and at the same time touched with heavenly awe and fear, they said it was good to be there—but we come to speak of the presence in which the transfiguration took place, Who was by when all this glory shone out of Jesus' face and through his garments—when out of the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem came forth two heavenly citizens to meet and greet and converse with the Son of God ? All this took place in an earthly and in a heavenly presence : the earthly presence, Peter, James, and John ; the heavenly presence, Moses and Elias. Before these this glorious event took place. And when we get up into this mount of transfiguration, and see Peter, James, and John, the first question that suggests itself to us is, Where are the nine ? why are they not all here ? Perhaps the true answer is the simplest one we can think of—at least that is the only one I can think of. Perhaps our Saviour took these three rather than the others, just as you would tell a secret to one friend that you knew rather than to some others that you know. You would say that your friend John or Thomas is not a man of profound thought ; he does not see nice distinctions ; he has not a sympathetic nature ; but you will tell it to William, for you know that his heart will be quick in response to your trouble, and he will treasure carefully your secret. You have several

children : how differently they are constituted ! They may all be amiable and lovely, but there is a peculiarity about one that fits him to be the repository of some secret, and that leads you even to ask of him advice. Sometimes we say that old heads are found on young shoulders. But if it were insisted upon that this is too low a view of it, perhaps some one might think of a still lower one, and say that the choice was an arbitrary one. This will accord with one view of the facts given us in Scripture. The same arbitrary choice, indeed, is recorded two or three times. When Jesus would go into the house of Jairus to raise his daughter from the dead, the story tells us that he took James, Peter, and John ; in his deepest trouble, when he offered that prayer in Gethsemane, and would have the company of some human soul in the direst hour of sorrow, he took aside with him Peter, James, and John ; and now, when he would show his coming glory, and present himself as he now sits, perhaps, on his mediatorial throne, changed, as by and by he will change us, he takes up with him on the mountain, Peter, James, and John.

Now, let us inquire for a moment whether there is any thing according to the Scriptures in these three persons to furnish reason for our Saviour's choosing them. Why should they have been taken, rather than the rest ? We have given a general reason ; let us look at the more particular and personal reasons to be found, it may be, in the characters themselves. First, he took Peter ; and why was Peter chosen to go up with our Saviour into the mount ? Brethren, a sad thought interposes itself

between us and Peter's good character at the very outset. Just as soon as you begin to discuss the favorable side of a man's character, and begin to show what a great and good man he is, somebody is apt to be by who knows a fault in him. He has not under all circumstances been perfect. And we must confess that this was the case with Peter. He wickedly denied his Lord—denied him in the presence and before the threatening countenance of only a servant-maid. We are not disposed to apologize for Peter's sin, but we would not exaggerate his fault; for there have been men who have done worse things than even Peter in the denial of his Lord. Calvinists and Arminians, while they held equally to the doctrines of divine grace in their peculiar way, have disputed greatly over this great man, Peter. He has been made the subject of many a long controversy, until sometimes, in the struggle over this poor, erring disciple's head, he has seemed to be in danger of losing his character entirely.

Arminians, anxious to prove that it is possible for a man to fall from grace, and to disprove the doctrine of final perseverance as one very dangerous to the souls of men, have exaggerated Peter's sin, and have so described him that they have made very little difference between him and Judas. On the other hand, Calvinists, so anxious to save their doctrine of final perseverance, and to offset the possibility of a man's falling from grace, have gone to the other extreme so far as to say that Peter was a genuine Christian while the words of perjury and profanity were in his mouth. It seems to us that both these views are equally remote from the truth. In almost

all controversies where the disputants get angry the truth lies about equidistant between the two. Peter committed a great sin, and if he had not repented of it the fall would have been foul and it would have been final. A man is free for his own ruin as for his own salvation ; but there is a great difference between the crime Peter committed and the crime of Judas.

But the case is very different with the inexperienced Christian, poorly trained, very diffident in his disposition, who, in the moment of thoughtlessness and conscious security, is betrayed under sudden temptation and impulse into wrong. If that man did not intend to sell himself to Satan for Satan's price ; if he did not thoughtfully intend to wound the Lord in the house of his friends, the first impulse when he comes to his consciousness is this : "O, what have I done ! What a wretch am I ! I have wounded my Lord and Saviour ! What shall I do !" And that was exactly Peter's case. In a moment of thoughtlessness, his Master under arrest, fear has now come upon him. He thinks, after all, he might have been deceived ; hesitation and doubt spring up ; this woman looks him in the face, and then what a horrible crime he commits ! He forgets all the Lord had ever said or done for him. But scarcely has this wicked, profane denial proceeded out of his mouth than he bethinks himself ; he looks up, and meets the look of his Lord—a look which has become historic—a look which comes into the face and into the eye of every poor backslider in the moment of bitter repentance. He saw his Lord looking at him. There was severity mingled with tenderness, and a look of rebuke. It was enough. Peter's heart was broken. He

returned in his affection that moment, and, ashamed of himself in the very depths of his soul, he went out and wept bitterly. Let him that is without sin, that hath never denied his Lord in any way, cast the first stone at Peter. And if you are here to-day, who, like Peter, have denied your Lord, you, like him, may go out and weep bitterly.

But let us look at Peter as he is presented to us now in the estimate of his Lord and our Lord. Who was it that gave the first confession and gave shape to the apostolic convictions concerning the character of our Saviour? "Whom say the people that I am? Whom say ye that I am?" Peter, impulsive Peter, sometimes carried astray by his impulses, though generally right in them, always when he thought beforehand, intending to be honest—Peter, ready to speak, said, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." There seems to be a sudden animation come over Jesus when he answered: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

I know expositions are of another sort mostly. The honor meant in that declaration was that Peter should be the first member in the new Church that was about to be established on the day of Pentecost. Peter had that honor when he was the first man to leap on some eminence and make a declaration of the Gospel, and gather the new-born souls; though no better than the other stones of the building, he was to be the first one laid. It was on the day that the revival began in the house of Cornelius. As he was

the first to preach the Gospel to the Jews, so he was the first to open the kingdom of God to the Gentiles. After Peter's second conversion, (for so the Scriptures seem to call it; it is said, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren,) tell me if you can find any thing like going back in the life of Peter; whether he ever seems to tremble before the face of man now? O what glory came down on him! a greater glory in the soul of this impulsive disciple than the cloven tongue of fire that sat on his head as a mere symbol. His words were like flames of fire, and the slain of the Lord were almost past counting on the day of Pentecost. What a beautiful scene in the life of Peter when John was along with him at the Beautiful Gate of the temple; when, almost in one word, they conferred, as humble instruments, bodily and spiritual soundness upon the poor lame man begging! What a scene was that when they had been taken, for preaching the Gospel, before the Sanhedrin, and commanded to be beaten, and Peter, with his back scourged, went shouting and rejoicing that he was counted worthy to be beaten for the name of Christ! The boldest thing that Peter did was going to sleep between two soldiers at Herod's castle; for Peter was a nervous man, and you know how hard it is sometimes to calm and quiet our nerves under little troubles; but Peter had undergone such a transformation on the day of Pentecost that fear had been driven out of his soul by the heavenly inspiration which he received. There, expecting to be led out by those very soldiers to the executioner's block the next morning, he went to sleep as an infant on the breast of its mother. And, brethren, Peter



becomes here (and perhaps this was the reason why he was taken up into the mount of transfiguration) the representative of the aggressive spirit of the Gospel. It is that spirit of boldness which begins the Church in various places, and which goes out to conquer strange, out-of-the-way localities.

But why did John go up? There seems to be reason enough: that question almost answers itself. It could not have taken place, I was about to say, to use the language of men, without John. Our Saviour never did any thing grand and beautiful in his life without John being along. It is explained when we are told that John was the beloved disciple, the disciple whom Jesus loved; and that he lay in Jesus' bosom; that is, when they were at their meals he reclined, as they usually did, occupying the favorite place, so that his head came near the face of his Saviour. In this position he heard a great many soft words from the lips of the Master that none of the rest could hear. John was the gentlest of them all, and yet in his quiet way as bold as any of them—not bold, to be sure, in the sense of aggression, but in the sense of resistance. When his blessed Master was arrested in the garden, and the disciples were scattered, and even the boastful and confident Peter had followed at a great distance, another disciple followed close after. I think it was John. Archbishop Whately says it was Judas. He followed close after, and seemingly without fear of meeting the face of the servant-maid. There at the house, and by and by, when the tragic hour came and Christ hung on the cross, watched and tended only by a few heroic, faithful women that never blanched, never shrank

from danger, among them, alone of the disciples, stood John, the beloved disciple. Jesus showed his appreciation of him by looking down at John, and then, turning his gaze to his mother, who stood there, he said, "Son, behold thy mother ; woman, behold thy son ;" and that disciple took Jesus' mother to his own house, where she, no doubt, ended her days serenely and sweetly.

But again, if Peter is the representative of the aggressive spirit of the Church, John is the type of love. Read the first chapter of John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the word," etc., and you will see the depth of divine wisdom in this glorious disclosure of our Saviour's supreme divinity. God intended that this testimony should be planted in the first chapter of this glorious Gospel through the fervent John in such a form that in all coming ages no heretic should successfully assail the supreme divinity of Christ. If Peter was the representative of boldness in the Church, John was eminently the disciple of love. His heart was full of love, and when painters caught the spirit of the Gospel his face radiated in all the pictures of antiquity with the reflection of Jesus' love. Is there any other disciple that could have uttered with so much sweetness, "God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him ?" Ó how sweetly sound these aphorisms of benevolence and love that have come down to us from the mouth and the pen of John ! "Beloved, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is." "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue ; but in deed and in truth."

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us : and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Tradition tells us when John was old and blind, his faculties gone and his intellect apparently passed away, there was one thing left—it was this same element that characterized him. When they took him in his blindness to his Church and held him up to the audience, he had only one sentence for his sermon, "Little children, let us love one another."

There seems to be reason enough why John should have gone up into the mount of transfiguration. But how in regard to James? This would seem to be a very difficult case to understand. We have examined the reasons pro and con ; we will not mention the various theories, but we will give you simply the result to which we have come. We have arrived at the conclusion that James went up into the mountain because he was John's brother—that is, Jesus had John for his beloved disciple, and James was John's beloved brother. Jesus must have John wherever he went ; he lay in his bosom, and to him he whispered in his conversations, and poured out all the depth of love to such an extent that the other disciples were not capable of sympathizing with it. Jesus must have John with him, and John must have James. John went because Jesus did, and James went because John did. This is the way, I was going to say, the thing works in human nature—in our ordinary human life. Brethren, religion does not design to traverse the highway of the social and domestic affections. Don't you remember that it was Simon who called Andrew his brother to our Lord, and made him acquainted with him ? and don't you remember that it was Philip

who found Nathanael his brother, and brought him to Jesus ?

No man has religion to give away ; the best of us have none to spare. Supererogation is a myth of the Middle Ages ; that golden chest, filled with the merits of the saints, that the Pope and his ministers dispensed at pleasure has no reality, except in the money that it brings in. We cannot give any of our religion to the friends we love the best ; if we could, we would save them every one. As they were dying in the very rottenness and corruption of sin, we would snatch them from the eternal burning with the strength of our will, and give half of our religion to save their souls. That was a fruitless request : " Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." They were directed to go and buy for themselves—that is, get it by faith. No man can have a pious brother without having so many more chances to be saved ; no man can be born of pious parents without having it much more probable that he will get into the Church, and by and by rest with Christ in heaven. That pious neighbor who lives on the same block, or next door to you, when he comes out to his doorstep on Sunday morning, dressed in Sunday attire, with his wife and children, tells you by that movement that he is going to Church, and makes known to you what a godless, heathen creature you are because you do not go to Church ; and, when in the evening you hear the notes of song or the voice of family devotion, making the wall between you tremble, you have the same sort of feeling. That is another chance, another exhortation to be good. Brother John is on the other side speaking to you, by whom

you will be taken, if not 'up to the mount of transfiguration, quickly to the feet of Jesus. In seasons of revival, when a soul just born into the kingdom has come, (perhaps a relative,) and thrown his arms around your neck, and told you, full of tears and of anguish for you, what Christ has done, and besought you to become reconciled, there was a chance to be saved ; and, when the countenances of the dead who have died in the Lord come up out of their honored graves, in moments of meditation, and seem to look you in the face, this is a chance to be saved ; and the brother John influences that come to you from people who are good are designed to rouse you to a sense of your sin.

If this is true, brethren, even of strangers, under these circumstances, how much more gloriously true is it of those among whom we are reared ! How often we hear in our class-meetings, (and I hope we will never be done hearing it,) in our love-feasts, and in our best conversations, when our souls are happy around the fireside—how often we hear about the blessedness of pious mothers and godly fathers ! That is the same principle we are talking about. We remember, with such a sweet sense of gratitude to God, how they took our soft infant hands, put them together, and taught us to say our earliest prayers ; how they had us baptized at the altars of God, took us to the church, led us to the Sunday-school, and visited upon us a whole wealth of love, in which our souls floated ! We could hardly have been otherwise than saved. I remember when I was a small boy, I had a brother who was converted when he was quite young, and I went to see him at his place of business. He

took me into the room about noon—I did not know what he meant—he looked at me and said, “Did you ever pray? If you did not, I want you to pray. Let us get down here and pray.” That was my brother John. I never forgot that. Every man, brethren, has all the better chance to get up high in religion if he has a brother John to help him. Every one has a better chance of becoming saved if he has some one who knows Christ, knows the way to him, and is willing to lead him there.

But a word or two in regard to the heavenly presence in which this took place. There must be a reason why Peter and James and John should have gone up into the mountain rather than others. This scene took place, not only in an earthly, but a heavenly presence. Why did these spirits come out to meet them? Why were the gates of heaven thrown open? Why should they enter this coarse, every-day world? Why should they not? I think there are thousands of reasons why they should. Perhaps it is over-bold to say that I think they do come out all the time, only we do not get up on the mountain to see them. I think there are a thousand reasons why they should come out, to one reason why they should not. I am sure we would all like to see Moses and Elias. I think it would not scare me. To be sure, as Paul says, I speak as a child. I do not know what is best for us; still I should vastly like it. Perhaps I ought not to feel so; but I lost my father before I was born. They used to tell me how he looked, and I used to pray God to let me see his spirit by and by. When I grew to be a bad boy, I did not want to see him; but I think the good

have a sort of sacred curiosity, which is not wrong if it is kept in bounds, with regard to the spiritual world. I thought sometimes I would like to see what Lazarus saw during the four days he was in heaven ; we have not heard any thing about it. It would be delightful to know what changes have taken place in our spirits, to know how our friends live there, to see the spirits of the New Jerusalem looking through the crystal windows of that glorious city. I am reminded of a circumstance in the life of Dr. Hagany, a loved friend of mine, who died very suddenly. He had preached on Sunday morning from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He gave out that hymn,

"Shrinking from the cold hand of death,  
I soon shall gather up my feet."

He was to finish the sermon at night, but was not well enough to do so. He was up the next day, went to Yonkers, spent the day with his friends, came back on Wednesday, and was sitting in his parlor reading one of Jeremiah Seed's sermons, to which he had taken a fancy upon the recommendation of Wesley. For he was a great reader of John Wesley ; he was always reading his sermons and lived in the life of Wesley's thinking. His wife was by his side. He came to a beautiful passage, and said, "My dear, is not that beautiful?" She said it was. He read another passage and exclaimed, "Is not that beautiful?" and as he said it, he put his hand to his head, and was dead that moment. Among his papers, which were sent to me, I found on a single sheet of paper a dream which he had eight years before. It was writ-

ten in his own beautiful hand. The paper went on to say: "I sat by my fire in my study, in an arm-chair: the fire was smoldering on the hearth, and the fierce winds were piling up the snow-drifts around the house, and my mind gradually partook of the gloom and severity of the outside world. By and by I fell into a slumber. I thought I was in a beautiful city; the streets were all gold, the houses were all built of diamonds and other precious stones, with crystal windows. Every body who was passing along the street looked so happy and so sweet. I looked up the golden way, and I was struck with the fact that I saw no mark of a carriage-wheel on the street nor the appearance of a horse's foot, nor any thing of that sort that should disfigure its smoothness or its beauty. Suddenly the thought came to me, I never saw a place like this in the world; is it possible I am in heaven? Have I got to heaven without passing through the pale of death?" I ask you to put that with the glory in which he died. He entered heaven without passing through the portal of death. He was reading what was beautiful and spiritual; he said it was beautiful; he was dead, and entered into immortal life. We often talked about the heavenly world; he believed that we were thronged with spiritual existences. I have sometimes thought that I should like to hear him comment upon his dream in connection with his death.

But why did these particular heavenly visitants come out? Why were Moses and Elias selected rather than any other? Let us answer, first, in the case of Moses. Moses was a lawgiver; he was the representative of the Jewish Church, the true Church



of God, and the only Church, until Christ came, that existed in the world. He, therefore, stood for the law, and his standing there was a direct approval of the new dispensation which was to come in. Besides, he was a prophet and a type of Christ long centuries before. He had said, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you," etc. ; and now, as Moses stands there, after sixteen centuries have passed away, his own words, "Him shall ye hear," come on the waves of memory down to him. There he stands ; there is the blessed Lord himself, all glorified, all radiant with inward glory ; and here are Moses and Elias in glory, and here is the bright cloud, the shekinah, overhead. Moses, Elias, and Jesus, are standing to hear out of the bright cloud the Divine Father speak, "This is my beloved Son : hear ye him." This old dispensation was a true one, and the old Church was really the Church of God that was to pass away to give place to the new. So that the reason of the presence of Moses there seems to be simply this : "The old dispensation was temporary ; its time has gone by ; let the starlight and moonlight pass away before the sunrise ; let the herald retire, for the monarch approaches."

But why was Elias there ? The law and the prophets is our Saviour's division of the Old Testament. Moses represented the law and gave the law's consent to his coming in and the passing away of the former things, and here was Elijah, the prince of the prophets. He seems to say, as the great, prophetic expositor of the law, "In the name of all the prophets, let the old dispensation pass away and the new dispensation come in."

But how did these men from the world of spirits happen to have bodies? "A spirit hath not flesh and bones," said Jesus, "as ye see me have; flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Here come these two spirits, apparently with bodies to meet the disciples and their Lord. How did they come to have bodies? I ask, How did any thing come? It came by God, as every thing comes. How could they see these men? how do we see any thing? Let us not stop half-way at a miracle. There are the disciples on the mountain, the bright Shekinah, and the Divine Father coming out of it. It is a miracle so far. It is not hard to extend it a little farther and see Moses and Elias coming out, not as spirits merely, but as embodied and visible to the eyes of flesh and blood. There is some explanation of this, after all. One of these heavenly visitants had never died. Elijah, or Elias, had never died. You recollect how he was translated, that he should not see death. On a certain occasion he walked along by the river Jordan, in company with his friend. As they walked they communed, and Elijah said to Elisha, as if he would give him a friendly benediction: "Elisha, what shall I do unto thee before I am taken hence?" As they talked there appeared chariots and horses of fire coming down for Elijah. He knew that his time had come and Elisha too. Elijah stepped in and was gone. Here he is back on the mount of transfiguration. He stepped into a chariot, and no doubt was transfigured. But what of Moses? We know less about him. We know that he grew old very slowly, but we do not know that he ever died. His natural force, when he was one hundred and twenty, was not

abated; his eye was not dim; but the Lord commanded him to go up to Mount Nebo. He obeyed the divine command; the Lord buried him, and I do not know but he gave him a resurrection body at once. I would not assert that; but, at any rate, we hear, a little farther on, something that sounds very strangely, as though he had met with an earlier resurrection than most men will have. We are told in Jude's Epistle that the Archangel Michael contended with the devil about the body of Moses. Perhaps the Lord buried him, and then raised him, and brought up that resurrection body, that something which belongs to every body, out of which the ethereal, spiritual, heavenly body in which we shall live forever shall be made. At any rate, here is Moses visibly coming back to hold converse. Now, brethren, what did they say when they came and met Jesus and the apostles? It seems to me that the discourse is even more beautifully and grandly curious than the appearance. What beauty and grandeur there is in that idea, "they came down" and conversed with him concerning the decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem! They were talking with Christ about his death.

We shall make a closing reflection or two upon that conversation. O if we could only know what it was! But we cannot. We might guess a good deal. We know the spirit of it, but we do not know the letter. We know what the text was, if we cannot hear the sermon. They discussed the decease of Jesus; it was the cross they talked about. We often wonder whether the friends who are in heaven, those whom we loved and had communion with, think about the same things which engage our attention. Here is some intima-

tion from which we may gather comfort. They were there discussing the noblest of all Christian themes. It was the great doctrine of atonement that occupied their minds ; it was the great finishing-stroke of the great work of redemption. They had looked forward to that, even in their life on earth, through bleeding bird and bleeding beast, perhaps partially understanding it. They looked down from heaven when Christ should suffer to make atonement for the sin of the world. The inhabitants of heaven come to talk—in what language we cannot tell—about that great doctrine which, like a golden thread, binds the Church of God in heaven and earth together in one, making all hearts of one mold. They talked about what we love most ; and if we were only more frequently on the mount of meditation, prayer would become to us a mount of spiritual transfiguration. We, too, should have interior visions ; blessed visions would come to us of the cross, the atonement, and the love of Jesus, which would stir our hearts to their inmost depths.

It was not strange that these two inhabitants of heaven were present. It was only strange that they were visible. The Church of Christ is spiritual and its beliefs are spiritual. One of its doctrines is the doctrine of the ministry of angels. There are thousands of them all around us. We often sing,

“Angels now are hov’ring round us.”

They throng the air ; bad ones darken heaven, and good ones lighten it, and they are here to minister and comfort. Don’t you recollect when the prophet’s servant was alarmed ? The prophet’s spiritual eyes were opened, and he saw visions of God’s glory and the

almightiness of his power. He prayed the Lord to open the eyes of his servant, and when the Lord touched his eyes, he saw the surrounding mountains full of horses and chariots and armed men. If some seer could touch these eyes of ours, and make the scales that blind us fall, if we did not literally, we should in a spiritual sense see the same, and Jacob's ladder would be disclosed to our view, and even in our waking hours the angels of God would be seen ascending and descending.

The last remark I have to make is an inference, not a very remote one, and that is, that Jesus Christ gave special honor to friendship. He had his own special friendships. Now, he loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus not as he loved other people. He loved John, and took him into his bosom, and told him what he did not tell others. Jesus loved all men. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Jesus laid down his life for his enemies, and for all men ; but there were some who were drawn to him in circles. There was the wider circle of the twenty who loved him ; then the twelve, who loved him better and got nearer to him ; then the three, Peter, James, and John ; and yet within this narrow circle was John, closer still, with his head on Christ's bosom and his lips close to his ear. Thus it is in the Church now. The whole Church is now gathered in concentric circles about Christ. He is the center. There is a great, wide circle, very large, far out yonder, with Jesus as the center. It is made up of the cold men of the Church—those who are swallowed up in business, accumulating fortunes, looking after worldly honors, taken up with any

thing and every thing rather than with Christ—one thing in appearance and another in reality, having little in them that is like Christ. How large the number of them if you take all Christendom! Then there is another circle, of those that are steady, careful Christians, not bearing any special burdens or sacrifices or running special risks; but you cannot put your hand on any thing they do, and say, “That is wrong.” They live without any visitations of joy or zeal, without any remarkable faith to lift them above the world—good people, but not near enough to Christ. Then there is another circle of those that are near to Christ, those who can hear his voice and directly see the glances of his benign eye; those who are near enough to receive continual consolation, whose souls are full of patience, gentleness, and hope, manifesting all the fruits of the Spirit, revealing Christ to men, and saying to them that they have been with Jesus and learned of him. And yet, further in still, there is another circle, made of those who, like John, lean their heads on Christ’s bosom.

Such nearness to Christ is the dearest friendship mortals can know. Ah, brethren, earthly friendships are sweet! Have you drank the waters of this earthly fountain, liable in the end to taste of bitterness, and yet possible to be true even to the end? How sweet are earthly friendships! Pythias loves his Damon even unto death, if it becomes necessary, without stint and without abatement. How sweet for Jonathan to lose himself in the soul of David! How sweet to feel this strange mystery of two bodies in one soul, especially if the love of Christ be the cement! And yet how little our friends can do for us, and how

liable are they to pass away ! But the friendship which we have been dilating upon is the friendship between Christ and his own people. Christ is yonder in his glory, and yet there are rays of love coming down from him to us. A few weeks ago I visited, in the city of Alexandria, in Virginia, an old father in the Church, Alfred Griffith, one of the most faithful and devoted Christian ministers in this whole nation. I think he has been a minister sixty-three years. He did not know his pastor, but he knew me. He took me by the hand, drew me down, and kissed me. I asked him how he felt with regard to the future. "I am," he replied, "like Cato," (referring to an old colored man,) "I have lost my interest in this world ; my memory and faculties are gone ; I am waiting, like Cato, for the heavenly summons." If I were to talk from now to sundown I could not explain it half so well. Cato had nestled himself into the heart of Jesus ; Cato had John's place and heard him whisper. The friendship of Jesus is the choicest friendship, and he that has most of it is the richest, though he be poor as Lazarus.

## VIII.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED, THE KEY-NOTE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN PULPIT.

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For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—1 COR. ii, 2.

THE whole of the earlier part of this epistle shows that the Church at Corinth was in danger of yielding to the usual tendency of the Greek mind, namely, the tendency to settle all questions by metaphysical discussions. Hence the sharp distinction drawn in the first chapter between the wisdom of the world and the simplicity of faith in the Crucified. Hence, too, the contemptuous inquiry: "Where is the wise? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" And hence, also, the declaration that the Gospel was foolishness to the Greeks, but the wisdom as well as the power of God unto them that believe.

The object of this bold contrast between worldly wisdom and the Gospel was to impress on the metaphysical, disputatious Greeks the conviction that in the Gospel the divine, infallible authority of Christ and his apostles made the old disputes worse than useless; that all questions of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong, of doctrine and duty, must now be settled by the Galilean Prophet, even the Crucified



One, whom God has made for us not only righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, but also wisdom.

That this thought is uppermost in the apostle's mind is also manifest from the beginning of the second chapter, from which the text is taken. In this chapter he reminds the endangered metaphysicians and disputers of the manner and spirit of his own coming among them, and *how* he had converted them to Christianity. He says: "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom; for I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

But in thus ignoring wisdom, metaphysics, or philosophy, does the apostle mean to cast contempt on the godlike faculty of reason in man, or to deny that philosophic thought has its legitimate sphere? Not at all. He only means that within the domain of religion the Scriptures are the ultimate arbiter. Assuming the Gospel as *the* truth to be argued from, and ever submitted to, you may reason as much as you list. But outside of these divinely dug channels of inspiration in all matters pertaining to religion, the profoundest reasoning degenerates into "philosophy, falsely so called."

This, then, is the general tenor of the apostle's argument in the early part of the epistle. Christ is the supreme wisdom. His *dicta* are infallible, and are to settle all disputes. In comparison with him the philosophers are children and simpletons, and all

merely human wisdom is only folly, however plausibly tricked out.

But the text, while based on this high claim for Christ and his Gospel, makes an assertion less broad. It declares the relation of Christ not to the whole sphere of religion, but simply to the work of the Gospel ministry. When Paul says that he determined not to know any thing among the Corinthians, save Jesus Christ and him crucified, it is as if he should say, "Now, brethren, since Christ is head, supreme head, of his Church, and dominates the conscience and the reason of his people ; since systems of philosophy opposed to him are folly, and the astutest arguments no better than vapor ; since he is all *in* all, and in all respects whatsoever, I acted conformably to this truth in my coming in among you ; I determined to know nothing but Christ the crucified ; I made him the ruler of my thoughts, the dictator of my actions, the divine authority, to whom, expressly or by implication, all I said and did had reference. I sought to live and speak in his spirit, to settle every question as he commanded, and to make him the chief theme of my teaching.

In this sense, my brethren, Christ crucified is the sum of Christian preaching—the key-note of the Christian ministry. And this is our theme to-day, namely, Christ crucified, the key-note of the Christian pulpit.

But before we proceed to the direct discussion of our theme, let us guard it from a certain narrow assumption. When Paul said he determined to know nothing among the people of his charge but Christ crucified, he did not mean that his preaching should

contain nothing but the story of the cross, or that it should be confined to statements and explanations of the doctrine of the atonement. On the contrary he himself preached Christ in all his offices, in all the situations of his life, in all the modes of his teaching, as well as in his high-priestly acts.

Nor did he mean, when he determined to know nothing but Christ, that Christ, in any of his offices should literally be the sole theme of his discourse. His own example would be against any such narrow view. In this very epistle he discusses the relations of the sexes, the manner of settling disputes between Christian brethren, the question of eating meats offered to idols, the baptism of the children of Israel in the sea and in the cloud, and the doctrine of the general resurrection. In others of his epistles he treats of heaven and hell, he explains the moral and the ceremonial law, and does not even forget the ethics of civil government.

The purpose of Paul, therefore, to know nothing among the people but Christ and him crucified, must not be so explained as to convict him of inconsistency. He will know only Christ and him crucified, and yet he will enter every field of human duty, he will expose every form of sin, he will explain and enforce the moral law, he will expound all the doctrines, and hurl the terrors of the last judgment at the guilty heads of all sinners, both small and great.

To know nothing but Christ, then—to preach only Christ—means, in the first place, that whatever we preach Christ must furnish the rule, must constitute the authority; the preaching must be such as he has commanded. In preaching Christ, therefore, we are

not straitened ; on the contrary, we have the whole Bible open to us. Jesus himself has bidden us search the Old Testament Scriptures, as containing eternal life, and as giving testimony concerning *him*. We are, therefore, by apostolic example at home with Moses, whom Paul has so luminously explained in his epistle to the Hebrews. Our discourse may hold communion with Samuel, David, and Isaiah, with Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and Daniel, and yet it may know nothing but Christ and him crucified. That is, while we walk with the holy ancients, we are lifted above their stand-point by our relation to Christ. We walk with Moses and the prophets, but in the light of Christ. The heights of Calvary throw their glory back on the angry thunder-clouds of Sinai ; the prophecies are read in the glare of their fulfillment in the person and work of Jesus. We may, therefore, preach Moses, so we only preach him as the servant of Christ ; we may expound the prophets, provided we only do it with reference to Christ. The Old Testament is to be read through the spectacles furnished by the *New* ; it is a stream, which by its natural course pours its tide into the New, and becomes Gospel by the mixture. Or, rather, the Old Testament widens into and loses itself in the New, and on the banks of the New, in its blessed havens and ports, we possess ourselves of a compass and chart by whose aid we can ascend the stream of sacred history, safely navigate its every creek and inlet, and understand and appropriate their treasures as the fathers never could. Thus we preach Christ when we preach the Old Testament in view of Christ. Christ is the healing tree, thrown into the

bitter fountain of the law, and converting it into the precious well of salvation ; under the touch of his cross the law is Gospel, and Moses, David, and Isaiah are Christian preachers.

Still further, we know nothing among men but Christ and him crucified in preaching, when we derive our teachings directly from him, even though we say no word about his divinity or atonement, about his person or authority. It is enough that we *have* his authority, that we have given the people what we have received from him. Our preaching may be precept or promise, doctrine or prophecy ; if it is only from Christ, or from his divinely commissioned and inspired servants, it is enough, even if Christ's person and peculiar work are not mentioned. We cannot always be dwelling on any one theme, even the precious cross or divinity of Jesus.

For example, we sometimes hear it objected that such and such preachers preach the law and not the Gospel ; or that some particular sermon of a minister, generally evangelical, has no Gospel in it, nothing but morality. Now, if any one habitually preaches the law in such a way as to make the impression that man needs nothing but the law, that he has not a fallen and helpless soul for which the blood of Christ is the only possible hope, the charge of not preaching the Gospel in such a case undoubtedly holds good. Such a preacher may be a Unitarian, he may be moral, he may be a scholar or a philosopher, but he is no preacher of the Gospel. We would have you by all means object to such preaching and to such preachers, in whatever pulpits found. If Christianity has a system of rules for right living, it also has a

system of soul-washing and soul-renewing mercy and power, and the latter alone brings the law within the reach of our enfeebled powers.

But it often happens, dear brethren, that these objections to preaching the law proceed from those claiming to be evangelical Christians. The sermon complained of has perhaps only been severe on some darling sin of theirs, or on some popular evil at which they have winked, or to which they have given encouragement. They are angry because the preacher, or the Spirit through him, has said, Thou art the man; thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Indeed, there is a class of professors of Christianity, not very small, we fear, who consider that Christ is only preached when they are exhilarated. With them the essence of the Gospel lies in a tender, tearful voice, in lachrymose anecdotes, and in gorgeous descriptions of heaven. Far be it from us to underrate these things; but he that confines the Gospel to them, and sees and feels no Gospel and no Christ except through them, has converted the Gospel into a mere luxury, a thing which gives dreams of pleasure, but imposes no stern obligations of duty. This is spiritual dyspepsia—a diseased craving for spiritual confectionery, linked with a sinful loathing of all solid food.

Never let us forget that the law is *Christ's* law, and a part of his Gospel; that to declare human duty, to reprove sin, to denounce sin, to uncover the eternal pit, are as much a part of the Gospel, and can be as directly quoted from the mouth of Christ, as the atonement, as the many mansions of heaven,

as even pardon through faith in Christ ; and that a healthy Christian soul will revel as joyously in Christ's law, in the purity—in the transcendent, stern, sublime beauty—of the Sermon on the Mount, as in the manifold theme of paternal and redeeming mercy.

But there is still another way of preaching Christ, where his person and work are not dwelt on. There are cases constantly arising in the life of the community, involving both public and private morality ; cases in which the minister must speak out or have blood upon his skirts. You can think of many such instances—we have not time now to note them. How shall the minister preach Christ in the case of certain prevalent vices, of certain sinful and fashionable pleasures, which are not mentioned in the Scriptures or were not even known in the apostolic times ? The true answer to this question is, that the preacher must know Christ, and determine from the principles of his Gospel what he would do if he were present in proper person to speak.

We know at least that he would be on the side of justice, on the side of purity, of sobriety, of charity ; he would oppose any thing and every thing which would tend to loosen the bonds of virtue and morality. He would not allow a property interest to sway him against the right ; he would not permit fashion to stultify him ; if all the world went after a popular idol, the crowd and the idol together would not draw him ; he would stand with the virtuous few, as aforetime, even if the multitude should cry out again, "Crucify him ! crucify him !"

So, brethren, must the preacher stand. He must

know Christ. He must have in himself a scriptural image of Christ. In this sense, distinct, clear, bright, abiding, Christ must be formed in him the hope of glory, the judge of the world, and all its questions, all its virtue and vice. Knowing this inwrought Christ, and hearing his voice, he must not allow the world to confuse or seduce him. He must settle doubtful questions by and through Christ. He must rise above the fashionable din, and, with his eye upon the image of Christ within him, he must ask, What would Christ do? how would he decide? And the conviction which comes back for his answer he must speak out as with the tongue of a trumpet, even though it leave him alone with his God. Truth is unchangeable, and there is another world. He must follow his keynote, even though to the ears of the corrupted multitude his music seem only a horrid discord.

Take now another view: If we can preach Christ when we explain his precepts and promises and doctrines; if in cases of public sin, or prevalent or fashionable vice, we may be able to know what Christ would do if he were present, and thus still plainly preach Christ, even where the life of Christ and his apostles give us no guiding example, if we can do all this, yet this is not all. There is still another way kindred to this, in which we may know nothing but Christ, when we are dealing neither with his person nor his offices.

We may preach Christ by performing the duties of the pulpit in the spirit of Christ. It is not all that is done in the name of Christ that breathes his spirit. The Pope pretends to be Christ's vicar, and to act for Christ. How far he has followed the spirit



of Christ let the blood of the saints, and the souls under the altar, slain for Christ's testimony, answer. It is not simply preaching the law of Christ, or his doctrine or person, that is most effectual. We may say, Lo, here is Christ, or, There he is ; and there, indeed, his word *may* be ; but if his spirit be not there also he is but poorly preached.

By the spirit of Christ in preaching we mean that the minister shall have set Christ before him as his example ; that he shall have the aims of Christ for his own ; that wherever in the Holy Book he may be traveling, Christ shall be recognized as Lord of the place and guide of the journey ; that in all his efforts to win souls he shall have in him a sense of Christ's estimate of the soul's value, and a response to the love of Christ for lost men. In a word, we know how Christ inspires his most faithful followers ; how in his spirit he becomes wrought into them ; how they grow into harmony of feeling with him ; how this harmony of feeling becomes action and daily life. Do you remember the old saint who, on his way to the stake, was entreated to deny his Lord and thus save his life ? You know his reply : " Many favors hath my Lord shown me ; for which of these shall I now turn against him ? " The good man had exchanged his own spirit for that of Christ. So he went on and died.

It is this being clothed with the spirit of Christ that preaching as well as living wants. As a man lives Christ not only when he talks about him, or about religion generally, but in all he does—as Christ's spirit is in all his doing, animating, inspiring, energizing it—so the same glorious and blessed

spirit must be in the preaching, in all the preaching: equally in the terrible and in the soothing, in the threat and in the promise, in the curse and in the blessing, in the portrayal of heaven and in the uncovering of the pit.

Just here we may note a mistake, a practical mistake, by no means of uncommon occurrence. Because it is sweetly and sublimely written, "God is love," because Christ is the highest expression of the love of the Father to our fallen race, some people leap to the conclusion that nothing severe can proceed from or accord with the spirit of Christ. Yet such people remember that he whose tears moistened the grave of Lazarus, and baptized the doomed city of Jerusalem, who received publicans and harlots, and in words of sweetest endearment invited to his fellowship and love all weary and heavy-laden transgressors; that he employed also the most terrible denunciations against the proud scribes and Pharisees. He called them "serpents, a generation of vipers;" and, in dreadful irony, exhorted them, as hypocrites that devoured widows' houses, and for a pretense made long prayers, to fill up the measure of their iniquity; and inquired of them, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

The same divine heart that declared the pardon of the dying thief on the cross, that portrays the many-mansioned house of his Father, that counted the hairs on his children's heads, that was touched by the fall of a sparrow of the value of only half a farthing, that tenderly pressed and sweetly blessed the precious children—this same divine soul portrayed the terrors of the coming judgment, and described and held up

over the heads of the people the dreadful punishments of the second death. Whence, but from the lips of Jesus, come the descriptions of the world of woe, with its dirge of endless wailings and gnashings of teeth? Who but the tender and loving Jesus has told of the fire unquenchable, of the smoke ever ascending, of the worm undying, and of the thirst insatiable.

Nay, my brethren, a Christ wholly without wrath and without severity is not the Christ of the Gospel, but a sickly counterfeit, an idol of the Universalist and Unitarian manufacture. True, the mission of Christ was an errand of boundless love, but it was still pure, and revolted at sin. It was as much in the interests of purity as of mercy; and Christ was as much himself, and as fully in accord with his nature, when he denounced sin, and held the persistent sinner up to scorn and reprobation, as when he forgave sin, and melted into compassion over a tattered prodigal or a possessed magdalen.

And the minister of Jesus is still in the spirit of Christ when he honestly, faithfully, boldly reproves. He dare not indeed substitute personal rancor or animosity for the just and manly rebuke which belongs to his office; but, feeling that God has counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry—that at the peril of his soul he must not fail to catch and uplift the falling standards of righteousness—in the tug and brunt of the battle he may even lose the sense of his own personality in that of his Master, and fearfully launch the blazing arrows of the Lord against his enemies. Thus it was that the apostles brought down many of the proud and lofty; crying out,

“Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish ; for I work a work in your day, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.” Thus, too, it was that our early Methodist fathers successfully assailed the crowds of hardened sinners whom they transformed by their labors into the first Methodist societies.

Were they not then knowing only Christ ? Were they not then preaching in the spirit of the Crucified ? Were they not then preaching the cross by preaching the preparation for it ? Was not the love of Christ then constraining them ? Were they not then fulfilling that word of mingled anger and tenderness, “Knowing the *terrors* of the Lord we persuade men ?”

Yes, my brethren, God is still, as of old, sometimes angry ; Christ is yet sometimes grieved at the sins of men. Some ministers may be prevalently loving in their sermons, but they have misunderstood the Master, and do not represent his whole spirit, unless they reprove and rebuke as well as invite. And when the pulpit with faithful plainness, or even fiery earnestness, finds fault or denounces sin, it is in the spirit that brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep ; it is in the spirit of Christ ; it is preaching Christ ; it is knowing nothing among men save the Crucified.

But, brethren, if the text does not impose upon us a narrow method of preaching the Crucified, but throws open to us the whole Bible, the whole range of duty, requiring only that we shall have Christ’s explanation of every thing, and Christ’s authority for every thing, and that we shall imbue our whole min-

istry with the spirit of Christ, still it is also fairly implied in the text that Christ crucified shall be the chief and most frequent theme of the pulpit ; that his death to expiate the sins of the world shall be especially set forth.

Christ crucified, in this narrower sense, is the great luminous center of Christianity. The atonement is propitiation ; it is bringing the banished, guilty rebel *near* to the reconciled God. This it is which to our reason cuts, and to our faith *unties*, the intricate knot of a sinner's relation to his Maker ; this it is which opens the prison doors to the captive soul, and, stripping from him his ragged earthly wrappings, enables him to sing,

“O love, thou bottomless abyss !  
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me :  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.”

When we call Christ crucified the key-note of the Christian pulpit, we mean that the whole of Christian preaching is to be led and colored by it ; that morals and doctrines and promises without it would not be what they are. Paul did not and could not say that he would know nothing but Christ the teacher, or Christ the sovereign. These, indeed, are the great leading truths ; but the greatest of all for us is that which links Christ with sacrifice. For the unfallen angels, it were perhaps enough to call Christ sage and sovereign ; but with man, the sinner, the first want is mercy, which is not without the shedding of blood ; and the second want is purity, which comes, too, from

the same crimson tide and its blessed washing. And again, when we call "Christ crucified" the key-note of preaching, we mean that along with every other doctrine this is ever to be understood : that in preaching the law and in denouncing sin in any of its forms we still have the atonement in reserve ; that it glimmers in the thought as a possible pardon. The most dreadful threatening, being part of the Gospel, cannot break entirely away from the key-note ; there is in it still a ring of possible mercy and recovery. We read of the fall of man in Eden, but the atonement plants a new tree of life in the withering and blackening garden. We gaze on the terrors of the quaking mount of the law, but Christ crucified converts the horror and dread into beauty, and tones the rattling thunder down to its own music. We impose duty, but through the otherwise severe injunction there glides and pulses the precious note of grace. In short, the foundation of the Gospel is laid in Christ crucified, and the top-stone is superimposed, with shouting Grace ! grace ! unto it.

Thus, dear brethren, we have indicated our theory of the scope and tone of the pulpit. It grasps boldly and comprehensively the whole domain of morals, public and private. Its Gospel is in the Old Testament as well as in the New. Its spirit may be shown in severity, even as in tenderness and mercy. Its Lord and Dictator in all is Christ crucified, whose cross gives the key-note of hope and mercy to the whole of the grand oratorio. As it sings in the first promise to the refugees from the flaming sword at the gates of Eden, as it sings in the poetry of the prophets, and as it finds its highest swell in

the earthquake in the midst of which the angel rolled away the stone from the mouth of the holy sepulcher, so it shall roll on through the ages, till all the host of the redeemed shall celebrate in heaven its ended work, the completed circle of its triumphs.

## IX.

## GLORYING IN TRIBULATION.

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Not only so, but we glory in tribulations also ; knowing that tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope : and hope maketh not ashamed ; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. —ROM. v, 3-5.

THE apostle, in the beginning of this chapter, reaches the triumphant conclusion that salvation is by faith : “ Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ : by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.” And such is the spiritual transport which he experiences in contemplating the blessedness of faith, that he breaks out in the glowing language of our text. He rejoices in hope of the glory of God ; and so high is that joy in the salvation of God, so mighty is the faith that justifies, and brings divine peace, that even tribulation loses all its terrors and grows bright in the holy transport of the new deliverance. “ We glory in tribulations also.” Similar to this is the same apostle’s language in the twelfth chapter of second Corinthians : “ Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities.” And again, “ Therefore I take *pleasure* in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ’s sake.” And, still again, in the same epistle, after a



long and touching recountal of his sufferings in the cause of Christ, in which he represents himself as in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, five times scourged, three times beaten with rods, three times shipwrecked, in perils from all sorts of sources, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness ; he adds : “ If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.” All this is in the spirit of our text, and shows that there is a sense in which the apostle rejoices in tribulation. This is our theme : “ Glorifying in tribulation.”

But does the apostle mean to teach that tribulation is good in itself? that, considered as mere suffering it is capable of making men better in their characters, or more acceptable to God? We answer, most certainly not. Suffering, *in itself*, is evil, and must proceed from sin—must be a penal consequence of sin. At least, in such a sense that if there had been no sin there had been no suffering.

Even in the ordinary punishments which the civil law inflicts on crime there is no necessary virtue, although they are useful and the law ordains them. To society they are necessary, but to the criminal they may be an unmixed evil. If they bring him to genuine repentance, and lead to his reformation, they may become a ground of rejoicing ; but the endurance of them, irrespective of their meaning and intent, can do him no good ; as *suffering* they are only evil.

Hence the theory of the Romish Church, that there is virtue in mere human suffering, voluntarily endured, such as long and painful kneelings, vigils,

walking barefoot on ice and snow, wearing gravel in the shoes, and whipping one's own back until the blood flows, is mere heathen superstition. In this respect there is no difference between a Romish and a Hindoo saint.

Even the martyrs of the early Church misconceived the teachings of the New Testament on this point. Because Paul had gloried in tribulation, and James had exhorted that Christians should count it all joy when they fell into divers temptations, these early martyrs sought martyrdom for its own sake. They were candidates for danger—for fire and for the jaws of wild beasts, and that not only through the paths of duty, but directly. But *that* joy in tribulation which was taught by the apostles was consistent with the command of Christ: "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another."

Neither sickness, nor pecuniary losses, nor bereavements, nor persecution of what kind soever, is valuable and useful in itself. Many are as full of the world after their losses as before; many get up from sick beds and rush back, as soon as their returning strength will allow, to their former vices; many return persecution by hatred and rage instead of by patience and meekness, and grow worse under provocations.

The meaning of the apostle, therefore, when he declares that he glories in tribulation, must be that suffering, which in itself and naturally is evil, may become a blessing, to be accepted gratefully, and even rejoiced in, when we meet it in the path of duty. Even a burning staircase, which in itself is an ugly and dangerous pathway, may become a great blessing

if it affords escape from an upper chamber of a burning house. It is better to cross a river on the craziest raft than to be drowned. It is better to go to school to a rough and cruel teacher than to pass life with no education. And the man who escaped from his burning chamber on the blazing staircase might well be thankful for the flaming planks on which he blistered his feet. The dripping passenger over the river may well praise the rickety raft, in holding on which he received such a desperate drenching. The scholar may well be thankful for the heavy-handed teacher whose marks he still bears on his shoulders.

Duty dignifies whatever it touches. The menial offices of life become important when looked at in the light of duty. The work of a wood-sawyer, of a scavenger, of the humblest servant, as *duty*, is God-given, and in that light has his mark of honor upon it. In His esteem, before whose wisdom human genius is as a glow-worm's spark, and human wealth and greatness are poverty and meanness, the work of a king, of a statesman, and of a scavenger, may be equally dignified. Duty is the highest level, and he that brings humble labors up to that line is nobler than he who keeps genius and eloquence below it.

Even the little pleasant things of life are great in this view. Our play with our children, our walks, our rides, our social converse, all rise as we yield them to the shaping motive of duty. They come thus into the very same sphere with prayer and reading the Scriptures, and meditation; into the circle, that is, of the divine, and are noble as portions of our God-given life.

But as duty becomes more arduous, as it rises in labor and difficulty and danger, it grows nobler. It is only when the sense of duty is firmly rooted in the soul that it can endure tribulation. Then the true path, clearly defined before the eyes, will be followed, however thorny. The tribulations are seen intervening, and they are dreaded too, but not dreaded so much as disloyalty to duty. And when the alternative is presented of deserting the path, or passing through it, the tribulation is accepted even joyfully. Job cries out, "Mine integrity will I hold fast, and will not let it go ; my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Moses chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, *in the path of duty*, than to turn from it, for the pleasures of sin, even though they be royal. Daniel will *not* worship the idols of Babylon, and *will* worship the God of Israel, even in the face, an edict dooming him to a revolting death. This sense of duty is like the anchor which holds the ship firmly amid all the riot and fury of the storm, severed from which she would be dashed on the rocks or swamped amid the breakers. The sense of duty is like the roots of the oak, that hold on, as with giant arms and hands, in the depths of the soil, without whose grasp of the earth it would be hurled from its position by the storm like a feather.

The sense of duty shows and warns against a fiercer fire than that of martyrdom, a deeper and blacker stain than that of worldly dishonor, a darker dungeon than any earthly prison. Wrong, to it, is worse than all forms of suffering put together, for it is the real, the inner, the spiritual, the essential, the

eternal river, of which is born the undying worm of the conscience and of the bottomless pit.

It has been said that a religious man fears to do wrong, while a man of honor scorns to do wrong. This is an incorrect view of the matter; a man of merely worldly honor scorns, perhaps, the *reputation* of a wrong doer; he would on no account bring dishonor upon his name. For if he goes beyond this, and refrains from wrong, as such, as in the sight of God, from a sense of duty, he so far becomes religious.

The truly religious man does more than scorn the wrong: he not only fears it, regarding it as the highest calamity—worse than poverty or pain—but he abhors it, and will accept tribulation in preference to wrong with all its golden accompaniments.

But all this only goes so far as to show that duty makes us strong to meet tribulation, that duty grows in dignity in proportion as it is performed in the face of tribulation; that its power is such that when it is firmly rooted in the soul we prefer it to the smoothest and the gayest path that worldly and fleshly license can point out to us.

But, after all, there is in the idea of duty some sense of burden. The word, the very word, means that which is due, that which we owe, that to which we are bound or obligated. And if we go no farther in the Christian life than the sense of duty, than working under the sense of obligation, we live in the spirit of the Old Testament, of the law; we are bond rather than free—bound to a good master, but still bound.

The new dispensation, the Gospel, brings deliver-

ance from servitude. The sense of duty is still there, but it becomes transfigured by holy love ! Moses and Job and the Old Testament saints generally struggled manfully, against their trials ; they *bare* them, and they overcome ; but there is a sense of work, of toil, of endurance, as of hardship, about them. The thing seems hard, though in the highest degree noble and heroic. But the spirit of the apostles is wholly different. They do not merely *bear* their trials from a sense of duty—their feelings break out in exulting song when they have been scourged for preaching “ Christ and the resurrection.” They rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ. They glory in the tribulation. The enthusiasm of love rises in proportion to the pressure of trial.

O, the power of love ! Have you seen a widowed mother sit shivering at her two-cent candle, in her lonely, fireless room, stitching her ebbing life into the seams of a shop garment ? With what joy she wastes away ! How she delights to spend her very life ! How as nothing does she esteem her late and early toil ! The stitch, stitch, stitch, are the successive ticks of a death-watch to her ; but it is all for her boy, and the sacrifice is joyfully made. Do you remember the story of General Marion, when the British officer paid him an official visit ? Marion asked him to remain and dine. The table turned out to be a log, the plates were pieces of pine bark, and the dinner was of sweet potatoes, roasted in the ashes. Marion apologized for the fare. The British officer replied, “ I suppose what you lose in meal you make up in malt ; that is, if you have poor fare you

have large pay." "Not a cent," said Marion. "We are fighting for liberty ; she is the fair object of our toils and sufferings, and we will win her or perish in the attempt." He gloried in living on scanty fare, in being half naked and in perpetual danger of his life, because he loved liberty and country.

And so it was with Paul. He had found Christ, "as the fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." Christ had delivered him. He was filled with the love of Christ. The *love* of Christ constrained him, and *not* a mere conviction of duty, a sense of obligation, however dignified and elevated. Why, it is impossible to imagine Paul acting under a mere cold sense of duty. The cause of Christ was in him as a nature, a new and holy nature. It was not the following of this nature that was difficult ; to repress it would have been horrible to him. This holy love within him followed Christ irrespective of danger and suffering ; it flowed forth as a perennial fountain. If in pursuit of Christ's glory he found himself a prisoner, he shouted and sung out of his stocks at midnight, and beat time with his handcuffs. If he was brought before kings and judges to answer for his faith in Christ, he made joyful confession, and wished that all men were not only almost, but altogether, persuaded to be such as he was, except his chains. If he was troubled with a thorn in the flesh he gloried in his infirmity, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. If he lived it was for Christ, and if he died for Christ it was gain. What things weae gain to him he counted loss for Christ, and counted them but dung and dross that he might win Christ. And if he was sorrowful, he was always rejoicing,

bearing about in his body the marks of the dying of the Lord Jesus.

There is, therefore, a sense in which Paul delighted in suffering, not on its own account, but for Christ's honor, for the promotion of Christ's cause, as an expression of his love for Christ. There is a story of a brave little boy who, seeing a heartless school-master about to punish a fragile little girl for missing her lessons, stepped forward and proposed to bear the punishment in her place. The brutal master, incapable of being touched by the boy's generosity, took him at his word, and the blows fell on the little hero thicker and faster because he had dared to question the propriety of punishing the little girl. How think you he felt under the sharp stripes? He perhaps winced, tears filled his eyes, his lips quivered, the pain was great; but there was still mingling with the pain a glow of dignity, a noble pride, a contempt for the stick, a heroic indignation which made him feel that this was the sweetest suffering he had ever known. But suppose you take out of the little hero's suffering the idea that he was enduring it for the sake of the delicate little girl, and imagine that he is suffering merely for the sake of suffering, there is then nothing to brace him up, no end to suffer for, nothing about it to glory in. He is a dunce instead of a hero.

To endure suffering for its own sake merely is popish, heathenish. To meet suffering coldly from a mere sense of duty is noble, but belongs to the Old Testament dispensation, or to a lower development of the Christian life; it is endurance without joy, it is patient suffering, but not glorying in tribulation.



But to be prompted to endurance for Christ from love to his name and cause, to find in it a joy which lifts up above the suffering while we are in it, to find the fervor of our love greater than the power of pain, *that* is the religion of the martyrs, and of the genuine saints of all the Christian ages.

Does any one say, But such glorying in tribulation belongs only to the ages of martyrdom, and, if at all to the present age, only to heathen lands, where men are liable to persecution for Christ? Not so, my brother. Even here and now there is tribulation, in which we may rightly glory. Whatever losses come upon us in business ; whatever sicknesses, with their attendant pain ; whatever poverty, and strugglings with it ; whatever bereavement—these, whatever may be their immediate cause, are providences for us, and may be, and indeed must be, endured in a certain sense for Christ's sake—to please Christ, to submit to his will, to catch his spirit.

Have you sometimes had a severe trial and borne it badly, and afterward almost longed for another, that you might prove how much better you could behave under it? When you have passed through a severe sickness and have recovered, have you ever felt your heart overrunning with gratitude to God for his mercy, and have you, in the abounding love of your soul, almost wished you might be sick again that you might bear it better than before? Have you suffered loss of fortune, in whole or in part, and, having chafed under it at first, have you gradually been brought to see the wisdom of God's chastening? do you now accept it, and feel it good for you? do you almost, in your better moments, wish another similar trial, that

you may show your Lord how much better you could submit? do you rejoice in this submission to the Divine will, in this discipline as divine? If you do, you have already drunk into the spirit of this text; you have the heart to glory in tribulation.

But the apostle's special reason for glorying in tribulation is the effect it produces in the soul. Tribulation worketh patience. Patience is calmness, steadiness of soul; and tribulation works it, produces it. We learn endurance by enduring, as we become learned by learning; veteran soldiers are formed by long and painful marches and hard fighting. Thus also are made the veterans of the cross. No amount of mere theory will produce patience; we must go to the school of suffering to learn it. There, and there only, can patience have its perfect work.

Again, patience worketh experience. Mark, it is not tribulation that worketh experience; but tribulation worketh patience, and produces experience only intermediately and through patience. If people remain impatient under affliction they get no experience. Experience here means the practical knowledge of the divine life. This is what patience works. Patience keeps the mind calm in tribulation, so that one can gather up and store away the holy lessons of Providence. The astronomer must have a clear sky for his observations, and so the Christian must by patience keep the sky of his mind clear, or no saving experiences will result—no practical knowledge for future use. God gives the first experiences of the Christian to souls with but little of sacred patience. But growth after this demands patience. We cannot know our own hearts or

Satan's devices without patience under the testings of tribulation.

Experience worketh hope. That is, experience searches into and thoroughly sifts the hope we already have. If it is false, it exposes it and substitutes a true one; and if it is only imperfect, it develops, increases, strengthens it. This it does by showing how empty are all merely worldly hopes, and by bringing out in bolder relief the Gospel hope; pushing life further forward into the eternal world, and bringing the soul more and more into commerce with heaven.

But this hope is described as not making ashamed. That is, it is well founded. In the trials and experience of patiently-borne tribulation we have gone down to the foundation; we have found it built on eternal truth, and reaching to heaven with the burnished pinnacle of its towers.

But tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us." That is to say, whether tribulation shall be a blessing or a curse, depends on the love of God being shed abroad in our hearts; whether tribulation shall produce patience, depends on this love in the heart; whether the experience and hope are genuine, must be tested by the question whether the love of God is indeed shed abroad in our hearts.

But what love of God is this which is shed abroad in the Christian heart? Is it God's love for us, or ours for him? We answer, Both; God's love to us, because we love him only after perceiving that he loves us; his love for us is shed abroad in our hearts

only when we discover and appreciate how *much* he loves us ; then, with this conviction of the divine love streaming in upon us like holy light, we exclaim—not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and gave himself for us—“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God !” Then it is we cry out :

“’Tis love ! ’tis love ! thou diedst for me ;  
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;  
Pure, universal love thou art :  
To me, to all, thy bowels move—  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.”

But it is also our love for God which is shed abroad in our hearts. This is only the other side of God’s love for us ; they are halves of the same whole. It is the response of the human to the divine affections ; it is the tide of human love rising up to meet a divine attracting force and embracing it. It is the soul’s joyful “Yes” to the divine “Come !” And this love—this double, holy passion between earth and heaven, between the Imperial Father and his fallen, earthly child—is divine ; it is by the Holy Ghost given unto us. He comes with almighty energy to pluck us away from ourselves ; he tends the tribulation which Providence sends ; he gives us strength to glory in the fire of trial, and to walk through it unscorched ; he brings forth from its pains and groans, patience, like a tried jewel ; he links to patience the solid experience of Christian life ; he raises on the foundation of settled and stern experience, the heavenward pointing shaft of a hope which cannot deceive.

These graces, mark, are nothing apart from each other. Tribulation by itself is an unmitigated curse ; patience out of its connection is the boasted trait of a Stoic ; experience standing alone is a bundle of adventures without law and without profit ; and hope which does not spring from true experience, and is not tested in patience by tribulation, is the hope of the hypocrite, which is as the spider's web. But these graces united in holy interaction by the Spirit of God are a diadem of glory, a ladder, on which to reach heaven ; a system of sacred machinery harmoniously co-operating in the salvation of the soul.

Have we trials ? let us be patient ; let us see God's hand ; let us search and see whether or no we have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Then shall tribulation be a glory, a fruitful glory, a sanctifying glory Then

“ The frost of affliction embroiders the dress,  
And comfort drops down from the clouds of distress.  
As snow guards the seed and refreshes the soil,  
And gives to the tiller the fruit of his toil,  
E'en so with affliction, to-day bringing sorrow,  
But yielding new joy with the light of to-morrow.”

X.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD HOSTILE.

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They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.—JOHN xvii, 16.

THE discussion of fashionable amusements has reference to the distinction between the Church and the world. These amusements are to be rejected because they are worldly in their very nature, or, at least, are ever tending, from our very constitution or from the structure of society, to produce worldliness. But a question lies back of all this, for the discussion of which the Church and the times seem to demand. It is a deeper question, and one upon the answer of which will depend the justice of our condemnation of many practices which the Church reprobates. One of the most important questions of the times is that which has respect to the reality and character of the distinction between the Church and the world. Is this distinction real? Is it the duty of the Church to keep it from being obliterated? Is there, in other words, a spiritual society, professing to follow the Divine law as its rule of life—conforming business, interest, pleasure, and all else, to that rule? And is there a class of persons who refuse to enter such spiritual society, and who seek their interests and

happiness without reference to the will of God? If there is, how shall these parties come together? Shall it be by losing sight of the distinction? This cannot be done without ignoring the distinction between right and wrong, without shutting our eyes to the eternal difference between the wicked and the righteous. The only legitimate way to bring the two parties together is to keep up the distinction most sternly, make the contrast between the just and unjust, the holy and sinful, as strong as possible, and seek to bring the wicked across the line by a change of character and tastes. Thus the righteous will maintain their position for their own security as well as for the purpose of bringing over, or drawing over, the wicked. If the magnet wishes to draw, it must preserve its character as a magnet.

This is not the view taken by a distinguished Unitarian preacher. He was preaching on fashionable amusements and in defense of them. He manifestly felt that to make an impression for the cause he was advocating he must demolish the distinction between Church and world. Hear him: "I am," says he, "a servant, not merely of religion, but of the Church, and hope to live and die in this service; but if there is to be a great gulf fixed between the Church and the world, as between heaven and hell, minister of Christ as I am, I would sooner take place and part with the world than with the Church; with common humanity than with any elect portion of it; with confessed sinners than self-assumed saints—for I believe that Christ, who is the light of the world, and not of the Church alone, is more permanently a resident in the common hearts and fortunes and feel-

ings of mankind at large than of any fraction of humanity, however select or self-appropriative of his name and patronage."

If this means any thing, which is quite doubtful, it teaches that when God set apart the Jews as his peculiar people, he really meant to draw no broad line of distinction between them and other people, and that he was more permanently resident with the rest of the world than with them. It means, if not destitute of all meaning, that Christ did not dwell more with his immediate disciples before his ascension, nor with the apostolic Church after his ascension, than with the rest of the world. To every Bible reader this view must be absurd in the extreme, and could only have resulted from the fact that the religion which teaches it is a worldly religion, a system which seeks to appropriate Christianity to the whole world, just as it is affirming that, as men have not fallen, so that they need not be converted in order to be religious. If all men are by nature what Christianity requires them to be, of course the distinction between Church and world is false and foolish.

Now we propose to show, first, that this distinction between the world and the Church is a great and stupendous reality; second, we wish to look into the nature of it; and, third, from its nature we shall deduce the necessity of its strict and diligent maintenance, and, finally, make an effort to show how it shall be maintained.

First, then, let us inquire whether it is right to make this distinction at all, to draw this line between the Church and the world. Is it founded in truth? Has it any important relations to the struggle of vir-



true and religion for the mastery in the world? What is the gift of religion to a world actually corrupt as is ours? What does it mean? Is it not the very idea of religion, in such a case, that it finds all corrupt and hostile, and offers itself to the acceptance of all to whom it comes, as the instrument of pardon and holiness? And do not all who accept it segregate themselves from the rest, and, gathering around, and yielding themselves up *to* their religion, form a party in its interests? Whoever becomes religious joins this party, and hence crosses the line between it and the party he leaves.

We do not say, of course, that some of the bad, as hypocrites, will not outwardly join the Church; nor do we deny that a few pious persons, under the influence of mistaken views, may remain out of her pale. But like, as a rule, seeks its like: goodness gravitates toward goodness, and evil cleaves to evil.

The natural result, therefore, of the entrance of religion into a world of sin is at once to bring about this distinction between *Church* and *world*, between those who choose God for their portion and those who find their portion out of God. Why, men of merely similar esthetic tastes—lovers, for example, of music, of literature, of science—will herd together; and will not the love of God, with the mighty sense of duty in a purified conscience, infallibly lead good men to combine for the noble purpose of presenting an undivided front against the aggressions of sin, and for the purpose of pushing the conquests of religion into the hosts of opposition?

What is thus so reasonable apart from the teachings of Scripture is also most distinctly taught in

that holy record. Turn we then to the Bible. We have already alluded to the Jews, and shown that God selected them as his chosen people. And we know that, notwithstanding their sins, God dwelt among them, in the persons of pious kings and law-givers and prophets, while other nations seem to have been mysteriously abandoned to idolatry. And even among the Jews themselves, in times of corruption, the faithful withdrew from the corrupt mass; for it is written: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord."

But what are the teachings of the New Testament on this distinction between the Church and the world? The true religion now comes forth from its merely national limitations. It is no longer the family of Abraham only that is now, under the new dispensation, to be embraced in the covenant, but all mankind. The middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile is upheaved from its foundation, and the whole human race now stands before the Church as the direct object of its labors.

But is the distinction between *world* and *Church* lost in the broad scope of the new dispensation? Just the reverse; it is now more clearly drawn than ever before. Under the old dispensation, now laid aside, the whole Jewish nation was the visible Church, and was directly included in the covenant, so that within that nation there seemed to be an ignoring of the distinction we are discussing. In form it was only kept up between that nation and others around it. The line was drawn between nations, and moral

character was overlooked. But when Christ comes it is no longer nations, as such, that are separated, but men, according to character. With a more spiritual and elevated system of instruction Jesus brings also a stricter Church discipline. He requires not only outward conformity to his law, but inward purity, and in accordance with this demand he divides mankind into his "people and those who are not," those for and those against him, the Church and the world, declaring the hostility between these two to be irreconcilable.

How forcibly and repeatedly this truth is uttered in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of the Gospel of John, especially in such words as the following: "If the world hate you, (the disciples,) ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were *of the world*, the world would love *his own*, but because ye are *not of the world*, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Again: "They are not of the world even as I am not of the world." Yet again: "When the Comforter is come, he will convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." That is, the Holy Ghost would convince this hostile world, that hated both Christ himself and his disciples, that they were on the wrong side in this great life and death struggle; that they must cross, by moral and spiritual means, the line that separated them from the true Church before they could be in a safe position. Still another quotation from the same connection, to wit: "The prince of this world is judged." Here, finally, the *world*, of which he and his disciples are not, which hates both him and them,

is under the headship of a personage here called "The prince of this world;" that is, as all his disciples, all his followers, all that believe in him and in his Father, are *under him* as their Lord and governor, and make up one kingdom, so all that reject him, all that do not believe on him or obey him, are under another prince, with other and different laws, and constitute another and hostile kingdom. The two kingdoms are mutually repellent, and each bent upon the other's overthrow. The prince of the powers of the air—as Satan is elsewhere called—who works in the hearts of the disobedient, marshals the hosts of sin, and Jesus, who came into the world to destroy the works of the devil, is the leader of the forces of goodness and holiness. This is only the scriptural form of asserting the inappeasable, irreconcilable hostility of sin and holiness.

But let us look into this momentous distinction a little more critically, but still, in the light of holy Scripture, the Christian's only infallible guide. John, in his first epistle, says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." This passage is exactly parallel to one in an epistle of St. Peter, where he speaks of Christians being made partakers of the divine nature, and escaping the *corruptions* that are in the world through *lust*.

Now the meaning of these passages seems to be precisely the same with that of another class of declarations, which speak of the carnal mind and the

spiritual mind, of the natural man not perceiving the things of the Spirit of God, and of their being spiritually discerned, that is, of their being discerned by the spiritually minded. The separation, therefore, of the Church and the world is of the profoundest sort; it is radical; it is based upon a diversity of moral character, which roots itself in the depths of man's nature. The Church is not—as the preacher, from whom we have quoted insists, when he would promote the cause of a sinful worldly amusement—is not a close corporation, arbitrarily divided off from the world by a man-built wall, so that a good man may elect to stand with the world and yet be as good as if he took the other side. The wall is built by the Lord of all, and that in accordance with the true conditions of the great struggle between sin and holiness, between Christ and Belial; so that a man is on one side or the other, as he loves the Father or as he loves the world that is at enmity with him. A man's moral state, and not theological ingenuity, or sectarian prejudice or narrowness, fixes the distinction between the Church and the world.

Nor can it be rationally objected against this distinction, that it makes an artificial appropriation of duties, demanding of Christians one set and of the unregenerate another and lower. This is a shallow and unreflecting view. The duties of Christians, that is, of the Church, are the duties of all men, whether they are in or out of the Church, whether on one or the other side of the dividing ridge. The difference is that the Church, according to the profession of its members, has publicly recognized, and pledged itself to the performance of, those uni-

versal duties, while the world remains disobedient and sets up for itself another standard. True, the Church speaks, and rightly too, of the inconsistency of her members in taking certain pleasures or doing certain acts in which men of the world freely indulge without losing their honor or respectability among men. But by such language it is not meant to convey the idea that there may be wrong things allowed in worldly men while they are forbidden to Christians.

Far otherwise. The worldly man is as much aside from his duty as the worst Christian can be. But then the Church has a government over her members ; she has received their pledges ; she has, in a sense, the keeping of their life, and they have the honor and the weighty responsibility of representing her among men. And when they join with worldlings in the sinful amusements of the day they are not only inconsistent with duty, like the worldly companions who have misled them, but they are also inconsistent with their professions, with obligations which not only exist without their consent, but which they have voluntarily assumed. And of this it is the duty of the Church to remind them : to let them understand that their own admitted premises, of duty, are in conflict with their conclusions, in practice ; that wrongdoing is not only censurable in itself, but additionally so because of their own pledges ; that they are inconsistent in a higher sense than men of the world.

Now, if this distinction between the world and the Church is thus fundamental ; if it is a difference between those who submit to the Divine authority and those who do not ; if it is the business, the formal,

and divinely ordained mission, of the Church, as such, to work upon and save the world, by truth and by the power of its holy character—to represent God and Christ and heaven—then nothing can be more important than that she should be kept perfectly distinct from the world.

But how—in what spirit—is this distinction to be maintained? Certainly not as lording it over the common conscience, nor as denying the brotherhood of all men, but for the purpose of promoting the purity of the Church herself, and fitting her to work more effectually for the salvation of men; not for the purpose of keeping the world out, but of getting men in. If the Church, therefore, is presented before the world in a certain aspect of isolation, it is an isolation of love, and purity, and duty; she separates herself because only thus can she remain what she is, while she reaches out her arms, and lifts her voice—in short, exerts all the energies of her love and wisdom—in behalf of the recreant world.

Let us now apply the principles we have reached to actual life. The profound distinction between the Church and the world is both enduring and everywhere applicable. It applies to all the spheres of life and to all its various forms, and can never become obsolete. A Christian man in his business can never ignore the fact that he is a Christian. He has repudiated the principles of the world, and, by entering the Church, has adopted the will of God as the very basis of his dealings. If he does not deal honestly, both in the spirit and the letter—if he has only an honest outside covering meanness and trickery—he is passing the line and getting over on the ground

of the world; and in doing so he is ceasing to be a force to operate against the sin, and *for* the salvation, of the world.

A Christian's business must be pervaded by the spirit of Christianity; for if his conversion is a true one it reaches, it sends its light and purity, down into the depths of his business; it withdraws him from every act or enterprise which is base in itself, and demands that even that which is lawful and right shall be baptized with the spirit of true religion.

The same is true of the pleasures of life, its amusements. If they disregard the distinction between the Church and the world, as we have explained it, they are wicked and to be denounced. And here two points are to be kept in mind: the first is, that in their principles, in their nature, our pleasures are to be on the right side of the line running between the world and the Church; that is, they are not to be the offspring of lust, of the carnal mind, but entirely conformable to the spiritual mind—such in their nature as the *spiritual mind* will not condemn.

The second point is, that even supposing the pleasure is not directly sinful, yet if advantage is to be taken of it by the world—if the world has used it and continues to use it as one of its pleasures, so that it has the name and appearance of sin—we must sacrifice our inclination for it. This is the principle of Christian expediency laid down by Paul when he says, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient;" and "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world stands." The meat here spoken of was part of what had been offered in sacrifice to idols. In reality, it was none the



worse for that, but there were weak persons who would have understood the eating of such meat to be a sanction of idol-worship, and the influence of the Christian, so eating, would have passed over to the benefit of the world.

But let us now test by these principles the question of fashionable amusements, and in doing so let us recall the inspired definition of the world or of worldliness given in the first Epistle of John, namely, "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Now the "pride of life" we will drop, as relating to matters of business and of public life as managed by the world. The other parts of the apostle's definition of the world or worldliness, namely, "the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes," must refer to the world's pleasures, its enjoyments. The "lust of the flesh" must describe the sinful gratification of our passions and appetites, the life of the natural man on its animal side; and "the lust of the eyes" must refer to those gratifications in which the eye is the chief instrument, and where vanity is fed by showing ourselves off to others, or we find our enjoyment in being spectators of their vain display. This is the character of the world, then, in its pleasures, and, of course, especially in those which are formally such. They are the means of impurely gratifying the passions, for only such gratification is lust; and they are the means of titillating the vanity, which is called by the apostle "the lust of the eyes." Whatever amusements, therefore, are animated by these "lusts of the flesh and of the eyes" are of the world, and not of, but opposed to, the Father; and whosoever loves the world, and

shows it by yielding himself to these even so-called lighter forms of "lust," is breaking away from the Church, is crossing the line into the world, is changing his position by changing his character, if, indeed, he was not already out of the Church in his heart.

Thus tested, what becomes of the theater, the actual theater, not the possible one of the possibly fanciful millennium? The Christian who attends it has for the time given his influence, if not his person, which is a temple of the living God, to "the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes." He is supporting the favorite institution of all the worst characters; and, even supposing the Christian himself to maintain his own personal purity, he is still eating the meat which is making his brother to offend. Tested by these principles, what becomes of the pretensions of the dance to be a harmless amusement? In its worst forms, the better part of the world admits it to be impure, even obscene; and in its most harmless form, where there is any mixture of the sexes, the least that can be said against it is that the secret of its pleasure is "the lust of the eyes," the variety of physical display. Can this vanity, this "lust of the eyes," be consistent with the deep purity required by Christianity? Nay, the question is already settled. This "lust" of the eyes, this showing ourselves as a feast for the eyes of others, is "of the world." The ordinary dancer, therefore, in the very act of dancing, deserts the principle that binds him to the Father, and adopts that which identifies him with the world, with that portion of mankind who hate the Father and hate Christ, though, perhaps, without being at all conscious of it—so unconscious of it as to be angry at

being told of it. The gorgeous vision of vanity blinds them ; bewildered by their earthly delight, they do not see that they have dropped their *rôle* and gone back to the world.

A similar result will follow an examination of games of chance, or the reading of bad books. The books destroy our taste for what is spiritual, and thus draw us to the wrong side of the line, and the games cultivate in us a false sense of the importance of luck and chance ; they educate us for gambling, prepare us to yield to temptation in their line, and familiarize us in sheer amusement with the very games with which gambling inflicts its dire devastating curses upon the land, and thus contribute to remove, to mitigate, the offensiveness of crime, and make it attractive. And this proximity to evil, this tampering with it, makes the line between world and Church dim, and we are in danger of forgetting that any such line exists.

Besides all this, all these forms of amusement are known as worldly ; they have *always*, in *all ages*, been claimed by the world and repudiated by the Church. And even supposing them to be of only doubtful propriety for Christians, and that the Church were even equally divided about them, yet, in the matter of duty to God and the safety of the soul, it were well to be at least strict enough. It is certain that in such amusements the world is in the majority ; it gives its own spirit to them, and they are of such a character as to suit the world exactly. The great danger is that a confusion of the boundaries between the Church and the world at such points will beget further confusion, and the Church-mem-

bers—*aye*, and the Church itself—may get out to sea so far as to lose their bearings and drift hither and thither in the company of the world, in danger of final wreck.

It will not do to say, in reply to these cautions, that “to the pure all things are pure.” The misfortune for such an argument, and indeed for us, is, that the highest attainable purity in this world is not absolute, but relative. Angels, that have no flesh and blood, and hence no earthly passions, might move through scenes of frolic and dissipation, and be in no danger of pollution ; but men and women, even the holiest, are yet encased in flesh and blood, and may be moved by temptation.

Besides, those who mingle in fashionable amusements are certainly not the purest and most advanced Christians, but rather those in whom religion has only reached the life of spiritual babyhood, and in whom even that tiny, infantile, hesitating existence is not vigorously conscious, but overlaid with worldliness, and to whom the dance, or the game of cards, or the theater, was the last feather needed to crush the camel, already overloaded, to the earth—the last step away from the Saviour and from his Church, and over the line, now faded from the dim eye, into the world.

From the very nature of the case the division between the Church and the world, instead of being destined to fade away with the progress of religion, must continue until there shall be no human being left to whom the title “world” can be justly applied, and the hitherto dividing line will become the boundary of the earth. The ideal of this separation is found

realized in the two states brought to our view, by Scripture, in the future life. In heaven are gathered only spirits that are holy—into hell, only those that are wicked. Here, in the highest perfection is the separation of the Church and the world. The principles of the Church have culminated in heaven, those of the world have found their completeness in the realm of woe; for the principles of the Church are only those of heaven in a state of growth toward perfection, and the principles of the world are those of perdition, not yet carried out to their ultimate results. These two sets of principles, thus perfected in heaven and in the regions of despair, and represented in the Church and in the world in this state of being, are, as we have said, in conflict.

That the Church may maintain the conflict effectively, as her conquests advance and multiply, she must keep her organization compact; there must be no straggling; the *esprit du corps* must be complete; all her members must be animated by one spirit; the priests at her altars must tamper with no strange fire; her sons and daughters must indulge in no pleasures not congenial to her spirit and principle; they must not be like the Israelites who did eat and drink and rose up to play—and this distinctiveness of organization in the Church must be kept up until the last worldling is brought out of the desert of the world into the companionship and green pastures of the Church. When that time shall come the Church militant shall give place to the Church triumphant, and the victories of the commonwealth of Israel on earth shall be crowned in heaven—crowned by that eternal separation between sin and holiness

which had been typified on earth in the division and struggle between the Church and the world.

We have now shown that the distinction between the world and the Church is fundamental; that it is the difference between the carnal and spiritual; nay, that at root and prophetically it is the difference between heaven and hell. The world's principle is to be without God; is, indeed, enmity to God; it is the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—carnality, or vanity, or both. The Church's principle is to be entirely devoted to God, and to have holiness for its law instead of lust.

We have seen that this diversity and contradiction of principle between the two enters into business and into every form of life; and that if a business is sinful in itself and a Christian engages in it, he goes over to the world; or if the business is lawful and proper, and he engages in it in the temper and spirit of the world, he deserts the Church in fact, whether he does it in form or not. We have also seen that the spirit of the prevalent worldly amusements is in some cases a spirit of fleshly lust, in others of vanity, or "lust of the eyes," and in still others that they are at least doubtful in their nature, tending to draw us out of the way, so that to participate in them is to breed a doubt in the public mind whether we belong to Christ or to the world.

In conclusion, we can only exhort you to keep off doubtful ground. Be sure that your conduct can bear the light of the Scriptures. Where there is a doubt, use it against your pecuniary profit or pleasure, and in favor of your soul. Do what you can to make the distinction between sin and holiness as broad and as

high as possible ; so live that saints will not be mistaken for worldlings or worldlings for saints. Let the Church be such as not to be mistaken for a pleasure market, or the temple of mammon for the Church ; so that when the Master shall come to his vineyard looking for grapes he may not have to complain that it has brought forth wild grapes, goodly in unskilled eyes, but unfit for the press.

The world, as God made it, is beautiful—a gorgeous ladder on which the feet of contemplation and prayer may rise to God. The world of mankind, which God so loved as to give his only begotten Son, is to be loved by every Christian, and its salvation is to be faithfully and lovingly sought ; each individual worldly man and woman is to be loved, as an immortal spirit ; but the world, the wicked human heart, under the control of carnal and spiritual lusts, and warring to conquer the kingdom of God, is to be resisted, and whatever is even remotely likely to compromise the Church with it, or in the least degree to bring its reign of passion in upon the Church, must be resisted at every peril. That is the world which hates Christ, and which Christians must hate.

## XI.

## THE SPIRITUAL WORLD :

IMPORTANCE OF DEEP AND ABIDING IMPRESSIONS  
CONCERNING ITS REALITY AND NEARNESS.

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For he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.—HEB. xi, 27.

THE apostle here teaches us that the faith of Moses, by which he was fitted to become the leader of Israel out of Egypt, by which through innumerable obstacles he persevered until he had finished his mission, by which he was inspired with the most astonishing courage and supported under incalculable labors, was the result of deep and abiding impressions of the reality and presence of spiritual things. He was strong and bold and persistent ; he ventured every thing and despised all opposition, because he seemed to see Him who is invisible ; that was his faith ; it was such that he realized the presence of God just as fully, just as assuredly, as if he had actually and constantly beheld him.

There is an almost universal opinion in favor of the existence of a spiritual world. That opinion has come down through ages and generations, and nothing is able to rid it of its place in the human mind. But the evil is that the opinion is too much a mere opinion, and does not make an impression corre-



spondent with its dignity and importance. What is wanted is that the existence of the spiritual world should not only be admitted, but that it should be *felt*; that it should, with its powerful influence, enter into our every-day life, as a fact quite as fully realized as trade, or commerce, or art, or science; and that it should control us with a power much greater than all of these together.

This is the point to be achieved. Now, while we confess that we walk in the midst of spiritual beings who are invisible; while we acknowledge that within the space of a moment of time there is a spiritual world into which multitudes are hourly entering; while we hold that this spiritual state, so near to us, is eternal; while we know full well that our present state is but temporary at best, and very uncertain; while we admit, further, that our present life is only a school and a trial for the spiritual state which awaits us; while we believe that God himself, the ever-blessed Father, is constantly present with us, nearer to us than our own thoughts: yet these greatest of all truths—great as God, ample as eternity—impress men generally less than the material world, less than merchandise, house, and land, and the shows and fashions of the world.

It were well to inquire into this mystery; to seek the explanation of this most monstrous contradiction; to try and ascertain how it is that the trifles of this world impress us more than the eternal realities of the spiritual world; that men impress us more than angels and spirits, and even more than God himself—earth more than heaven or hell.

Our answer to this question is that the spiritual

world approaches man under difficulties. It finds him, so to speak, surrounded and shut in by a triple inclosure of mountain barriers, great and high : first, there is the material world ; then there is his own physical nature, his body ; and finally there is his earthly, his perverted, mind. These mountain ranges are concentric about the soul of man. If he himself will rightly work, he will successively ascend these heights, and find that, once overcome, they are the ridges which elevate him to the skies—that lift him to lofty communion with the spiritual. But, on the other hand, if he himself rests contentedly shut up within these inclosures, how shall the spiritual world reach him ? Or, to drop this simile and take another, the physical world, the human body, and the mind that inhabits it, were intended to form transparent lenses in the telescope through which the human soul should see the constellation of the spiritual world, and bring them very, very near ; but when the soul is taken up with inferior things, is looking, that is, rather *at* than *through* the lenses, they become untransparent, black as so much ebony. We mean that we only see the higher world through the lower when we try to do so, when we consider earth as the means, and heaven, the spiritual world, as the end.

In other words, and all figure apart, we find the importance of deep impressions of a spiritual world magnified by their very difficulty. We contemplate the visible world both with the senses and with the intellect, whereas the spiritual world is shut out from our senses altogether ; its gates do not open ; its angels do not appear at call of sense ; it can only be entered by means of the intellect, and if the intellect, the

spirit of man, become materialized, sensualized, it is incapacitated for such flights of contemplation, for such studies and dispositions, as bring it consciously into the vicinity of the spiritual world. And this we find to be the actual state of men generally. The mind, instead of escaping from bodily trammels, and throwing off earthly weights, and rising into the certain conviction of a spiritual life, is rather loaded down under the earth and the body. From childhood we are familiar with the body and its related matter; we see it, feel it, hear it, and neither see, feel, nor hear, at least directly, the spiritual world, nor God, nor angel, nor disembodied spirit. We are scarcely conscious of that noble and glorious pair of wings with which the Creator intended we should scale the mountains of earth and explore the celestial paradise; they lie folded up within us as compactly as those of the embryo bird in the egg, and the danger is that the egg will rot and the wings perish before they can be brought to use. The great question is, How shall we reverse the order of our present action? How shall we compel the senses to fall in behind the intellect, and the intellect, shaking off the nightmare of money and fashion and passion and ambition, that has been riding it so long, direct its course to higher and nobler things, even to the spiritual?

We reply that this is to be done only by a certain course of spiritual discipline. We must rise into the realm of spirit by spiritual arguments, by spiritual contemplations, by imbibing the spiritual life, and by acting upon the infinite importance of that world.

Let us, then, further and more specifically indicate *how* deep and strong impressions of the spiritual

world are to be obtained. First, we should fortify the mind with all the arguments for the existence of that other world. We are intellectual beings, and must, therefore, have a foundation of reason to stand upon.

It would be well to reflect, for instance, that if there be no spiritual world and no future state for man, the wisdom of God cannot be vindicated in man's creation. Where would be the wisdom of making such a being as man—with such powers as he has, with his creative imagination, his power of invention, his capacity for the accumulation of multiform knowledge, his power of research into himself and into all the realms of nature and of thought, his wonderful skill in reasoning, and his power to grow indefinitely in virtue and to improve without limit in his intellect—where, we ask, would be the wisdom of creating a being with a mind wide as the sky and as beautiful, fitted to advance throughout all eternity, only to be, after all, snuffed out in death? Even human wisdom observes some proportion between means and end. A soap-bubble is made by a whiff; a toy that is to last but a day is made in a minute; a watch that is expected to last a life-time is a work of skill and pains; but if there be no future for man, the folly has been committed of a great, an infinite, waste of moral and intellectual wealth, much greater than if Phidias had chiseled his sublime statues to be destroyed the moment in which they were finished, than if Milton had committed his glorious epic to the flames when he had just written its last word.

Again, the idea that it is a possibility that there is no future world, impeaches the consistency of the Creator as seriously as his wisdom. If we are not

immortal, and destined to live when we have left the body, why has God implanted in us the wish and the hope that we shall? Whence this secret dread and this inward longing? Why have men in all ages and in all countries believed in a future state? Why have we a moral constitution which tells us of right and wrong, and points to a future in which we are to answer for the deeds done in the body? O, if we die wholly and forever when the body dies, it was not only inconsistent, but cruel beyond the worst cruelty of men, to create us with longings, wishes, hopes, and mighty arguments for eternal existence! The hope of the soul, therefore, for a future life is God's own handwriting, his internal description and promise of the coming external, eternal reality.

Again, think how God's justice is assailed by the idea that there is no future for us. If our existence here is regarded as incomplete and to be completed hereafter, all is rational and consistent with justice. Punishment and reward which are due may linger, but they must come sooner or later, or else justice is violated. Think what numbers of men have lived lives of prosperity in sin, have shed oceans of blood to gratify ambition, have gone through a hundred gory fields in triumph without a scratch, have gathered wealth from the desolated homes of poverty in unjust wars, waged, not for man, nor for justice, but for themselves, and have lived in fortune and gayety to the end of their lives! Is there no world where they shall disgorge, where they shall reap the whirlwind which they had sown in the wind? Think of the good and true, the virtuous and the God-fearing, who have wilted in poverty and oppression, who have

suffered and died under the strokes of cruel injustice, and whose goodness and suffering have here received no reward and no compensation. Is there no remuneration, no readjustment, for these? Shall not a future judgment and another world piece out the inequalities of the present state? If we are permitted to regard this world as unfinished without another, and to hold that its wanting, its missing, half lies over in the spiritual state where God shall balance human accounts in favor of suffering innocence and against guilty success, then he is just, as our nature demands he should be. But if the thread of human affairs breaks off suddenly and forever at the end of this life, let the wicked rejoice, and let suffering virtue bewail its lot, and die accusing or denying eternal justice.

There *is* another world; there is a spiritual and eternal state God's justice asserts it; his consistency demands it; the assertion of the contrary sets at naught and turns to folly infinite wisdom.

But besides these considerations and such as these, let us earnestly *reflect* upon the eternal world, upon the spiritual region, which hangs and floats and soars all about us. Let us remember that we are near it. Although we are clothed with flesh and blood, yet it is only a spirit, a ghost, that is so clothed, and it is not at all less wonderful that there should be spirits in bodies than spirits without bodies. Nay, apart from our experience, it is more probable that spirits should range the earth without flesh and blood than with them. These disembodied spirits, the holy angels, are constantly passing out from the courts of heaven into our world, are crossing the line between

the two worlds, and our friends, by death, are every moment crossing the same line into the invisible state. Who can tell what crowds, in opposite directions, are meeting and passing each other ?

Look for a moment at a man who stands on this very border-line itself, waiting for a certain darkly-clad personage to conduct him over. I remember once to have stood on the narrow point of land separating the Chesapeake Bay from the Potomac River. The ground was so narrow that I bathed one hand in the river and the other in the bay at the same moment ; the two were united by my person. Thus is it with a dying man—he touches both worlds at the same instant. One side of his life feels the mysterious breath of the spirit clime ; the other is blown on and shaken by the storms of the present. One ear hears even yet the clang of earth's discordances ; the other is closed to all save the harmonies of heaven. He is disembarking from a brief sail on a narrow river, and at the same moment launching out on the broad and boundless ocean. He is shaking hands on one side with weeping friends, as a farewell greeting, and on the other side is reaching a spiritual hand to waiting angels, who offer their salutations. Hast thou been near to the bed of the dying ? If so, thou hast been near to eternity, to the man who was just making the mysterious step into the strange land of spirits. The spirit's ear might have heard the gate close after him.

It is not needful, however, to be near the dying in order to be in the vicinity of the spiritual world. All nearness does not consist of close location. There is another thing which brings us nigh, namely, rapid

transmission, whether of intelligence or of the person. Railroads have brought Washington and Chicago nearer to each other than Washington and Philadelphia were without them ; ocean steamers have diminished the distance between the New World and the Old ; the Atlantic telegraph has connected Fifth Avenue and Regent-street like parts of the same thoroughfare ; and we may whisper across the ocean almost as easily as school children across their benches. Thus, though we cannot tell how far it is from earth to heaven, measured by miles, yet we know that messages are rapidly transmitted and answers as quickly received. And we know, too, that as the lightning on the telegraph wire makes no account of miles, so the departing Christian quickly finds his home in the skies. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, for the Lord hath said to the departing, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Nor must we forget, brethren, that by the necessity of our nature we are pilgrims toward that world of spirits. Our pilgrimage does not begin when we die. That is a new form of the journey, which ends the instant it begins. The soul had been in flight, now it folds its wings. Our very birth starts us on our journey to the spiritual world. Life is a highway—a railroad—and whether we stop at its inns for pleasure, or at its markets for traffic, still, however paradoxically, we travel on ; we only seem to stop. Life is a voyage ; the wind never ceases, is never ahead ; we make fast knots, and if we suffer shipwreck, we still reach our journey's end and find entrance into the spiritual world. In short, we are



ever moving toward our destination. Wind and tide, sails and steam, ever lend their utmost power. Whether we forget or remember, whether we act rationally or irrationally, we still move toward our destination ; and if we leap from our place in the ship or the cars, we only reach the world of spirits the earlier.

With thoughts and arguments, therefore, we must seek to establish ourselves in the persuasion, in the firm and vivid conviction, of the spiritual world—in the feeling and persuasion that such a world is near us, is all about us—until we are fully possessed with the feeling, “Thou, God, seest me ;” until we realize in our inmost soul that angels are present in the Church ; that the Church itself is only a part of a moving procession, one end of which is already on the other side of the fences of earth ; and that all that is material, though opaque in itself, is only a prism in which the glorious light of heaven is dissolved to suit the weakness of our spiritual vision.

But such a state of mind, such a conscious living among spiritual realities, such a touching of the jasper walls and door knobs of heaven with our very hands, and such talking with its inhabitants through the glorious open windows, such deep impressions of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world, cannot be achieved by any merely intellectual or logical process, no matter how profound or skillful the logic, or how creative or realizing the imagination. Argument may coolly lay the foundations in the mind ; imagination may rear the temple of belief on this foundation into a wonder of beauty and grandeur, but the soul will never tenant its own house in ear-

nest until the heart, with its feelings and its dispositions, becomes deeply interested and thoroughly penetrated.

It is no desecration of the subject to quote the old line, "It is home where the heart is." This is true in the higher, as well as in the lower, sense. The light of heaven will indeed enter through the door of the intellect, but will not remain if the heart be not interested. If the breast be cold, the divine illumination will end with the movement of the argument. If we would abide in a spiritual atmosphere, if we would feel that the world of living men, and the world of angels and disembodied spirits, interpenetrate each other, as the pure water dwells in the coarse sponge, as melody and fragrance pervade the air, as thought inhabits the brain, and love the heart, we must cherish the dispositions that are spiritual. On the keen and polished edge of our logic, among the stately and gorgeous pinnacles of our imagination, must glitter the electrical play of warm and devout affections. In other words, in words of Scripture, not many mighty men, not many of the wise of this world—who are wise or mighty after this world's fashion merely—live consciously in another world while inhabiting bodies in this. The visions of the spiritual realm are the privilege only of such as are in sympathy with it. He who has learned to regard the honor of God as higher than that of kings, who has come to feel that money is trash compared with the treasure of sanctified affections, who has been absorbed into the spirit of the divine law until his very passions largely partake of it and are controlled by it; who seeks and wins, in short, the

graces of the Spirit, "love, joy, gentleness, meekness, faith," and adds to his faith, virtue, spiritual knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, and charity; he finds these dispositions to form a charm which invites, a magnetism which attracts, the spiritual world. To have these mental traits is to have the very state of mind that makes the spiritual world real; they are the oxygen of the spiritual atmosphere in the world of the soul, without which living, divine realities can have no existence. If the soul has thus arrayed and adorned itself, if it has thus morally risen, the transformation has been effected which has conferred the new spiritual senses to which the spiritual world has disclosed its solid reality and reported its immediate presence. To be like heaven here is to be sure that heaven *is*, and to be conscious that earth is its ante-chamber.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." And wherever such a transformation has taken place, and such convictions, and such holy familiarity with the spiritual world exist, it has been effected by means of holy meditations, devout studies, and earnest prayers. Prayer wings the intellect for its heavenward flight; prayer steadies the imagination, as the ballast does the ship, and, at the same time, puts on the triple force of steam, wind, and oars; prayer is the storm that purifies the soul's firmament, and thus makes ready for the entrance of the spiritual world; prayer is the calm that clarifies, and thus lengthens, the vision of the praying soul through the peaceful elements; in short, prayer is converse with the spiritual world, and in proportion as it deepens in sincerity, rises in fervor, and into

realization, it brings the two worlds together in happy and conscious embrace.

In conclusion, allow us to glance at the natural result of such impressions of the reality and presence of the spiritual world as we have now been describing. *And first*, the effect will be *to make the future world the chief and ever present motive of our actions*. Earthliness pervades the actions of worldly men, for the earth is only present to their minds. But here to the spiritual man are all the realities of the eternal future; they have their dwelling in the mind, and are the chief weight in determining the whole conduct. How can I act the part of the worldling, with the spiritual world open to my view? If I am tempted to swerve, how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God, whom, by faith, I almost see? The man who realizes the spiritual world is, like Paul in the epistle to the Hebrews, compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, angels and glorified spirits. They look down on him from the amphitheater of heaven; he feels conscious of their gaze, and he would as soon think of doing a wicked act here in the Church, before the eyes of the congregation, as in the presence of this cloud of witnesses.

Another effect of deep impressions of a spiritual world is *to wean us more and more from sin*. When our impressions of the spiritual world were only a mere opinion, a frail opinion without roots, the outer world ruled us, and weaned us more and more from the spiritual, until indeed the spiritual was likely to be reduced to a mere figment. So when the mysterious realm of the Spirit asserted its existence, and grew more and more into reality, and came home

with warmer life to our hearts until the very angels seemed near to us, our souls were drawn off by these up-loomng spiritual things ; we were weaned away from the gay trash, and empty, tawdry rag-finery of the world. The gleaming spires of the new Jerusalem caught our view, and earthly palace and temple tumbled ; the music of paradise entered our ear, and the world's music became a great blare of discordant sound. The world's clutch of the heart was more and more loosened ; it perished more and more under the radiance of the invisible state. And as the second land of promise broke on the view, the soul cried out,

“The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest ;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest.  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound ;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crowned.

“There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace ;  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains ;  
And, glorious, with his saints in light  
Forever reigns.

“He keeps his own secure ;  
He guards them by his side ;  
Arrays in garment white and pure  
His spotless bride ;  
With groves of living joys,  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With all the fruits of paradise,  
He still supplies.”

“Hail, Abrah’m’s God and mine !  
(I join the heavenly lays,)  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.”

And now, friends, what are your deepest impressions? Have they respect to money? to pleasure? to any thing that can be measured with a foot-rule or a yardstick? that can be sounded by lead and line? to any thing that submits to the test of the senses or of earth’s philosophy? that time’s storms can wreck? that time’s moth and rust can corrupt? that time’s reptiles can poison? that the sting of death can wound? If so, if such are your strongest impressions, what are your opinions? For, if it is your opinion that the invisible and spiritual is higher and grander than the things of sense, and your ruling, your most powerful, impressions, are yet the other way, then the time is coming when this weak opinion concerning the spiritual world will rouse itself into horrid life and avenge itself. Death will show to the worldling the wickedness of believing in another world, of judging rightly, and yet having all his powerful impressions, all his controlling feelings, devoted to sense. Horrible will be the reckoning of that final hour!

But art thou, Christian brother, fully, deeply impressed with the spirit-world? Then live nearer to it; let your daily life witness your efforts to bring heaven more and more to realization in your heart, and to show it with increasing clearness in your life, a life freed from the power of every form of lust. Heaven alone is real. This world is only a shadow, shortening ever, giving refreshment or death to those who sit in it, but, like other shadows, passing away.

## XII.

## EASTER JOY.

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Saying, the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—  
LUKE xxiv, 34.

WHAT a morning for the disciples of Jesus was that of the first Easter! Death had come down like a blight on all their prospects. He whom they had followed and honored as the Messiah had fallen by the hand of treachery and violence, aided by judicial authority. The King of Israel had been accused and put to death as a malefactor. The women of his train had seen him perish like a criminal on the cross; they had followed him with hopeless sorrow to the sepulcher to embalm him. The men of his company were scattered like frightened sheep.

They were ignorant of the nature of their Lord's kingdom. They supposed it had been his aim to set up again the Jewish monarchy with greatly increased magnificence. So deep was their darkness, that when Jesus said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," and again, "The Son of man must be put to death and rise again from the dead," his meaning did not dawn upon their souls. They perhaps set these things down among the spiritual mys-

teries in which their Master so frequently indulged. His death was like a sudden putting out of the lights in a splendid picture-gallery. The rising glory of the new Messianic kingdom in which his friends were to be honored and his enemies punished was snuffed out in a moment, and the whole body of the disciples were stunned and left in the dark to grope their way they knew not how or whither.

Jesus lay dead and buried. The Roman seal was on his grave, and the guard watched it. A brief career of unheard-of brilliancy and of glorious promise had apparently ended in dishonor. But who can depict the change which Sunday morning brought? The disciples, male and female, were overwhelmed with disappointment and despair, but they had not lost their love for the Master. Early on Sunday morning, as the sun began to streak the East, Mary Magdalen and the other women were at the sepulcher, and so were Peter and John. How could Mary forget the love which forgave so much? How could Peter forget the Lord whom in his extremity he had so basely denied? How could John forget the bosom on which he had so delighted to lean, now cold on the floor of the sepulcher? Here they were, and what strange developments awaited them! The sepulcher is open, the body is gone, the angels are here to utter the magic word "Risen." Ay, and, most wonderful, Jesus himself appears!

Easter has dawned on the world. From the East the natural sun is just coming up. The East is the land of the morning. Easter is the new morning of the world now dawning out of the Lord's open sepulcher. What palace of king or temple of wealth or



art is so glorious as was the grave that morning! That morning not only came heaven down to earth, but it entered the grave, and ceiled and paved and wreathed it with celestial glory

And when that word, "He is risen," reached the disciples, one after another, in humble cottage, in market-place, in the temple, in Jerusalem, in Bethany, in Nazareth, in Capernaum, what a joy it stirred! what a sense of triumph it awakened!

We call your attention to the joy of that morning. Our theme is the *joy of Easter*.

First of all, *it is the joy of victory*. The ministry of our Saviour on earth was of the nature of a contest. On the one side were the powers of darkness, represented by the scribes and Pharisees, with the civil authorities, arraying on their side the wealth, the social position, the learning, the fashion, the cunning, and the corruption of the world. Of these forces the god of this world was the master and leader. On the other side was Jesus, with the few obscure friends he had gathered about him.

He had come into the world professedly to set up a new kingdom, whose law was to be truth, whose life purity and justice, and whose bond of union not power, but love. To support his royal pretensions this king claimed a divine character. He professed to be invested with all the attributes of deity. Speaking of the eternal Father in connection with himself, with strange boldness he said "We:" "We are one." He demanded that all men should honor him even as they honored the Father. And yet his power, as he used it in the great struggle with his foes, was clothed in the lowliest form. In contrast with

his claim to be universal king, he was the reputed son of a carpenter; he was destitute of the world's learning; he was poor, not having a place where to lay his head; he had his friends and companions among the lowly and ignorant. His alleged divine power revealed itself, indeed, in splendid forms; but the splendor was moral. He went out against his enemies not with shield and spear, not with horses and chariots, not with the noise of battle and with garments of warriors rolled in blood, but with the weapons of moral wisdom. His words were weightier and sharper than drawn swords in assailing error; they were sweeter than honey and brighter than the sun to the heart of the disconsolate. His *extempore* discourses were words for all coming ages; they shot down to the last times, the older the brighter. "He spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The people said, Surely "never man spake like this man." He overwhelmed his enemies, and left them speechless under the loving blows of his heavenly philosophy and logic.

But, instead of being convinced, they only gnashed their teeth, and watched the more eagerly that they might entangle him in his talk. To his moral wisdom he added a sublime purity of life, which defied the microscope of the most malicious criticism. He combated them lovingly and tenderly, at once with the holiness and the wisdom of heaven. But they cared for none of these things. Their hearts under his sermon on the mount, under his parables, under his heavenly life, remained cold as a stone.

To his moral wisdom and purity he added supernatural powers. We can conceive of these powers

being employed differently from what they were. Elijah, in his contest with the priests of Baal, overwhelmed the enemies of the living God with physical force. The fierce anger of the prophet, like the fire that fell from heaven, and licked up the water from the trenches about the altar, and consumed wood and sacrifice, fell on the priests of Baal and destroyed them with great slaughter. Nay, even in New Testament times one Elymas, the sorcerer who withstood the right ways of the Lord, was struck blind by a single word of an apostle, and Ananias and Sapphira were smitten dead by superhuman power.

Even Jesus himself, when set upon in Gethsemane by a lawless band, and arrested, alluded to the use of miraculous power for the purpose of personal defense, while his enemies raged around him like wild beasts ; and when Judas had just handed him over to his foes with that kiss of immortal infamy, Peter drew his sword to defend him, but Jesus said to Peter, "Thinkest thou not that I could call to my Father, and he would send me twelve legions of angels?" There spoke the Son of God ; his ideas of power go beyond armies and earthly judgment seats. He sees the array of supernatural powers, the ranks of mighty beings that wait in mid-air to do the heavenly bidding ; but his kingdom is one of moral forces ; truth, mercy, love, and purity shall war for him. The word to Peter is, "Put up thy sword. We shall continue the contest as we began it. I have used, and will continue to use, miraculous power against my foes, but it shall be in gentlest forms of love and mercy."

It is quite likely that if Jesus, instead of parables, and gentle and compassionate entreaty, had launched a thunderbolt or two now and then among the Pharisees and Sadducees, among the pompous scribes and the self-conceited lawyers, and had made a few of them bite the ground in sudden and terrible death—it is very likely such arguments might have been quite convincing. Multitudes would have been converted. But such conversions, the result of physical force, are not what Christianity seeks. Rome has tried this method of forcible persuasion, and worn it out. Her children were born to her from the wheel and the rack, and hence she was hated as a maternal monster. She demanded confession with fire and fagot, and received in response from the brave, defiance, from the cowardly a craven lie. She would fight the powers of darkness with their own weapons, and hence won only worldly and diabolic victories.

Not thus did Jesus conduct the contest. When he would use his supernatural powers against his foes, his divinity is yoked with the gentlest, tenderest aims. He touches the dead visual nerve, and Bartimeus sees ; he puts the music of speech into the dumb throat, and awakens the echoes once more in the slumbering labyrinths of hearing. Does he use the power of the Creator in turning a few loaves and fishes into abundant stores of food ? it is only when his heart is moved with pity for the hungry and fainting multitude. Does he rebuke the very elements and chain the sea into stillness by a word ? it is only when his disciples are trembling with apprehension, and appealing, “ Lord, carest thou not that we perish ? ”

Thus in love, wisdom, and power Jesus warred for the establishment of his kingdom. He brought to bear against the blindness, prejudice, earthliness, lust, ambition, avarice, of his age—against Pharisee and Sadducee—against Jew and Gentile—the wisdom and the power of heaven. He piled up the arguments of inspiration and miracle until the rising heap scraped and shook the very stars of heaven. He threw all around his path the gorgeous jewels of heavenly truth; the dust of his tread was the seed of immortal beauty, and the flowers that sprang from it shall never die. Before him fled the evil spirits, exorcised at his word; behind him rang the peans and flowed the tears of the poor and the sick. He had blessed and healed, and all around him was a moral halo, which attested that he had come forth from his Father; and *yet* his foes were not won over. Sometimes the common people heard him gladly; once they were so far carried away by a fit of enthusiasm that they would fain have caught him and made him a king. On one occasion, so high rose the popular admiration, that a triumphal entrance into Jerusalem was awarded him; the people set him on an ass, scattered palm branches in his path, and spread their garments before him, and the very children, shouting Hosanna, bade him welcome to his kingdom as the son of David. But all this was short-lived. His enemies looked on with increasing spite, and continued to work and plot.

The contest deepened. Jesus is approaching the hour and power of darkness. Judas betrays him. The mockery of a trial whitewashes a murderous sentence. He dies a dishonoring death, and finally

is buried. "The stone guards the sepulcher, the Roman seal guards the stone, and the soldiers guard the seal." Scribe and Pharisee, high-priest and Sadducee, gnash their teeth and hiss, "Victory ! victory ! We have made an end of the son of the carpenter ; we will have no beggar for our king. Sleep quietly, son of Mary !"

But softly : the end of the contest is not yet, though near at hand. The Marys weep, with their love as their sole legacy. The disciples are all like Peter when he was sinking in the sea, only that there is no Master at hand to reach them the needed aid. They have ventured all, and lost. Hold ! not so. He that emptied the grave of Lazarus can vacate his own. The last and worst thing his enemies could do to him was to take his life ; but what folly in them to consider that a victory ! in his disciples to think it a defeat ! What was death to him ? He accepted the opiate of the cross and the sleep of the tomb, and rested until the third day.

Then, at the moment of apparently confirmed defeat, the tide of battle turned, and Victory ! victory ! resounded among the scattered, astonished, and now reviving disciples. The joy of the first Easter was the joy of victory, the more glorious because unlooked-for, both among the foes and friends of the risen Jesus.

The joy of Easter is not only the joy of victory, it is also *the joy of a glorious, heroic consistency*. It is a sad word when one passing by shall look on us and say, "Ye began to build, but were not able to finish." It is a cutting rebuke, when we deserve it, to be taunted with, "Ye did run well ; who did hin-

der you that ye should not obey the truth ? ” “ Consistency,” as the word is, “ is a jewel,” provided always it be genuine.

There is, indeed, a mere mechanical consistency which labors most painfully to present the aspect of a dead level of uniformity in the life ; which calls all improvement change, and all revolution, whether in principle or action, vacillation. Such consistency clings ever to the dead past, and, denouncing advancement as innovation and folly, dies in the ruts in which it was born. If such people had been heeded, the world would still have been traveling at the rate of three miles an hour instead of thirty, pins and needles would still have been made with hammer and tongs, steam and lightning would have remained still undomesticated, Columbus and Watt and Fulton would have died in madhouses, and Luther and Calvin and Wesley would have been knocked on the head and put out of the way as soon as they appeared. That proud, suicidal consistency, whose very sustenance is its deadliest poison, would have been preserved, and what a world we should have had—if indeed by this time we had had any !

True consistency is bold. It is the father of innovation, the generator of wholesome and purifying revolutions. It is logical, because honest. It sees new results of the old truths, and boldly accepts them. Such consistency has always marked the heroes and martyrs of our race. This is eminently true in religion. When the Church has buried herself under her accumulating forms and forgotten their meaning ; when she has strangled truth in its gorgeous robes, her heroes have looked through the raiment of ages

and seen the life and blood of truth, and set themselves to develop and liberate it ; but straightway they have been branded and hunted and sacrificed as heretics, as introducers of new doctrines. Not so ; they had only got to the kernel of the old truth, and shown it to men with its disfiguring covering stripped off, and in new and glorious applications.

When such a conspicuous example of noble manhood has come on the stage, how interesting it has been to watch his development ! As we follow his career, either on the page of history or in the unfolding drama of the present, how anxious we are that the end may not blast the promise of the noble beginning and midway progress. If he weakly falters, and, having begun in the spirit ends in the flesh—falls from the steep of glory which he had more than half way climbed—how we sicken in contemplating the mangled wreck !

Richard Cobden, who died bemoaned by the friends of freedom throughout the world, was the champion of human rights in England. He spent his life laboring to improve the condition of the masses. He stood side by side with the poor. When he rose to power the aristocratic party tried to buy him. Twice did they offer him a place in the cabinet. To accept would have been to sell out and come down from his lofty position. Had he done so his humiliation would have sent a pang to every heart that loved mankind. He nobly refused. He had met hostility ; he could also withstand craft and blandishment and bribe, and his nobly-sustained consistency yields even now a thrill of joy to all hearts in sympathy with human rights.



Or, to change the sphere of the illustration, suppose grand old Luther had wilted before the Emperor at the Diet of Worms, and signed a recantation ! How painful is the very thought ! In that case Luther had not been Luther. There would then have been no Luther in Church history. But no ; he said, "Convince me out of the holy Scriptures." They could not, and there he stood, a single monk against two empires, the secular and the spiritual, greater and stronger than both of them. And there he stands yet, grown into a great mountain, rugged, volcanic, explosive, rich with the trophies of battered Rome, and crowned with the gratitude of all the Reformed Churches.

But the joy of Easter is the joy of a still higher consistency. Jesus, to the Jews of his day, was also an innovator. They had made void the law with their traditions. They saw their expected Messiah through eyes of greed and ambition. He must, in their view, be a plumed warrior and a sceptered prince. Jesus would not be such, and yet he would be Messiah, King. He warred with their errors to the last, and died.

But the death which in other heroes of men was the noble end of a consistent life seemed inconsistent in him, or at least it would become inconsistent if he remained under the dominion of death. He had said he must rise from the tomb. He had said he had power to lay his life down and to take it again ; ay, more than that, he was the Lord of the living and the dead ; the world was made by him, and he was in the beginning with God. He had declared he would judge the world, gathering all nations at his bar as a

shepherd gathers his flocks. And shall he remain in the grave like one of his own creatures? Other miracle-workers, doing their work in the name of another, might sleep on in the dust of death; but Jesus, who wrought miracles in his own name, and had miracles wrought in his name by others, must vindicate his claim to be Lord of life. No sign of mortality or weakness must *abide* with him. He must carry the burdens of humanity, but he must also triumph over, purify, and immortalize them. He must end his earthly pilgrimage as he began it. Angels sung and new stars glittered at his birth; wind and sea obeyed him, wine and bread sprang into being at his word, disease blushed into health before him, and death trembled at his approach; the sun veiled himself, and the holy of holies *unveiled* itself, and the saints that slept in their graves arose, when he gave up the ghost.

O how fittingly, how grandly, was such a life crowned by the miracle of Easter! Without that the King had received every honor but his crown; without that the last link in his divine genealogy had been lacking; without that the last verse had been wanting to the epic of his life, the last stanza to the triumphant lyric of the Church.

O, if Jesus had continued in the grave, your faith and our preaching had been vain! that grave would have cast the cold shadow of doubt back on all his glorious life! But as it is, the miracle of Easter makes Christ's tomb to flame with light and to illuminate all that went before. It was the consistent end of his earthly life.

The joy of Easter, again, is a *joy of death*. Herein

is a paradox. How can there be a joy of death? and how can the resurrection be that joy? We answer, first of all, the cross saves us. It tells of vicarious dying. But if Jesus did not rise, if there was no glorious Easter after the mournful Good Friday, then Jesus died for himself alone. It is the miracle of the resurrection that lifts the cross above a common instrument of suffering, and converts it into an altar on which is expiated the world's guilt. The sepulcher illuminates the cross, and through the sepulcher a fitting sacrifice ascends to the most holy place to present its wounds on our behalf. But the resurrection is also the joy of death in a more general sense. It is the joy of death in the case of all the good. If Jesus' resurrection is the proof and pledge of ours; if because he rose we shall rise and follow him into the glorious state of holy immortals, then death becomes a blessing and a charm. It is the gate to the Celestial City. Its workmanship is heavy; its bronze bars and panels are dark; it has no windows through which we may see the glories beyond; its opening may be a painful process, sending the jar of its hoarse creak through all the dissolving members; but shall all this hinder our entrance to our Father's mansion? It will only enhance the sweetness of the prospect when once it is opened and our delighted spirits have entered.

What is wanted is a distinct faith in Christ's resurrection. Such a faith Paul had—he had seen his risen Lord; he had been in the third heaven; he said he had a desire to depart; he declared to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord; he said death *belonged* to the Christian. When we

remember that Paul, in the life of danger which he led, lived, as it were, right at the door of death, and knew so well what lay on the other side, the wonder is how he could content himself to remain in the body. And, indeed, he was only content to remain as a duty. He desired to go. That is, as far as he dared he courted death, and waited for it as a great gain. To him it was no more than to "be unclothed that he might be clothed upon."

This is the view taken of death by those who have most thoroughly imbibed the Christian idea of its meaning. It is transformed into a glorious personage, radiant and friendly, ready, with smiling face and open arms, to hand believers into the waiting chariot.

With such views as these death would lose all its terror; the day of death would be waited for as our own particular Easter. Why not? If to die is to be glorified; if it be to see Jesus, to leave pain, to end doubt, to be quit of sin and of temptation; if it is to be crowned forever, why not go to death as to our highest joy? Why not covet it, and as we do the work of life be cheered by its light, and wait with pleasure till it come? This was the feeling of Charles Wesley when he wrote that strange but beautiful hymn beginning, "Ah, lovely appearance of death." This hymn has been severely criticised, and the last editors of our Hymn Book have very unwisely omitted it. Only suppose the writer, or *any* Christian, to be thoroughly penetrated with the thought of the glory to which only death can introduce him, and death at once assumes a friendly face, and grows even more beautiful as it is more looked at.

But hear a verse or two of Wesley's hymn :

“ Ah, lovely appearance of death !  
What sight upon earth is so fair ?  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
Can with a dead body compare.  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.

“ How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind !  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind !  
Of evil incapable, thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.”

If one should see vividly the glory to which death alone can introduce him, surely the instrument would catch some of the glory and beauty.

The joy of Easter, then—the joy of Christ's rising—is the joy of his victory, the joy of a sublime and heroic consistency, the joy of death itself.

But, brethren, has the joy passed away with the first Easter? By no means. It did not all belong to the few who saw Jesus after his resurrection. The victory is permanent ; the consistency between his sublime life and his resurrection is as glorious now as when it was first said, “ He is not here ; he is risen.” The glorifying of death in the very dominion of the grave is as real now to Christian faith as it was at first to the eyes of Mary Magdalen or to the hands of Thomas.

As the resurrection of the Master gave new mean-

ing and power to the words of Christ for those who had heard them from his own mouth, so now it pours brightness on the Old Testament which Christ quoted, on the Gospels which he uttered, and on the epistles of those who had seen the Lord, and who show in every word that they are writing under the inspiration of the vision and certainty of the great fact. Yes, brethren, the joy of Easter, the power of the resurrection, pervades the testimony of the sacred books. No one can read the New Testament without seeing both that the disciples were as certain of the resurrection of our Lord as of their existence, and that they were perfectly conversant with the facts to which they testify.

The joy of Easter to-day, as at the first, gives us humanity glorified above weakness; a human prince over the Church—not at Rome, but at Jerusalem; not at the earthly, but at the heavenly Jerusalem; not a Pope, but a God—robed in the body that slept in the tomb of the Arimathean Joseph. This hour the joy of Easter shines in every Christian grave-yard, in every Christian sick-room, and gilds all Christendom with the light and hope of a distinct personal immortality.

All hail, imperishable joy of Easter! thy morn is the brightest of the year. Thy first dawning ushered in a new age. Then began the Sun of Righteousness, coming up with healing in his wings, traveling in the greatness of his strength, to draw the attention and homage of the world to his majesty. All hail, thrice hail, joy of Easter! with thy glory is glorified the cross, and every word and holy deed of Scripture.

The souls of God's people realize thee in a spiritual

sense. The risen Lord is risen within them, and they with him are risen to newness of life. The outer Easter is the figure of the inner ; the glory of the risen Lord strikes inward, and the soul on its Easter-wings mounts up to worship the ascended Lord.

### XIII.

## NOT WORKS, BUT MERCY, THE GROUND OF SALVATION.

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Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.—TITUS iii, 5, 6.

FROM this epistle it would appear that Titus, the person to whom it was addressed, had been left in the island of Crete, to control the Churches which had there been established. The epistle consists mainly of directions as to how the affairs of these Churches shall be managed. First, Church officers shall be appointed, who shall be men of wisdom and of goodness, able to stop the mouths of the disputatious Jewish converts. Next Titus is directed how to deal with different classes of private Christians, with the aged and young of both sexes, with the slaves, and with the public authorities, to whom Christians are to be obedient in every thing good. And, finally, rules are given for the treatment of the people of the world generally, those, namely, who are not Christians : “ Speak evil of no man ; be no brawlers,” no noisy, insolent braggarts ; but be gentle, showing all meekness unto all men. To this most proper behavior the brethren are to be exhorted and urged by reminding them, not flatteringly, that naturally they are not better than their heathen neighbors ; that, like these



heathen neighbors, they were formerly "foolish, disobedient, lustful, malicious, hateful, and hating one another." And if it is now different with them, it is nothing for them to boast of; the change in them is not by works of righteousness which they have done, but by God's own mere mercy, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; or, as the text expresses it, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

The thought of the apostle evidently is the humiliating one that we are saved, not by good works, but by mercy; that is, he states the doctrine of the ground of our salvation negatively and positively. Let us try and get fully into the meaning of these two thoughts.

First, then, salvation is not by good works—"not by works of righteousness which we have done."

Our first remark on this negative proposition is, that the Scriptures every-where repudiate the idea of salvation by human merit, whether of character or of works.

One of the most striking proofs of this assertion is to be found in the institution of sacrifice, as we see it in the Old Testament. This institution does not begin with Moses, but must be traced back to our first parents, immediately after the fall. Abel brought an offering of the firstlings of his flock, thus confessing his sin and helplessness, and Noah offered a sacrifice upon coming out of the ark; and all the way from that infant period down to the times of Christ, sacrifices did not cease to be offered. With his sacrifice all others ceased, for his was the meaning and fulfillment of all others.

Now, what was the meaning of these animal sacrifices? Was it not a divinely commanded confession that the offerer, in his own person, was guilty and helpless? that he could not save himself from guilt and condemnation by his own exertions? And did he not place the life of the animal in the stead of his own forfeited life? He was not saved by the offering as an act of his own, but was exempted from death by substitution. Another life is put in place of his. True, these animal sacrifices were only types of the great sacrifice.

Now, this view will become still more striking when we remember that the saints of the olden time are never said to have been justified by their own righteousness. The most eminent of them, Job, Abraham, David, Daniel, were all required to present their sacrifices. These sacrifices might be hypocritically employed, and thus become an abomination to the Lord; but they were none the less essential to the sincere and true-hearted. By the law of Moses the pardon depended, not on the general good life, but on the sacrifice.

The voice of the New Testament is to the same effect. Paul, besides going back to the Old Testament, explaining it, and showing that salvation was by grace, through faith, and not by works, even at the first after the fall—besides declaring that Abraham was justified, not by works, but by faith, as men are now—goes on to show clearly, and in many places with great fullness, the impossibility of being saved by good works. “By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.” Indeed,

in innumerable ways and cases the apostle shows that all men as sinners are under condemnation, and can be delivered only by an act of divine mercy. Our own works he rejects, and contemptuously calls "our own righteousness," and finds comfort only in the righteousness of faith in Christ.

The only apparent exception to this view in the New Testament is to be found in the Epistle of James, where he is showing the vanity of a faith which brings forth no good fruit. "Show me," says he, "thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. Thou believest that there is one God ; thou doest well : the devils also believe, and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead ?" Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he offered Isaac his son upon the altar ?" And still further in the same strain. The difficulty here is that justification is used in a different sense from that in which Paul uses it. By justification Paul means pardon of sin ; by the same word James means a proof of the genuineness and sincerity of profession, that is, a justification of his faith. Hence he says : "Seest thou not how Abraham's faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect ?" That is, Abraham's faith was proven before the world to be a true faith by his works ; it was plainly no pretense. His faith justified his soul, but his works justified, that is, vindicated, his faith.

For example, if a man professed to be a true patriot, and yet should be found in a rebellion fighting against his country, we should remind him that love in word must be backed by love in *deed*, otherwise we should

more than suspect its genuineness. But no one would understand us by such a rebuke to assert that love has its root in the acts instead of the heart. It is the heart that feels love, that enjoys love ; but the actions must prove it to other people. So with faith. It roots itself in the heart, but proves itself in action. By faith, a deed of the heart, we are justified before God without the deeds of the law ; but before men we can only be justified by works. We are justified by faith, but our faith is authenticated by works, and thus, as St. James teaches, our works co-operate with our faith, and prove that we have really been justified.

That we are not justified by works is as clearly the teaching of reason as of the Bible. Let us see if this is not so.

And, first, does there not seem to be a wonderful disproportion between the very best possible life on earth of a mere man and life eternal ? Is it possible in the eye of reason that any man, however spotless, however heroic in virtue and sacrifice, could in less than a hundred years earn, as a matter of justice, the infinite and eternal bliss of heaven ? Why, how much can a man do in his little life ? How many good deeds ? Why, they could be counted on the fingers ! All we could say, at the furthest, is that he shall have as many good things done to him—he should be repaid, he should get back what he has laid out. And how much of heaven would that be ? Why, to think of buying heaven with the best possible human life is as if a little child should gather up his broken toys and pieces of china and glass, and offer it as the price of farms or splendid palaces.

So far is it from being true that sinful men are saved

by good works, that even holy beings who have never fallen are not saved by good works. The love and goodness of God created them perfectly holy. In that state they are already saved, and their good works are the constant evidence, not the cause, of their salvation. We cannot conceive that there is such merit in the life of an angel that he could earn heaven by an earthly life of threescore years and ten.

But if works could save us, let us try and imagine how it might be done. It must be effected in one of three ways, if at all. Either our whole life, inward and outward, must be pure, or else we must be accepted because our good deeds outweigh our bad ones ; or, finally, because there is merit in our good works, be they fewer or more than our bad ones, to atone for the bad. Let us examine these several propositions.

First, then, is any one saved on the ground of absolute purity, inward and outward ? on the ground that all his acts, visible and invisible, proceed from motives perfectly pure and good, and from a nature without a spot of defilement from which his actions could possibly take a taint ?

If this is the case with any one he is like the un-fallen angels ; he does not need to be saved ; he is saved already. But where is the soul, except the Son of Mary, upon whom no stain of inward impurity has ever come ? What says the conscience of each in the Divine presence ? What says the memory ? Ah, what sad and bitter images of the past come up ! and what a painful consciousness of the present !

Or where even is the person who has kept the

outer life right, and never committed actual sin? Let such a one dare to come forth and set up his claim. Perhaps there is no man in the world bold enough to venture. The very stones would cry out, the heavens would blush for him, and the fiends of perdition would grow impatient of their prey. Nay, brethren, the very saints may be challenged in the words of Christ: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Good works, in this sense, are impossible. A Unitarian, or even a Pharisee, would not claim salvation on this ground.

Our second supposition of salvation by works was, that our good and evil might be weighed against each other in the last day, and that if the good outweighed the bad we might be saved.

But where do we get this? Is it thus the law of nature deals with men? Does it say, This man played the glutton and drunkard only three days out of every seven, therefore he shall escape the penalty? Does it say of a certain farmer, He plowed and sowed and spread his fertilizers and harrowed in due season; he only neglected to put and keep up his fences; therefore, as most of his work was done right, it shall all be right at harvest?

Does the law of the land say, This man only committed murder two or three times during his life; he shall, therefore, not suffer; he refrained from killing more frequently than he killed? The bank clerk only robbed the bank vault once; if that be weighed against years of honesty it must go in his favor?

Alas! alas! my brethren, the law knows no such balance-striking—neither the human nor the divine law, neither the law of nature nor of revelation. Its

language is, "Thou art weighed in the balance;" not thy good against thy evil, but thy whole self against the weight of infinite justice, truth, and holiness; and the wages of sin, any sin, however small, is death. Nature strikes no balance, nor human law, nay, nor divine.

But the third view which may be taken of good works as a ground of salvation is that, although our nature is sinful, and we have also sinned in act, and although there is no balancing of sin against righteousness and deciding by their respective quantities, yet there may be a merit in our good actions to atone for the bad, and thus leave it fitting that we should be saved. But this can only be upon the supposition that our good actions, all of them, are not already due to the law, and that we can do more in a given time than duty. If they are due, and we take them away from one part of life to supply the defects of another, we only take the stones from one part of the fence to build another part; we do not put a piece of new cloth into an old garment, and thus make the rent worse, but we cut a piece out of the back to patch a great hole in front. We act like a dishonest clerk, who, to pay back stolen funds, steals more bags, or like the silly fellow who lengthened his blanket at the bottom with a piece cut off from the top.

People who take this view are unconscious that while they affect to despise all superstition, especially Romanism, they are practicing upon the Romish doctrine of supererogation. They are fancying that they can, at a given time, do more than their duty, and so have something to put back to a part of their lives which fell below duty.

Thus it is that nuns and monks, by the austerities of the cell, by fasting, self-flagellations, sleeping on the ground, watching, etc., expect to wipe out the sins of their youth. Thus it was that the cruel, blood-thirsty, avaricious, ambitious, lustful old barons and princes of the Middle Ages thought to atone for their lives of brutal violence by giving away on their deathbeds large sums of money to found or support monasteries or to build churches. Thus was Luther employed at Rome in climbing Pilate's staircase when the inner voice first spoke and said, "The just shall live by faith;" thus Wesley was employed when the Moravians came, and thus you are employed when you fancy that your steady, uniform life in middle or old age, when your fiery passions have cooled down, can obliterate the sins of the past. We read in English literature of a certain nobleman imbruing his hands in the gore of an innocent guest, and asking, "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" and replying to his own question, "No! this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnardine, making the green one red." So may it be with us. We do but walk in our sleep, but in our vain dream we fancy that our spotted hands are clean—that we have purified them in waters of our own mixing—and think not of the Fountain in the house of David that alone can wash them white.

But, finally, on this point, suppose we have not resorted to these subterfuges, but fully believe and admit that salvation is not possible by works; still with how many does a feeling yet linger, a hope, that we are not bad enough to be condemned to eternal death! But remember, the condemned man never



agrees to his own sentence. Even when the judge has pronounced his doom he still hopes to escape ; and he may, for human tribunals are sometimes in error in judgment, or weak in execution. But the word of the Eternal who shall reverse ?

If, then, good works are not the ground of human salvation, what is ? The answer is here, in the text : "According to his mercy he saved us." God hath concluded all under sin, and there is nothing left for any one but mercy. This was the plea of an apostle, who tells us that he too "obtained mercy." This was the plea of the publican : "God be merciful to me a sinner !" Look at the poor debtor in the parable ; he has not a cent, and yet he owes ten thousand talents, a sum so great that his life is not worth a hundredth part of the interest. Mercy alone can meet his case. His is every sinner's case.

But how does this mercy come ? in a way to contradict or ignore justice or law ? By no means. There is, after all, great truth at the bottom of this error of the merit of good works. Men feel, in reason, that those who have forfeited life and salvation must recover it, if at all, justly. The law must be upheld. And, although man cannot be saved except on the ground of mercy, yet he must not be saved at the expense of justice ; to lift man up must overturn eternal order.

Just here, then, we meet, in the text, with the foundation of justice on which this mercy rests : "According to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Yes, here it is again, the ever-

reiterated doctrine of salvation by the atonement, the process of which is the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. The demands of justice are met by the great sacrifice of Calvary, and the demands of purity by the Holy Ghost, the sanctifying Spirit making us into new creatures.

Now what have we taught in the lesson of the hour? We have shown that the Old Testament repudiates the possibility of salvation by human merit; the law saves none, but condemns all. This was seen in the institution of sacrifice, and by the fact that the virtues of the greatest saints are never pleaded as meritorious. We have seen that the New Testament teaches the same truth still more plainly, and that human reason falls in with the verdict of Scripture. We have seen that men cannot be saved on the ground of their own perfect holiness, nor by weighing their good against their evil deeds, nor by making their virtues atone for their sins. Finally, we have seen that the only ground of salvation is mercy—mercy, however mysteriously made consistent with strictest law through the sacrifice of Christ. Only about the cross do mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other.

Allow a few reflections in conclusion. And, first, if salvation is from a merit outside of us, even from the cross of Christ, then even the best and the noblest have nothing to brag of. What good there is in them is from the cross, and even that has suffered in transplanting, and is so imperfect as to constitute no ground of justification. This is the confession of the best in all ages, and especially when they have

come to give their dying testimony. On Thursday I visited a sister in Christ, a member of this Church, who is dying. Her triumph in death is complete. A few days ago she was visited by a friend, who said to her, "No matter whether you say any thing in your last sickness or not, your past life is enough." She was wounded—for her Lord, not for herself; the tears came to her eyes, and she said, "O, don't speak in that way of my poor life! my sole dependence is that of a poor sinner, on the atonement of Jesus." Thus is it ever with the redeemed on earth, and so it will continue through eternity, in heaven. Before the throne they do not celebrate their own goodness, but their song is, "Glory to Him who hath redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." In heaven, as on earth, the saved have nothing which they have not received.

Again, if salvation is not of works, but of mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord, the most extreme cases are not without hope. Suppose you are one of the very worst class of sinners, there is still no cause to despair. It is not a question of the amount of sin to be pardoned. Where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded; where sin reigned, grace hath reigned on a higher throne. Jesus was the friend of publicans and sinners; he pardoned Mary Magdalen; he took Zaccheus, the publican, into fellowship, and wound up life by forgiving the dying thief. Outwardly we shall find none of these classes in my congregation. We are all respectable. But judged by the heart, by the secret experiences, by vile passions and equally vile deeds known only to ourselves, we may be fitting companions for the worst.

To such—who feel that they add hypocritical concealment to the meanest vices and sins ; who carry high heads before men and black hearts before God ; whose hearts, under an orderly exterior, are wrestling with the memory of the basest wrongs and the foulest corruptions—to such even, thank heaven ! there is hope. We save not ourselves ; Jesus saves. He saves from all sin, all kinds of sin, and all amounts of sin. He will deliver thee from the grinding *mountain* of thy guilt as easily as he saves an infant.

Still further, if our own merit cannot save us, there is even hope for an aged person worn out in the service of sin. Your life is a bleak desert, with no oasis in it, except far back yonder in your infancy ; all the way between that green and flowery spot and your stiff old age your retrospect beholds only barrenness and blackness. You cannot bear to look back. There is nothing to commend you to God. Nay, the dread picture smites you in the face, and blinds you with scalding tears or bewilders you with dismay. This comes of retrospect. But if you look forward you see a cold blank or an eternity of woe, according to your faith. In such a case, what a boon is it to be told that salvation is possible ; that it is obtainable for the simple, naked asking ; that a poor, worn-out thing, exhausted, used up in the service of the world and in the mistaken service of self, may be saved too, and, with the young or with the strong, who have borne the heat and burden of the day of life, may be washed and placed in the bosom of God ! It is even so. It is not of works, not at all of works. What is wanting is one touch, by faith, of the cross,

whether it be by the rosy fingers of youth, or by the shriveled and palsied hand of age.

Once more, in this vein. If salvation is not by works, but by mercy, then we need not wait. I once sat by the bedside of a sweet young man, wasting rapidly away with consumption. He seemed to be penitent, but his position was a fearful one. On the edge of the fresh and waiting grave, alarmed at the future, who could tell whether his sorrow for sin were real, or only alarm in view of its consequences? My position was more than delicate; it was painful. Should I preach salvation to him as a present blessing? I reasoned, Salvation is not of works, but by faith, and if so, it is now. I ventured. I said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, believe now." I shall not soon forget the look of that wan, eager face as he said, "O, not now!" My heart burned, but did not falter. I said, "Yes, now; it is not faith in yourself, but in Christ who has wrought out salvation for every soul of man; yes, believe on him *now*;" and he did believe, and rejoiced to his dying hour.

Thank heaven, my dying people! salvation does not require waiting—no, not a moment. You need not wait another day. Nay, you need not leave this house unsaved. We boldly assert that you may be saved this moment, while we are seeking to pour upon you the water of life. Yes, *now* wash and be clean; *now*, as you sit here thrust your hand deep into the treasury of redeeming wealth and draw forth riches. It is yours for the taking, and *now*.

In view of this doctrine of salvation solely by grace, there is no sense in standing off and saying, "I am as good as my neighbors." Such a word is irrelevant,

entirely so. It is not a question of any human goodness, either your own or your neighbor's. If you had all his goodness, with that of John, Peter, Paul, and Luther, added to your own, it were like paying a debt with the bills of a broken bank. Here only one signature passes, that of Jesus, written in his own blood. Burn your old broken bank notes; throw into the sea the books in which you have registered your good works as debts of Jehovah; take the beggars' crumbs from under the table, and Christ shall become to you enduring treasure. Stop your grumbling and petty reasonings about your nothings, and humbly choose the good part which shall never be taken away from you.

Finally, what you want is not outer reformation, but the life of Christ. Some of you have been moving in grooves like a railway car, others like a door on its hinges. What you need is nothing external, nothing merely of morals, or honesty, or decency—a Pharisee may have all these, and yet be far enough from the kingdom; you want something deeper, that carries these with it. Your first need is to be jostled out of your ruts, to be knocked off your old rusty hinges, and fairly to meet the question: "How shall a man be just with his God?" Before that question profoundly asked pressed into your breast like a probe, you will confess:

"Faded my virtuous show,—  
My form without the power;  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
And blasted every flower."

The vail of your heart will be rent, you will see your leprous face in the heavenly mirror, and, half dead

with shame, will hasten to hide in the cleft of the Rock. O, my friend, what a hiding will that be! Is your heart running thither now? Does it find rest in Christ now? O, heart of man, lift up thyself and answer, Yes!

And now, Christian brethren, one word to you: though we know that we are created anew in Christ Jesus especially unto good works, though we get a new nature *for* a new life, yet Christ's cross continues the radiant powerful center of that life.

We cannot do without good works, because the want of them would prove that we had not Christ, and because we must have them to honor Christ. Still, in the end, we shall feel like the good man who on his death-bed said, "My last act of faith I wish to be to take the blood of Jesus, as the High Priest did when he entered behind the vail: and when I have passed the vail I would appear with it before the throne."

"He sank beneath his heavy woes  
To raise me to a crown;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan."

## XIV.

## SALVATION BY WORKS.

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We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works ; which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.—  
EPH. ii, 10.

I N a previous discourse we attempted to show that salvation was not to be obtained by our good works. We showed that the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, repudiated the merit of human works, and threw us upon the mercy of God for deliverance. We further proved that what was thus clearly scriptural was equally reasonable ; that were there, indeed, a perfect human nature and a perfect life, even this could not in a few short years do good works enough to earn the eternal bliss of heaven. We further showed, however, that there never had been such a perfect human life, except in the instance of our Lord Jesus Christ. We still further sought to make it appear that, from the analogies of nature and providence, we could not expect that the Judge in the last day would weigh and balance our good and bad acts against each other, and save those whose good works outweighed the bad. And, finally, we hope we made it clear that there is no merit in our good works to atone for our bad ones. The result of the whole argument was, as the apostle had said, that we are



saved, "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." The publican's plea of mercy was all that was left. The prodigal's plea was all that remained: "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."

But this, my brethren, was only one side of the Gospel. It was a view of our relations to God as lost, undone, helpless sinners, saved, pardoned, renewed by his mercy. The apostle had no intention of making light of good works. He did not intend to sever religion from morality, or to give the shadow of an excuse for pretending that there could be a true religious life without virtue, without good works. He teaches, on the contrary, that although good works cannot produce salvation, yet salvation *must* produce good works—that a saved man is only such so far as he does good works. Without them, with whatever fair words, he is only sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. If good works are not needful to save us, they *are* needful to prove our salvation, and as fruits of it.

It is quite remarkable that the apostle has associated the necessity of good works closely with the passage on which the discourse just referred to was founded. Immediately after declaring that we are not saved by works of righteousness, but by mercy, he says, "They that have believed in God *must* be careful to maintain good works." And the text of to-day is preceded by a strikingly parallel passage to that text. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not

of works, lest any man should boast." Then comes in the text: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." That is, we are not saved *by* good works, but we *are* saved *unto* good works; good works cannot *put* us right, but they necessarily follow when we *are* right; they are the natural fruit and the ordained sphere of the new creature in Christ Jesus.

By our being "his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus," the same is meant as when the same writer says, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The meaning is the same as when it is said in the same epistle, "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." The idea is, that spiritual regeneration is a new creation—God out of bad materials producing that which is good, and the new creation proving its character by its fruits. If there are no good works, there has been no new creation.

The aim of this discourse is to show the vitality of the relation of good works to the Christian life.

Our first remark is, that it is now clear that, when the apostle denies that we are saved by good works, he does not mean the slightest possible disrespect for works that are truly good. So far is he from it that he teaches us here that good works are the pre-ordained state for which we are created anew. "Cre-

ated in Christ Jesus *unto* good works," we are born again, we put on the new man. We are made new creatures for the sole object of doing good works.

Good works, in the true sense of the word, constitute the right use, the legitimate and divinely ordained sphere, of every intelligent and moral being—that for which he was created and re-created. And we might as well affirm that it is matter of indifference to the Creator whether a fig-tree bring forth figs or thistle-burs, whether the sun and planets keep or wildly desert their courses, as to say that the Lord of all is indifferent to good works in man. He made sun and stars precisely for the performance of their respective offices. He made the fig-tree exactly for figs, and he created at first, and then *re-created*, man in Christ Jesus *unto* good works.

So far from good works being depreciated in the Scriptures, so far from their being unnecessary for man, they are all that constitute the excellency and glory of beings of a still higher order. What is our idea of the character, life, and blessedness of the holy angels? Does it not consist in this, that the angels, out of a perfectly holy nature, are doing only good works—works of purity, of benevolence, of piety—good works toward God, toward each other, toward man? And what is our idea of the fallen angels? Is it not that by ceasing to do such works they became what they are—devils? Nay, my brethren, to go higher than the angels—what is it that constituted the claim of Jesus upon us? Is it not that in these good works he excelled all new creatures? He went about doing good; he was perfectly obedient; he kept the whole law; he did no sin, and fulfilled all right-

eousness. It was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father. Without this perfect obedience he could neither be our Saviour nor our chief exemplar. Suppose him to have ceased to do good works, and he is at once degraded. And is he the author of a religion that is indifferent to good works? God forbid !

Nay, brethren beloved, we may even go one step further with these illustrations : the eternal Father himself, what is he but a being whose nature it is to do good works? We call him God, that is, *good*, the *Good Being*, GOOD with infinite emphasis, all whose doing, whose never-ceasing activity, is according to his nature of infinite goodness.

The aim of the new creation of man in Christ Jesus, then, is to bring him into harmony with the holy angels, with Jesus, and with the eternal Father. This is the meaning of his change. It is a transformation which is not intended to free him from responsibility for good works, but to fit him for their performance. It is to give him strength to lift and bear his burdens, and to convert them into treasures, if not wings. His good works are so far from saving him that they are only possible after *mercy* has saved him ; but then the salvation, the new birth, has these good works for its object just as much as plowing, sowing, and fencing have fruitfulness for an object.

Our second general remark is, So far are good works from being indifferent to the Christian life, they are already virtually *implied* in the new creation spoken of in the text. Created in *Christ Jesus unto good works*, not only means that good works are the *object* of such a creation ; it means also that good

works are already potentially included *in the creation*; that this new "creation in Christ Jesus" involves the power and disposition to do right, contains the very elements, the very seeds, of good works, out of which such works naturally grow.

Let us illustrate our meaning by inquiring what are the principles which are implanted in the soul in the new creation? We answer, They are the same which are called the fruits of the Spirit, and the opposite of those which are called the works of the flesh. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like." A frightful list! "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, [or chastity;] against such there is no law." The new creation is the fruit, the work, of the Spirit, destroying the old fleshly life, and bringing in a new and holy life. To take an example or two: one of the results of the new creation here called a fruit of the Spirit is, as we have seen, *faith*. What is this but a hearty trust in Christ and in his word, which word requires good works? In that faith good works are already included.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God;" but with true faith, even as a grain of mustard-seed, we may remove mountains. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "The just shall live by faith." Moses, by *faith*, endured as seeing Him who is invisible; by faith triumphed over all the attractions of Pharaoh's court, despised

Pharaoh's power, and esteemed the reproach of Christ above all the treasures of Egypt. Indeed, faith is the very nerve and energy of persistence in good works. It grasps at once both promise and commandment, both privilege and duty. It lives by every word proceeding out of the mouth of God, whether that word be a call to enjoy, to suffer, or to do. To be a new creature is to be an earnest believer, to have genuine faith ; and to have such faith is to possess the very kernel of obedience.

Another fruit of the Spirit and prime element of the new life is *love*. If faith contains good works, love is their very essence. "He that loveth is born of God." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "All the law is fulfilled in one word : Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Again, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Still again, "Charity, or love, is the bond of perfectness." It runs like a thread of music through the whole of the renewed life, stringing its otherwise broken and scattered parts into the unity of one kindly intent.

The other fruits of the Spirit mentioned in our quotation are joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, goodness, temperance—all of which have respect to the manner and spirit in which duty is performed.

These, then, are the elements of the new creation : faith, love, goodness, meekness, gentleness, etc. These are what the Holy Ghost works in the heart when we are born again ; so that the inner Christian life, so far from being indifferent to morality, to industrious goodness, contains it—just as the newly-sown wheat-field contains the harvest ; just as the

structure of the bird contains the song, even before it has been uttered ; just as sculpture and architecture and poetry were in Michael Angelo before he had lifted a chisel, or handled a plummet, or written a line. That is the meaning of being converted, of being renewed. It is having the leaven of the new and true life put into the dead and motionless meal ; it is planting in the soul the powers which are ready to bloom out in good works.

Our third general remark is that, such being the case, so essential to salvation do good works become, that the new creation can only be known by its producing good works. I know that, in strictness, faith is the only condition of salvation, so that whatever a man may have, if he lack faith he is not saved, and whatever he may be supposed to lack, if he have faith he is saved. And yet the test of Christ, and hence the true one, is, "By their fruits ye shall know them." And St. John says, "Be not deceived ; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, and he that committeth sin is of the devil." It is still true, however, that faith is the sole condition of salvation ; but then all professions of faith are vain, are mere empty mockery, where good works are not. That is, as St. James has it, faith without works is dead, being alone. The faith is faith only as a dead body is a man. The faith is faith only as tares are wheat.

But, to be more specific, what is meant here by good works ? If the Pharisee of our Saviour's time were here he would reply, "Good works are the tithing mint, anise and cummin, diligently attending the temple service with phylacteried arms and frontleted eyes, making long prayers, enduring long fasts

—in short, doing punctiliously all religious duties ;” and in the same spirit a modern professor of religion will tell you that good works are the services of the Church : enjoying the deliciousness of communion with the people of God, reading the Bible and other pious books, singing lively hymns, and hearing pathetic sermons and exhortations. Indeed, it is to be feared that many professors of religion put the *whole* of good works just here, and never dream that the apostle is referring mainly to the homely duties of life, to the common points of morality ; and yet this is precisely the case. In the fourth chapter of this epistle, describing the new inner creation, he says : “ The new man is created after God in righteousness and true holiness,” and proceeds to explain what he means by righteousness and true holiness thus : “ Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor. Be ye angry, and sin not : let not the sun go down upon your wrath : neither give place to the devil. Let him that stole, steal no more. Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.” This is the apostle’s idea of holiness and righteousness as developed in the outer life. They are not wholly made up of Church duties.

Our Saviour means to apply the same test and to make the same distinction when he charges the Pharisees with punctiliously tithing the herbs of their gardens for the Church, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and truth. He means substantially the same thing when he tells them that they compass sea and land to make



a proselyte, and yet devour widows' houses. He means that the works of piety, that is, Church duties, have their own position, and can never be put in the place of righteous living, of liberality, of just dealing, of purity, of benevolence: that those who attempt such substitution are prostituting religion, and turning Church duties and professions from good into bad works; are labeling sin with inscriptions of holiness; are putting robes of beauty on a decaying corpse.

The unrenewed world does not set up for a judge of our religious performances, but they are fully resolved to judge our morals, and they are right. In doing so they adopt the very test of Christ and the apostles. They repeat, with an ominous taunt, "By their fruits ye shall know them." They care nothing about our zeal in going to church, our eloquence in prayer, our melting songs. They want to see whether we stick to the truth in our conversation; whether we are guilty of fraud in our dealings; whether we are greedy of filthy lucre—slandorous, sneaking, mean. If we are, they despise us all the more for our prayers. And they ought. If we ourselves are asked to choose between an infidel whose outward life is blameless, and a professing Christian who has nothing to recommend him but his diligence in Church duties, we take the infidel a thousand times for our brother sooner than that hypocrite of a professing Christian, who has been created in Christ Jesus, as he says, but not unto good works. Fie upon his religion! away with it! "Why call ye me Master, and do not the things which I say?" The whitewash is not deep enough to hide the dirt; the boast of a high state of feeling is a base pretense or a fatal

delusion—a mere jack-o'-lantern flame, arising out of the pestilent marsh of an unclean fancy, stirred up by licentious passions. No ; if the feeling be genuine, and the new creation real, good works—works of truth, of benevolence, of justice, of purity—as well as religious duties, so-called, will result.

This same test, which is applied by Christ and the apostles in the Scriptures, which the world so properly applies to our professions, and the same distinction which is made here between mere Church duties and those of Christian virtue and morality, will be brought to bear in the decisions of the last judgment. What is the meaning of that scene which our Saviour pictures in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew ? There is the Judge on his throne ; all nations are gathered before him, the righteous on his right and the wicked on his left. Is there a word about faith ? about going to Church ? about good prayer-meetings ? about religious joy ? or about mere Church duties of any sort ? Not a syllable. These were all precious in their place to the true Christian, but they were not ends, but means *to* ends—to just, honest, chaste, truthful, merciful, liberal, holy ends. But how does the scene of the last day, as Christ paints it, proceed ? on what principle ? Why, purely upon the principle of good works. Faith and profession have had their day ; now comes the trial of them. What have they yielded ? what were their fruits ? Did they feed the hungry ? clothe the naked ? visit the sick and the prisoner ? Such is the nature of the questions in the last day ; and the decision is, Forasmuch as ye have fed, clothed, and visited the least of these, ye have done the same unto Me.

Nay, further, our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount informs us that many shall say to him in the great day, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" That is, they will plead their religious profession, their faith, and their purely ecclesiastical labors, and the Lord tells us what will be his answer: "Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." There it is again: Ye that, instead of good works, only work iniquity, depart; depart, for the want of good works. Your religion was noisy and pretentious; it was full of "Lord, Lord," and wonderful works, and pretending to cast out devils. But it was a worthless thing, because it was linked with no good works, such as were before ordained that we should walk in them—works of upright citizenship; works of good neighborhood; works of just merchandise and fair trade; works of truthful and charitable speaking; works of piety to the poor, of charity—such works as forbid avarice and covetousness, malice and envy.

In these two sermons, brethren, I have tried to present the two aspects of divine truth. Either taken apart from the other is not true. It *is* true that we are saved by grace, "without the deeds of the law," according to divine mercy, and not by works of righteousness which we have done. But yet that is not the whole truth of salvation; the other part is, that he that is truly saved is made a new creature, and begins at once to work for God and man. If he does not, then he is *not* a new creature, but is still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity,

and professing religion, turns the truth of God into a lie.

Again, in the sense of the Apostle James we “are saved by works ;” by works is faith made perfect ; by works shall men know that we are born from above. We have no claim upon their confidence except that of our good works ; they are bound to esteem us only as we are truthful, honest, benevolent, and pure ; and even in the last day we shall be judged according to the *deeds* done in the body. But if any one should take good works alone—severing them from that gracious work in the soul which comes only of the mercy of God, without human merit, then, in that case, good works become a falsehood, a baseless Pharisaic boast, with no root of true internal goodness. Each is true only when the two are united. Salvation is by grace, without our own merit, through faith ; but it is a salvation *unto* good works, having good works for its aim ; it is a salvation, also, *into* good works, having in it, as part of its very nature, the elements out of which good works grow ; having in it the kernels of principle and feeling, of motive and bent, from which good works need only to be developed by an industrious, watchful, progressive Christian life. If you have been pardoned you have been pardoned *into* a new and holy nature, out of an old and sinful one. The work of God within is a new creation, to which unmerited mercy opened the way ; but when that creation took place it brought with it the image of God. This much is implied in the very word creation. If a nature has not been bestowed which will produce good works, the creation has been in vain ; there has been a creation and no

creation—a creation which has made no change for the better.

A few reflections in conclusion :

First, We find that although salvation is not of works but of mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ, yet salvation, to be genuine, must bring us into a state in which we do good works. Nay, still stronger : we are created anew in Christ Jesus *unto* good works. The whole of religion is only meant to put the soul in working order, to fit it to do the good works which God had before ordained or prescribed for it. What a word have we here, my brethren ! When God awakened us and called us, when he heard our penitent cry and drew us up out of the pit, when he planted in us the hearing ear and the understanding heart, when faith came, bringing in its train the other graces of the Spirit, its companions—it was all only a summons to work, and a preparation for it.

Does a man construct a piece of machinery just to have a pretty thing, or to show his skill ? Every stroke of his hammer, every scrape of his file, says, Work, work ! Every joint and screw in the machine is a prophecy of work. So when God rebuilt thee from thy ruin—when he called back the lost fire of heaven into thy soul, and made the dead heart palpitate again with divine life—it was not only to show that he could work like a God, as he is ; it was not mainly that thou mightest be filled with joy, but rather that thou mightest be strong to work ; that thy liberated, enfranchised soul might enter into his vineyard, water its plants with thy sweat, and make its furrows team by the use of thy hoe.

Yes, yes ; all the good that is in thee is there to

work. Thy faith, thy light, thy love, thy strength—all those mighty forces that are included in the new creation—were meant to rise in power, to go forth in ceaseless, restless, eager work for God and man. Let the faith that is in thee strike ; let the love that is within thee burn and melt ; let the light in thy soul shine ; let all within thee work—work the works of him who redeemed thee !

Allow me to remind you, trite though the thought be, of the *dignity* of work. Nobler is the toilsome ant than the gorgeous butterfly floating aimless in the sunlight. Worthier is the russet-coated robin that earns its living with its song than the useless peacock with a hundred suns in its tail. Any right-minded man would rather be an industrious and virtuous wood-sawyer than a useless and lazy lord. Work is creative. The plane, the trowel, the saw, the hammer, with their oft-repeated motions, create cities. Every blow of the hoe, every furrow of the plow, creates bread. It is the loaf of bread and the rising palace that reflect honor on hoe and plow, on hod and trowel.

But if such is the dignity of mere handiwork, what shall be said of that of the intellect and heart ? Especially, and above all, how shall we measure and weigh the glory of that work which labors to express God in all the éxcellency of his character, and to make men, ourselves and others, better and happier ? O blessed work of raising men from the dead, of purifying and beautifying our race, and thus winning them as jewels for our crown !

Nor must we, dear brethren, forget the need for our work : how much the Church wants it, and how

much the world around us ; how far our own society is from being what it should be ; how many there are in it to be quickened ; how many ready to straggle on the march ; how many to be instructed in the first principles of the doctrines of Christ ; how much to be done to make the Church a powerful engine for good. And when we look at the world the sight is appalling. How much there is to be done, and how insufficient are our best powers, even fully worked, for the task ! How shall we diminish the great mountain of evil which towers before us and blackens the very sky ? Courage, Christian worker ! we are only helpers of God and his angels. It is his work, and we are only journeymen. One day with him is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. Let us lay on the blows in good, earnest, workmanlike fashion ; in his own time God will bring in the victory. We shall see it from the mountains of heaven.

Nor must we forget that work is the key-note of the world. The sun is a strong man to run a race ; the moon and stars move on in ceaseless march ; the sea groans in the labor of its restless tides ; the earth trembles under the glut of its own products ; birds, fishes, beasts, all work out the power within them. Man is under the same law. The rush of business in our thronged cities, the turmoil of politics, the ceaseless struggle of science, must preach to the Church. The world's mighty motion must not be checked when we come to religion. Here is double—a hundred-fold—cause for work. Science struggles for the light of earth, business for worldly wealth, politics for civil welfare, but religion for heavenly light, for celestial riches, and eternal well-being. If,

therefore, we are laborious in our earthly callings, we should be a thousand times more so in religion.

Brethren, the cross is our only salvation, but in good deeds we enjoy and prove our salvation ; mercy saves us, but our good works are the means of saving others ; the cross will be the only pillow for the Christian's dying head, but good works will strew his bed with fragrant memories ; the cross alone can open for us the gate of heaven, but our good works will follow us in. In a word, though good works are worthless to procure salvation, yet they are worthy of the esteem and gratitude of men, of the pen of the recording angel, and of the memory of God. "And behold I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."



## XV

## SIN SELF-AVENGING.

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Be sure your sin will find you out.—NUMBERS xxxii, 23.

LAW, in some form or other, pervades the universe ; and this law is found not simply in the order, whether natural or moral, which the great Creator has established, and according to which he intends his creation shall move ; but it consists further in the fact that when the law is violated the violation is harmful. For instance, it is a law of the vegetable kingdom that the orange-tree shall flourish only in warm climates. Now if this tree be transferred to one of the bleak hills of Connecticut the first winter will kill it, and its death in the cold climate will be as much according to natural law as its prosperous and fruitful growth in its native tropics. The death of the tree in the cold climate is, so to speak, the law provided for the violation of another law.

Again, it is a law of agriculture that the crop shall be planted at a particular time, and it is another law that if the first law is violated the crop shall fail. This principle holds also in religion. For example, religion requires us to refrain from sin ; that is emphatically the law of religion ; but if we violate this law the resulting injury follows by a law just as valid as that by which sin was forbidden. The law is not

simply the command to do thus and so ; it is also the rule by which punishment, injury, follows if we refuse. The law, whether in nature or morals, includes the penalty as well as the command, and the penalty or injury is as much a natural result of disobedience as advantage is of obedience. A tree girdled with the strokes of an ax near the ground does not require to be killed by authority—it dies naturally. A soul that devotes itself to sin does not require an act of divine authority to injure and blight it—spiritual death creeps over it, like the blight over the girdled tree.

The same law holds in regard to civil society. The disobedience of a citizen to good laws not only injures his own private character, making him a worse man, but the offenses of individuals damage the State both by example and by the fact that the offenders injure the State in themselves as parts of it.

But then the nation, as such, cannot rely upon the natural punishment of sin ; and if criminals were only punished by the natural results of their crimes, there could be no government. Hence the nation must pass laws ; and when these laws are violated the civil authority, not waiting for nature to inflict punishment, must proceed to carry out the penalty in an outward way, by means of the judiciary and the other legal appliances ; the prison, the fine, the scaffold, must work to give crime its deserts.

And yet, after all, this is no real exception to the principle that sin is its own avenger—no denial of the assertion that punishment follows sin naturally, and according to an inward law. It is true that the law of the State is outwardly and formally expressed, and

the penalty is outwardly and formally applied ; but the law, as far as it is just, is only the utterance of the law of man's position in civil society, and punishment is a law essential to the maintenance of these laws of society. It is still true that crime produces misery naturally. The criminals of society commit their offenses ; the injury of them must either fall upon society, or the government must ward off the injury from society and transfer it to the heads of the offenders themselves. Thus it is seen that the principle that sin is its own avenger inheres necessarily in the very structure of civil government. If government would continue to exist, if it would not be resolved into its elements, broken into fragments, it must punish the violation of its laws. So that if we consider civil government as a necessary form of human life, sin is still its own avenger ; even there punishment follows crime by a law quite as natural and necessary as that by which government itself exists.

We apply this universally to morals to-day, and our proposition is, Sin its own avenger.

When we declare sin to be its own avenger, and assert that it cannot be committed without injury, we do not, of course, intend to deny the pleasures of sin. It is never committed merely for its own sake. But yet—whatever may be the excitement ; however the blood may leap with wanton delight ; however the lusts may glory in gratification ; however, for the hour, we may forget all notions of law, and virtue, and God—yet, in the very midst of the joy, sin is making its mark, working its ruin. It is like a skillful trapper who draws on the unsuspecting bird with the glittering

bait until it walks joyfully into the trap, without knowing that it has left the safe, open air. It is like the wine of which Solomon speaks, which moveth itself aright, which giveth its glowing color in the cup, but by and by biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. When the bait is devoured, the bird finds itself in the trap ; and when the debauch is over, then come the qualms, the retching, the *delirium tremens*.

We mean that, while we admit the pleasurable excitements of sin, still, even amid the glare and glow of pleasure, it is disfiguring and ruining the soul. The sinful gratification is at the expense of injury to the spirit, so that sin is self-avenging even while it gratifies.

But sin not only avenges itself by injuring the soul ; it goes further, and makes us conscious of the harm which it inflicts. It belongs to universal human experience some time or other to feel the hatefulness, the wrong, the *sinfulness* of sin. That is, when we have glutted our appetites sinfully, and pampered and inflated our passions against God's law ; when men have filled their pockets dishonestly, and have gloated over their accumulations ; when men have reveled in the oppressions and cruelties of pride and ambition ; when they have danced to the music of the siren, and for the hour have been turned into swine—not only do they find themselves fallen and defiled ; not only do they see that while they enjoyed themselves by trampling on the law of God sin was making havoc with their souls, giving them a wound for every pulsation of pleasure, leaving a scar for every delight ; but, besides the injury during the riot of pleasure, sin has the power to make the injury seen

and felt—to make its own nature to be seen and felt as unmitigated evil, and of the deepest and dreadest kind.

This consciousness of sin in its nature is what is called conviction, and takes place when the divine law is laid upon our character as a measure ; when it is applied to our affections and motives and actions as a test ; when we get a sight of what had in reality been going on in our hearts, in our nature, while we were so miserably happy in transgression. Then we see and feel the sting and poison of the adder whose golden scales and graceful convolutions had alone been visible before. The dreadful hour of quiet has come ; the lights in the festive hall of sinful revelry have been lowered ; the lordly guests have been displaced by goblins and chimeras dire, and instead of the music and the song he hears only the wail of anguish, and sees only the dreadful handwriting on the wall, “Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.”

Now it is that the painful self-accusings come—the sense of blame in the highest meaning of blame, of impurity, of guilt. It is true, the Scriptures teach us that this sense of sin is brought home to us by the Holy Spirit applying the law and quickening our conscience ; still it is not the less the avenging of sin ; that is, when the commandment came sin revived and the soul died. “Sin, taking occasion by the commandment, slew the soul ;” that is, the Holy Spirit, the law, the conscience, all wrought in the interest of sin’s power, played into the hand of sin, magnified sin, made it more awful. It was according to the law of sin, according to the law by which

sin is conditioned, according to the law which follows sin to plague and to punish its committers, that when the Holy Spirit brought home to the conscience the pure spiritual law of God, sin, like a serpent awaking from its winter torpor, stung the soul to the quick ; so that what is holiest, divinest, in the Gospel became the auxiliary of sin in its work of self-avenging.

Look at that poor publican in the temple, not daring to lift his eyes to heaven, standing afar off, smiting upon his breast ; sin is avenging itself upon him. See that persecuting Saul, blind and wretched for three days, in the street called Strait at Damascus ; sin is taking vengeance on him. See those multitudes on the day of Pentecost, and hear their cry of bitterness ; they have been cut to the heart by this avenger. Whenever you see a convicted sinner, and behold him drinking the wormwood and the gall, and confessing himself a guilty wretch, deserving to be still more wretched, you have an example of the avenging power of sin. Sin has found him out ; sin is insisting upon its pound of flesh, its right to punish, to make miserable, to torture, to slaughter.

Through the mercy of God, however, this form of sin's avenging may be turned to good account. After this storm will come a calm ; but it may be a calm of life or of death. If, siding with the Holy Spirit and the law against ourselves, we repent of and turn away from what we see to be so infinitely hateful and hurtful ; if we cry out to God against ourselves and against sin, while we still confess the justice of its terrible revenge ; if, receiving the full shock of its assault, and accepting the bitter cup which it presses

to our lips, we transfer it to Jesus, and plead that he has atoned for it—then, while sin will still be avenged, we shall be avenged in the end against it; we shall be saved.

But, on the other hand, suppose we quench the Spirit, and get over our woes by tearing ourselves, our thoughts, loose from them; by refusing to dwell upon the corruptions of heart and life which have been disclosed to us; by turning our eyes away from the divine law in whose light sin seems so horrible, and by rushing on in the old paths, until we become morally insensible. Have we by such a course conquered sin? Will its work of vengeance be less sure? Let us see. We may drown our convictions, but can we drown sin? We may dull our perceptions of its enormity, but we shall only thereby sharpen the weapons and strengthen the hands of sin. When two armies are engaged in deadly conflict, what weakens one relatively strengthens the other; but if one yields, the other, of course, is more than strengthened; it is triumphant; it is all-conquering; it now has no enemy in its way, but has every thing to its mind. So it is when convictions are crushed out—sin is not only stronger, it is mightily and supremely dominant. We may become hardened and forget it, but it will not forget itself or its work, it goes on to complete; and permanently to establish, its sovereignty. When a husbandman despairs of reclaiming a field overrun with noxious weeds, and forgets it, do the weeds forget to grow and to spread? When a nation, blinded by the shows and festivities vouchsafed by a tyrant, forgets its liberties, does the tyrant forget to seize the last franchise, to impose the last chain, and to

fasten the last rivet of their fetters? Is not the case of the field of weeds worse after it is forgotten than it was while the farmer was sweating in the sun in the painful effort to dig them up? Is not the case of the people worse while they are forgetting their liberties in the midst of the revels provided by the tyrant than when they were resolutely laboring amid wounds and death to save their rights?

So is it with men who ignore their sins—who succeed in forgetting that sin is sin, that God hates it, or even that God exists, or who try to persuade themselves that he is altogether such a one as themselves. They may be more lively, more happy, than a trembling jailer or a weeping Peter; they may get a great deal of a certain sort of enjoyment out of the clods, out of merchandise, out of money, out of fraud, debauchery, treachery, falsehood, covetousness, gratified; they may chuckle to think that they have outwitted themselves, outlived the very idea of sin; but that is all; they have not outlived sin itself. This root of all curses is pleased to be forgotten while, like a robber among drugged sleepers, it has been all the while doing its work. It has been a blazing brand, searing the conscience; it has been a deadly frost, freezing the affections which should have sent their vestal flame up to God; it has been a fearful, cancerous lie, eating truth out of the soul; it has been profanity, destroying every tendency to divine worship; it has been a moral murderer; and the man who has thus permanently gotten rid of all sense of sin is twice dead -- plucked up by the roots. Sin has, indeed, found him out; sin is avenged in the complete ruin of his soul.

Few men, however, succeed in so completely cor-



rupting themselves as to get entirely rid of all sense of sin. Many of those who seem to be the worst have occasional compunctious visitings that make existence almost insupportable. In periods of trouble or sickness, or in the hour of death, the conscience reasserts its authority ; it throws off, for the time, the superincumbent mountain of the rubbish and filth of sin, and gives the leprous soul a view of the horrid thing it is. And then remorse, one of the terrific ministers of sin, lowers upon him like a cormorant. Like a vulture, it clutches his heart with its poisoned talons, and sin adds to the vengeance of ruin the vengeance of unutterable misery, the misery of conscious guilt—of wrath.

But let us not suppose for a moment that sin is only an avenger in the case of the extremely wicked. Every sin, no matter how apparently slight, or even respectable, is of the nature of the worst ; it grew upon the same tree, and, whatever the texture or color of its rind, it contains the same poisonous juice. It avenges itself with a power proportioned to its strength. Your heart, my friend, is yet vulnerable to the light. You frequently receive a frightening glance from conscience to remind you of what is going on within, or of what is preparing for you. O let that glance recall thee from thy wanderings ! Be avenged on thy sin before it is fatally and forever avenged on thee !

So inexorable is the law which makes sin self-avenging that even good men, in a certain sense, are held responsible for past offenses. Habits of sin, for instance, that had grown to be a second nature by continuance, may be broken by repentance, but are

still likely to continue during life sources of temptation, requiring constant watchfulness. Diseases of the body and weaknesses of the mind, brought on by sinful indulgence, are apt to remain behind as the punishment of sin, even when the heart has been renewed.

And then there are special sins which, however they may be forgiven by an all-merciful Saviour, we feel we can never forgive ourselves for. Who of you, with a mother gone to rest, does not sometimes recall his ingratitude and disobedience, and feel that he would give the world to have these things blotted from his past history? It is not enough to satisfy us that God has blotted them out of his book. I have somewhere seen a story of a little boy whose sick father requested him to take a prescription to the drug store and bring home quickly the medicine it called for. The little fellow was anxious to continue his play and did not go, but told a lie to cover his offense; and in the evening, when he sat by the bedside of that sick father, that father turned his languid eyes, full of affection, upon the boy and said: "Suppose my little son should lose his father for the want of that medicine!" The little boy did not still confess his offense. That parent died that night, and the next morning the sinning child could no longer unburden his aching heart by confession to his father. This boy lived to grow up; do you think he could ever sit down and think calmly of that transaction without compunctions, without bitter, soul-harrowing repentance? What an idea! The last word he ever uttered to his departed father was a falsehood, meant to hide a fault which perhaps hastened his father's end!

This is a story from the early life of a Christian. God had forgiven him, but to get his own forgiveness was another thing, and utterly and properly impossible. It will not prevent him from entering the new Jerusalem, but still that sin will be and is avenged.

Though sin is avenged by this inexorable law, God does not leave it a matter of doubt that the administration of this natural law is his own. He declares that he is carrying on the government of the world ; that these laws are laws indeed, but still they are modes of the divine operation ; that snow and vapor and stormy wind fulfill his word ; that pestilence and famine come at his command, and that the punishment of sin pursues the divine order, and sometimes becomes more directly his act, the effect of his manifest interposition. If Judas, for example, is left to go to his own place under the ordinary operation of the law by which deceivers wax worse and worse, Elymas, the sorcerer, is struck blind, and Ananias and Sapphira dead, by the immediate act of God ; if, as a rule, since the days of the apostles the law operates regularly, without the hand of Providence ungloving itself, yet even now it is sometimes otherwise, and God steps out before the gaze of men and lets them see him hurl his lightnings upon the guilty heads of sinners that dare to mock him.

It is wonderful what a number of well-authenticated cases there are on record of direct and swift judgments upon blasphemers. Melancthon, the great Reformer, tells of a company of men who attempted to perform a tragedy representing Christ's death on the cross, but God judged them suddenly. He that acted the part of the soldier who pierced the Saviour's

side with a spear, instead of merely puncturing the bladder filled with blood hid under the clothing of the man on the cross, gave him a mortal wound ; falling dead from the cross, he killed another who was below him and acting the part of a woman weeping. The brother of him who was first slain killed his slayer, and, in his turn, was executed for murder by the civil authorities. This account is given by Melancthon, one of the most learned and cautious of all the Reformers. We have read an account of a man who had derided the difference between Sunday and other days, and gathered in his crop on that holy day. The next week he had occasion to take fire into his field to burn brush. He left it, as he supposed, in safety, and went to dinner. Meantime the wind carried the fire into his barnyard, where it communicated with combustible materials, and soon the barn itself, containing the Sunday-gathered crop, was enveloped in flames. The man rushed out in amazement, stood before the roaring flame for awhile speechless, and then, pointing toward it, said with solemn emphasis, " That is the finger of God."

I myself once attended the funeral of a youth who died of consumption, and who had made a hopeful profession of faith upon his sick-bed. Among others who were present at the funeral services was a brother, a gay and wicked young man. In stating the young man's Christian profession during his sickness I solemnly warned his friends not to look or wait for mercy in such an hour ; that, instead of a lingering sickness such as he had, if they further put off their repentance God might call them off suddenly without the opportunity of repentance. This surviving brother

was thoughtful for awhile ; he started for a neighboring city, saying that when he returned he would give his attention to divine things. He returned, continued his former life, and, a few days after getting back, took a cold, and in a fit of coughing broke a bloodvessel and died in a moment. I said and felt, "That is the finger of God." Sin will be avenged. Thus God, to illustrate and enforce the truth of his law that evil must follow sin—that it will bring punishment either in the form of increased corruption or of misery—sometimes steps out from the clouds and darkness, and strikes the wretched offender with a bolt from his own right hand, which is visible to all except the willfully blind.

Our illustrations and proofs of the principle or assertion that sin is self-avenging have so far been confined to the present life. But the Scriptures teach us that the principle, if not more certainly, is more awfully true in the next. If it were not so then the man who most thoroughly perverts himself, who strangles and blinds his conscience so as to have left no thought, no feeling of sin, no pangs of guilt, no throes of remorse, has really conquered sin by multiplying it. Then that moral ruin which a man piles upon himself by heaping sin on sin without number or measure until he no longer feels it, is no ruin at all, but only an escape from human folly and weakness. And is this indeed the meaning of man's moral constitution? Has God set up in man's nature the distinction between wrong and right, vice and virtue, sin and holiness, so that human governments and families are obliged to act upon the distinction—so that virtue has in all ages been praised, and crime in all

ages stigmatized—and yet shall it be true that to become complete in sin, free from any bright spot of holiness upon a nature black with iniquity, is the way to escape punishment, not only in this, but also in the future world? Does not the very existence of a thoroughly corrupted man, wholly disregarding God and his law, prove the existence of another state of being, in which the divine and moral order of the world shall be vindicated? Shall God link punishment to sin by a general law, and yet shall there be a pitch of sin which shall set its authors beyond the reach of the law? No, no; he that heaps up sin heaps up wrath against the day of wrath. Sin enters into the very web of the character, into the very nature of the spirit; and when that spirit reaches the next world, it is but uttering a truism to say he carries his character with him.

Again, the future world is one of *complete* retributions. Here retribution is but partial; there are many things operating to prevent it from being complete. Indeed, this lies in its very nature as a state of trial. Wicked men may be rich, good men may be poor; wicked men may be healthy, pious men sick, and the like. But in a world in which trial is over and retribution is complete, moral causes will operate without hinderance; the good shall be completely happy, and the wicked completely miserable. Then it will be seen that misery is at once the natural product of law and the awful stroke of the divine chastisement.

One of the irregularities and peculiarities of a state of trial is that sin may work until it forgets it *is* sin; it may work until the soul becomes insensible of its

nature, until the devils that tread with burning feet the indurated floors of its blackened chambers shall seem to be angels; to use a horrid paradox, men may sin themselves into happiness, such happiness as it is. But in a world of perfect retribution, where the trial is entirely over, the slaughtered consciousness of moral character and moral qualities is revived. If it were not so there could be no retribution; there could be no vindication of the Divine government; sin would not be punished as sin; the offense against God would not be seen to be a ground of punishment.

It follows also from the fact that the future life is one of complete retribution that the pleasures of sin, as they were known in this life, will fall off. An apostle well assures us that the pleasures of sin are but for a season. They begin to decay even in this world—old age wears out the passions and appetites from which they spring, or destroys the capacity to gratify them; sickness or misfortune performs for them a similar office, but in the eternal world sin is handed over to strict and impartial punishment, and as the good in heaven lose all misery, so the evil, in the world of woe, lose all enjoyment. In the terrible language of Scripture, “Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

In conclusion, then, the certain wages of sin is death; “Be sure your sin will find you out.” If thou bury thy sin from the eyes of men, and in darkness do thy deeds of darkness, to God the darkness shineth as the day—to him the darkness and the light are both alike. If thou intoxicate thyself with the delights of sin, and roll it as a sweet morsel under thy

tongue, and in a constant round of pleasure seek to forget that sin has any meaning but joy, thou shalt be undeceived ; disgust and remorse shall come in after the poisoned banquet, and among the faded, poisonous flowers of the ungodly revel thou shalt see and hear the crawling and hissing serpents, the very spawn of sin. If thou shalt conquer thy sense of sin, and, by very force and exuberance of wickedness, free thyself from its punishments, so that, like the fools spoken of in the Bible, thou canst "make a mock at sin," thy seeming subversion of the law by which sin is its own avenger is, in reality, only a more fearful fulfillment of it. If thou hast lost thy sense of sin and of its dangers, sin is only the more completely and awfully avenged ; pain would have been a sign of possible life, but even that is now gone, and sin is indeed avenged. Thy first awaking will be in torment.

But, finally, dost thou trust to escape by human ingenuity ? by subtle reasonings, which shall fortify thee against the fear of danger ? Wilt thou use the god-like faculty of reason, intended only to be subordinated to the dictates of thy moral nature and to God, for the purpose of showing that there is no abiding difference between good and evil, right and wrong, a man and a beast, filth and purity—between God and the devil ? "Be sure your sin will find you out ;" it will still go straight forward, according to the law by which it wounds and kills ; it will ignore the paltry, base-born ingenuity which affected to ignore it. Cobwebs, however gilded, will be seen to be cobwebs ; the garment of sophisms in which it was clothed will drop ; it will still be sin—sin to be hated and punished. O, what an avenger !



The law of the land may punish thee, and yet thou mayest be innocent and happy ; men may unjustly avenge their supposed affronts upon thee, fortune may avenge itself in thy poverty, yet thy fortitude may bear thee up under all these afflictions ; but the most dreadful of all avengers is sin. Its punishment is overwhelming. It kills beyond the grave.

## XVI.

### PRAYER THE MEANS OF ATTAINING TO CERTAINTY IN DIVINE THINGS.

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And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour ; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing; and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God.  
—ACTS x, 30, 31.

OUR Saviour in one place says: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." That is, the honest wish to do right is the very spirit in which to find out what *is* right ; and the actual doing of right, as far as we have found it out, is the sure path to higher and completer knowledge. Such a life, so begun and so continued, is under the divine guidance, and is blessed with the divine communion. God will assure the man who leads such a life what are the essential truths of his religion.

But if the spirit of sincere and active obedience is the spirit in which to find certainty in sacred things, we must not overlook the fact that obedience is made up of many acts, some inward and some outward. Now, is there not some act by which the very soul and spirit of obedience is most directly expressed ? some mode of spiritual life out of which obedience is

evolved, and by which the soul ascends to God, who alone can give divine certainty? We answer, There is such a form of spiritual life, and it is no other than prayer. In prayer there is immediate contact and communion between God and man. Therein God and man are drawn together. The spirit of obedience finds its birth in prayer, its utterance in prayer; prayer is its mouth, its organ; by it, and by it alone, the man comes in the spirit of obedience to God.

In all other forms of obedience, where the soul works and suffers for God, it is true that it is forming a noble character and fitting itself to be a receptacle of heavenly communications, a tablet on which the divine pen may write, in letters of splendid certainty, its heavenly revelations. But the writing time, when the soul becomes conscious of the motion of the divine pen, is the time of prayer; for then the tablet is uncovered, and the soul invites the tracings of the divine finger. Its cry then is:

“My potter, stamp on me thy clay,  
Thy favorite stamp of love.”

And thus it comes to pass in actual experience. It was so in the case of Cornelius—while he prayed in his house the angel appeared and gave him the needed knowledge; it was so with Peter—while he prayed on the house-top he fell into the trance which delivered him from his Jewish bigotry and expanded his mind to the comprehension of the fact that God is no respecter of persons. While the form of the experience may not be supernatural, as in the cases of Cornelius and Peter, yet all Christians have, like them, become most conscious of the certainty of divine things in their prayers.

Our theme, then, is, Prayer, the organ of spiritual certainty.

In matters of science the intellect is sufficient, or, at least, is all we have. A proposition in mathematics is proven, and there is an end of it ; it belongs to the region of the intellect, and does not go beyond it. In history, if a fact is contested, the way out of the difficulty is to array the evidence for and against, to strike the balance, and to decide in favor of the weight of proof. Though there may still be ground for doubt, yet there is no way of taking the question out of the sphere of the intellect ; it must find its solution there or not at all. The questions of science and of profane history are purely mundane, and do not rise into the regions of spiritual influence or communion.

With religion it is far otherwise. While it is a matter of earthly history, for the Son of God lived on the earth—while its revelations were given in time, and are supported by great miraculous facts which must be judged like the facts of profane history—yet it appeals to spiritual influences ; it affirms that there are spiritual ministries, such as angels, that are constantly at work among the spirits of men ; that even the Spirit of God comes into contact with human thought, holds intercourse with it, and inspires and directs it. Nay, while religion has a history on earth, even this history itself lies more in the spiritual than in the earthly sphere. It is a history of men who held intercourse with the upper world ; who saw spirits ; who talked with God, and kept company with angels, and gave revelations from heaven ; and the object of all this strange life, which was above the

earth on which it transpired, was to carry men beyond the sphere of the senses into the invisible—to bring them into communion with God himself, the infinite Spirit.

Now, how shall the soul that longs to know God—to feel the certainty of the spiritual and invisible world—so far free itself from the trammels of sense as to attain this spiritual life and knowledge? Is the intellect enough? To examine the historical evidences of religion and to be convinced that they are sufficient, it may be; but, as compared with science and profane history, at what an immense disadvantage is religion placed in this respect! In mathematics, here are the lines and angles before the eyes; in chemistry, here is the matter, visible and tangible, as the changes pass upon it in the experiments; in profane history, here are the simply human facts that have always been questioned in a merely human form, and that seek and admit of no other mode of treatment—facts like them lie all about us, addressing themselves to our senses and to our intellect, and to these only. But in religion, how different! God has revealed himself, yet no man hath seen him or can see him; heaven is laid open, but not to the fleshly vision; the future and invisible life are brought into view, but it does not address our senses at all, and our intellect only indirectly. And although the intellect may find the proof of an invisible and future life rationally involved in the evidences of the Christian religion, yet how these spiritual things refuse to become real in a worldly atmosphere! How they are pushed from their intellectual standing-ground by the world of mere sense! How they fade away into

unreality before the ingenious attacks of skepticism, and, most of all, before the power of the imagination! We feel, in spite of all the proofs of the Christian system which are furnished in our admirable books of evidences, that, as we have organs adapted to the world of sense, and a mind adapted to deal with intellectual questions, so we need an organ through which to deal with the spiritual and invisible world ; something to take us up in religion where mere logic leaves us, that is, at the gates of Hades, at the border of the invisible world ; something that will counterwork the busy ingenuity of skepticism, especially as it presents itself in the ever-fruitful imagination. Such an organ we have in prayer. What the senses are to the material world, and what the intellect is to science, prayer is to the spiritual and invisible world. With it we lay our soul's hand on the threshold of heaven and feel it ; with it we come to the highest and grandest demonstrations concerning God and eternal life. Prayer is the sense—eye, hand, ear—for the spiritual ; it is the argument with the invisible.

Bishop Butler, in the first chapter of the *Analogy*, which is devoted to the argument for a future life, after showing that there can be no objection to a future life either from the reason of the thing or from the analogy of nature, proceeds deliberately and at length to answer the objections which arise from the imagination. He performs a good service, for he shows how bad specimens may be dealt with. But, in reference to these, it might almost be said that the world would hardly contain the books that might be written to answer them. One is no sooner disposed of by the

intellect than the creative faculty immediately produces a dozen more ; so that the intellect could not reasonably hope to keep up with its antagonist.

We are often cautioned not to reason with the devil, and are assured that he is more than a match for us. If this be true—and we are not inclined to question it—it is because he stimulates the imagination to suggest a thousand ways in which the most ingenious arguments of the intellect may be made to appear unsound. Still, though the contest may be unequal, we *will* reason with the devil. It is a necessity for us ; we must feel that we are able to meet, in some reasonable form, any given objection. But when the imagination, under Satanic prompting or otherwise, presents another and another, on and on and on, then we feel the bootlessness of the controversy, and find, though we may argue with the devil so far as to feel we can answer him in given instances, yet we can never exhaust him. After all our answering there is more and more work of the same sort for us ; so that if the answering of objections is our great work it is never done, and if the intellect alone is depended on we are always agitated with doubt.

This, we believe, is the experience of all thoughtful Christians. They can clear away objection after objection by the use of the intellect and argument, but still they have made no perceptible impression on the inherent productive force of skepticism—of the imagination. There is one way, and only one way, of answering them by the quantity, and by anticipation as they exist in possibility, and that is by prayer. Ardent prayer opens heaven and lets down a stream of light.

“The world by wisdom knew not God ;” nay, we cannot even know *men*, in the best and highest sense, simply by wisdom—by the intellect. Is it ever possible for a critic to do justice to a great classic author by the naked use of the intellect ? Johnson criticised Shakspeare and Milton, but he lacked spiritual insight into their noble souls, and their natures refused to be searched by him ; the cold iron of his criticism glanced from their resisting frames—the line of his criticism was not long enough for the depth of their genius. To criticise them justly he should have understood them and loved them, and to have done this he must have held genial intercourse with their spirits ; but he had no wing to follow their flights, no conception of higher flights. Southey, the poet, wrote a life of Wesley ; but he had never, even for an instant, climbed to that elevated plane of life on which Wesley habitually lived. He saw him simply through the lens of his intellect, and those delicate tissues of feeling and motive and principle which are the chief sources of movement in a heavenly mind were invisible through that glass. He saw only mechanical processes, where spiritual, divine processes were going on at the same time beneath. To have obtained a true knowledge of Mr. Wesley’s character he should have been in sympathizing intercourse with his spirit—he should have felt against his own bosom the warm beat of Wesley’s sanctified heart, and his own keeping happy, holy time with it. This would have furnished a deeper knowledge of the man, such as the square and compass of mere outside criticism cannot impart.

But let us alter the illustration. Who best under-



stands a living man? Is it the person who goes to work upon him merely as a study? who, without the use of the heart, measures him, as a surveyor would a piece of ground, or as an engineer would take the height of a mountain, and who has no love for him, no kindly communion with him? Or is it the man who is in daily affectionate intercourse with him—who knows him in such a sense as to be thoroughly trusted by him? It is to persons like the latter that the character and constitution of men yield up their secrets. Others see them through the telescope, like stars at a great distance; these through the microscope, near and perfectly. The cold critic knows men as a traveler knows the foreign country through which he makes a hasty tour; a true friend knows as a man knows his natal spot in which his soul delights.

The organ here is intercourse—the intercourse, not only of the intellect, but chiefly of the affections. Indeed, men who look at each other simply with the intellect may be said to have no proper intercourse; they merely stand off and spy at each other from a distance, or if they seem to come nearer it is simply that they may play at fencing with cross purposes. Only those who profoundly and tenderly love one another have real intercourse; their natures touch each other and flow together; each becomes the soul of the other, inspiring him and being inspired by him. Such a man can tell with certainty what his friend thinks, and how he feels, and even what he would say or do in any given emergency. Thus it is that true knowledge of men is in proportion to love and friendship, and these come through intercourse as their organ.

Precisely so is it in the divine sphere. We have

to do not merely, nor chiefly, with a system of doctrines, or a series of facts, or with a collection of attributes apart, but with a person, the highest of all persons—with Jehovah himself. No merely logical or philosophical study of his character as seen in the Bible or in nature, no criticism of his attributes, can bring us to certain knowledge of him. As in the case of knowing men, we must go near him; we must enter into intercourse with him; we must have contact, converse, with him, spirit with spirit, love with love, affection with affection. This, in the human and the divine sphere, is the path to intimacy. Thus grows the earthly and the divine friendship, and thus man and thus God yield up their secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Now, what *is* the intercourse between God and the human soul which is so essential to certainty in spiritual things? What in religion, and in our relation to God, stands in the place of personal communion between man and man? Is it any thing but prayer—the prayer of earnestness, of love, of faith? Is there any other duty in which God and man come to mutual speech? in which they come to the intimate embrace of a tender and loving friendship? It is true that in reading the Scriptures God is sometimes said to speak to us, as in prayer we speak to him. But if God does really speak to us in reading the Scriptures it is only when they are read prayerfully; that is, God speaks to us through the Scriptures only as we speak to him in prayer; the word rises up to life only in the inspiring atmosphere of prayer. The dead letter never speaks, and the living

spirit only animates it and makes it vocal when we commune with God over it; then, illumined, radiant, vitalized, it becomes God's part of the converse between the soul and him. And at such times the words of Scripture are not simply what is written, but they sprout and shoot out into astonishing amplification, and flower all over with simplifying, classifying commentaries. Then, indeed, God speaks because we do; he answers in and through and about his word because we are in communion with him.

But how is it with the graces of the Spirit, and the labors, sacrifices, and sufferings in which these graces are brought into action? Are they not modes of intercourse with God? and do they not contribute to certainty in divine things? Certainly they do. He that feels patience under provocation, resignation in affliction, faith in the midst of temptation, and the supreme rule of divine love in his soul, will infer both the reality of the spiritual world and that he is a child of God. But he will feel that these are results of prayer—of strength, of divine aid, that came to him in the direct intercourse of prayer. As the physical energy that comes from exercise or labor, however great it may be, is dependent on the reception of food, and without it exercise and labor are impossible, so these graces are dependent on prayer, in which we receive our spiritual food. And while we trace all these graces to prayer as the organ of their acquisition, we must not forget that they form in us a character which eminently fits us for communion with God, and adapts us to receive divine assurance—the impressions of divine certainty. But still prayer remains the organ of spiritual certainty; the point of contact with the

Divine Spirit ; the point at which spiritual supplies pass over to us, at which we become conscious of the divine voice, and feel that God is talking with us, that his presence is with us, and at which we feel assured that we exist in the midst of divine realities. According to religion there are about us two systems of life, the material and the spiritual ; the one visible, the other invisible, but no less real. The men and the matter we see make the one, the angels which we do not see, the other. Now, in prayer we pass, as it were, out of one of these worlds into the other ; out of the visible into the invisible ; we pass through a gate, one side of which is natural, the other spiritual—one side of which tells us of the rust and care of earth, the other reflecting the glory of heaven. Once through that gate, God comes to meet us, and we stand in the presence of his court of holy and blessed spirits. Then, if we pray aright, faith lends its realizing light.

I do not mean that this certainty of divine things comes to us in prayer only when our minds are on it, only when we are seeking it. We admit and thankfully claim that there is something in a life of prayer that continually produces this. Prayer is a form of spiritual activity ; but it is an activity with reference to receptivity—it is an asking for something ; and a life of prayer is, therefore, a life in which the soul is ever like the tinder prepared for the spark ; ever standing at the mouth of the speaking-tube through which the seventh heaven communicates its messages to these lower stories, the very basements and cellars of the divine temple of the universe. The spirit of prayer, the life of prayer, is akin to sacred truth ; it

is the state of the spiritual soil in which it most promptly receives and readily sprouts the divine kernels ; it is the magnetism which especially attracts spiritual influence ; it is the voice of his children which God himself delights to answer, by which he is touched as a mother by that of her babe. And as this spirit of prayer grows, the great truths which have taken root in it grow also. The very meaning of a life of prayer is that the door is ever kept open for the entrance of heavenly airs, of sacred influences—the ground ever prepared, the seeds and plants of truth ever tended—so that there grows up such an intimacy between the soul and divine truths, such a confirmed consciousness and assured presence of the spiritual world, that the doubts are quenched in the very radiance of the spiritual state. “Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.”

How shall we prove what we have now said ? We may refer to the Bible and the later Church history, and instance men like Paul, and like Luther and Wesley, with whom spiritual truth had become more real and certain than their meat, and remind you that the chief of them, Paul, exhorted men to pray without ceasing, and that the other two obeyed his exhortation. Nay, we may appeal to the experience of Christians who hear us to-day. Do you not recall many instances in your lives when, struggling with doubts, you answered them by fair argument, one after another ; but still the imagination led up others in troops, so that if you rose on this ladder of argument from the earth toward heaven for a moment it was only to fall back again weary, and confused, and

discomfited? But when you remembered that there was a better way to deal with a restless fancy than to attack its images in detail—a way of blotting them out wholesale—then your fluttering spirit, converting argument into prayer, ingenuity into importunity, rose up into the clear region of assurance, and looked down like an eagle upon the cloud-regions of your recent doubts.

And may I not appeal still further to your Christian consciousness? Do you not experience in your prayers, when they are lowliest, a sort of sense of upward motion? Does not prayer become to you a kind of mental or spiritual soaring, as though you were leaving the world, passing the stars, cleaving the space, and rising to the house not made with hands? as though you were borne up with the glances of your prayerful thought? as though every sentence were the sublime surge of a spirit-wing, or the rapid turn of the crank of a spiritual locomotive, whose track only angels and praying men see, and whose whirl and roar only such hear? Call it fancy, if you will; but we do ascend morally in prayer, and it is no deception, no pretense, that we feel a sense of rising.

O what a joy, what a luxury, what a glorious holiday hour, when our prayer not only checks the deceitful imagination, and sweeps away its images of falsehood like dashes of spray, but when the imagination itself is subsidized, converted, harnessed, appropriated by prayer to spiritual uses, and when, having mounted the spiritual railway—risen to paradise—this Christianized faculty quickly builds for us the holy city, with the eternal throne in the center,

and lifts the vail from the Lamb in the midst thereof! What a joy in prayer thus to realize all the splendor and purity and blessedness of that place! to hear its music, see its faces, catch the breath of its flowers, and feel that, though this be the work of the imagination, it is the imagination rightfully employed, in its mightiest efforts still incapable of carrying its pictures beyond, or even up to, the realities which by and by the soul shall come to inherit!

Yes, prayer is the path to certainty in divine things, and the paltry would-be philosophers who think to know God by mere metaphysics might just as reasonably expect a little child to know its mother by metaphysics. True, the child does not know what metaphysics means, and the philosopher, perhaps, does; but does he understand metaphysics which will square the infinite circle? which will exhaust the inexhaustible resources of ever-fertile imagination, and lift the soul to a region of certainty, where the imagination can only play a part by becoming subservient? As the little child must become assured of maternal love by truthful and affectionate intercourse, so must the philosopher, in common with the peasant, become assured of divine things rather by spiritual than by intellectual means. Only let him cultivate a child's truthfulness and confidence, and in due time he will reach a child's certainty. "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

If you would know God, and the certainty of his being, and the reality of his presence, and the verity of eternal life, speak to God. Yes, brother, speak; his ear is every-where, and as susceptible to your

cry as the ear of a mother to the cry of her first-born. And when you have spoken earnestly and persistently, he will answer plainly, and more and more so daily, until, like Enoch, you shall walk with him ; until, like Abraham, you shall be called his friend ; until, like John, you shall lean your head upon the Divine bosom, and in ecstasy listen to confidential utterances of love and wisdom from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake.



## XVII.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE THE SHEET-ANCHOR  
OF THE SOUL.

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.—ISA. l, 10.

THE Jews, when addressed in these words, were in captivity; and, from the tenor of the chapter, many of them in their calamities had lost their hold upon God, and the foundations of religion had slid from under their feet. Their adversity had made them sad, and they argued from their grief that God no longer regarded the chosen nation as his bride, but that he had divorced her and sold her into captivity. Their shallow souls virtually said, If there be a God, where is he *now*? If religion and its promises are true, why are we *thus*?

In holy disgust the prophet turns away from these down-cast complainers and seeks a better class. He inquires with uplifted voice whether there are not some who still stand, however sorrowfully, in the old paths; who, although God has overturned their little kingdom, desolated their tiny spot of land, and put the yoke of slavery for awhile on their neck, still

fear his name and obey the voice of the prophets, even while they walk in darkness and have no light. To these serious, sad souls, under a dark sky, and with gloomy and foreboding hearts, he gives the counsel of our text. Let such a one, says the prophet, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

The lesson he would teach them is that religious principle goes deeper than all circumstances, whether of emotion or earthly fortune, of health, or sickness, or external morals ; that religious principle, in its truest, deepest sense, is joined to and rooted in God, the Father of our spirits ; that religious principle, so explained, is the sheet-anchor of the soul, from which other parts of religion derive their power, and to which we must fall back when they fail us.

This, then, is our theme : Religious principle the sheet-anchor of the soul.

There is a class of Christians whose chief religious reliance is emotion. Indeed, they are apt to confound religion with emotion ; to mistake the one for the other. When they were awakened they were not content without floods of tears and storms of sighs and groans. In their view, not rational conviction, earnest hatred and forsaking of sin, but grief alone, is repentance. The faith by which they entered the kingdom was not a calm, rational trust in the promises of the Gospel and the sacrifice of Christ, but a strained effort, a holding of the breath, a wild leaping to the joyful conclusion which in the gladness of the change mistook the joy for the change.

Do you remember your conversion ? You can never forget it. What, then, was it ? Was the emo-

tion of joy, of transport, you then had conversion? Was not that joy rather the fruit of conversion, of the new birth? When the soldier boy comes home from his long and dangerous campaign, and rushes, capering, weeping, singing, and shouting, through the house, what is this joy? Is it for itself? Is *it* the main thing? You might as well inquire which is principal, the tree or its blossom, the fountain or its rill, the sun or his little beam. The soldier's joy is a rill, a blossom, a beam, whose source is the simple fact of getting home. He hardly knows he is happy; he only knows he has got back to the home of his childhood. And so when a soul luxuriates in the emotion of joy following the assurance of the new birth, it is not a joy for its own sake; it does not prove that conversion consists merely or chiefly in being made happy; it is a joy which blossoms on a tree which sin had killed, but which grace has now made alive again; it is a beam from the Sun of righteousness, just rising in the soul, before dark and blind; it is a bright rill from the Fountain of life, just opening in the heart, before parched with drought.

Now, it is manifestly a great evil to rely on this mere effervescence of the soul, as though it were the never-failing test of personal religion. The new state consists in something more substantial than the disposition to shout, namely, in loving God supremely, in the hatred of sin, in benevolence toward men, in the pursuit of holy affections; and although these imply, as a general thing, a happy state of mind, yet they do not preclude trials, sadness, depression, even the deepest gloom; and if any one falls into the mistake of believing that there is no piety where there is

no joy his condition will be sad indeed. For such persons, as well as for all, the dark days are coming—the days of sickness ; and how hard it is to find our joyous emotions and bring them into play amid the pangs of rheumatism, the flames of fever, or in the languor and wasting of consumption. At such a moment we need to fall back on something more than emotion, on a principle. The same holds of all the trials of life, of persecution, bereavement, pecuniary loss. If we look to find the chief evidence of our religion in the sphere of emotion, the clouds of mere circumstance may darken our sky and leave us comfortless, or worse.

But, besides this, the emotions always weaken with the advance of life ; and if they are chiefly regarded, religion, instead of waxing, must wane with the progress of age. The stock of personal religion ought to increase day by day, the soul growing stronger as the body grows weaker, the eye brighter as the emotions abate their bubbling, the passions more and more allayed, and the position steadier and steadier on the great and eternal foundations. But if emotion is the great reliance—if it comes to be the only, or great sign of religion—it depends so much on the health and strength of the body, on the vivacity of the animal spirits, that old age must give less instead of more religion, less instead of greater confidence and hope.

This, perhaps, will account for the manifest abatement of the zeal of many persons as they advance in life. While their blood abounded with the elements of excitement, while music easily woke them up, while a red-hot exhortation electrified them, while a warm revival meeting kindled their feelings,

they wrought zealously in the Church ; but, knowing no source of inspiration except the furnace of emotion, and that wearing out or choking up with age, their zeal has cooled and flattened with their emotions. They lose confidence in themselves, and perhaps in religion. They need religious principle to fall back on.

The reliance on emotion, it is to be feared, sometimes becomes so complete that emotion is considered identical with religion, and religion in the soul is supposed to consist wholly in emotion. This is a kind of Methodist Antinomianism. This sort of religion calls all quietness coldness, all modesty shrinking from the cross.

But the worst aspect of making religion to consist wholly in joyous emotions is that it thus becomes separated from morals. Nobody will dare to say that a religious man may be as wicked as he pleases. On the contrary, religion and morals are always supposed to move together. But if joyous feeling should come to stand with us for the whole of religion, not only shall we feel that we have no religion when we are not happy, but, even worse still, when temptations to sin come we shall be surrounded by no bulwarks against them. If there is nothing in religion but feeling, why not commit sin ? What matters it that public opinion puts honesty and other virtues in connection with a religious profession ? If feeling is the whole of religion the connection is arbitrary. Why am I bound to respect public opinion, especially if I can circumvent it ?

Now, as the emotions are not religion, but in their very best form are only occasional products of it ; as

we cannot fall back on them in time of trial ; and as times of grief, trial, temptation, come to all Christians, how essential it is that there be some principle from which we cannot be driven—into which we may run, as into a fortress, and feel that we are safe! Where do we find that hiding-place? What is it?

But, mark, we are not by any means disparaging religious emotion, nor, indeed, any other feeling that is good and proper. Be happy, but trace happiness to its source ; and then, when trouble of any sort comes, in the saddest and darkest hour there will be a resting-place left ; religion will still remain unhurt and unmarred, both as to beauty and power—the same, in itself and for you, that it was before.

But to the question, What is religious principle? we answer: In the most general sense we mean by religious principle our religion itself, as we have it in the Bible: its history, so full of examples ; its doctrines, constituting the granite foundation on which rest the reason and the faith of the soul, and the moral precepts. When we become Christians we accept these, and incorporate them into ourselves. To have these made part of ourselves is to become Christians ; and to abide by these, whether in joy or sorrow, is to remain Christians. If we would not be children, tossed about with every wind of doctrine, we must dwell here, precisely here. To be making mere emotional enjoyment the aim of life instead of conforming ourselves to the divine word, is to put the cart before the horse.

If a man suffers himself to be caught and carried away by any new teaching that comes along, and that happens to hit and tickle his ear or fancy, instead of

going solemnly to the word of God studiously to test and examine it, he is deserting Christian principle. If a person allows himself to be drawn into doubtful—however fashionable—ways or pleasures, at war with the spirit of Christ and with the example of the apostles, he is ignoring Christian principle. If a professing Christian allows gain to get between him and the moral law, and make him dally for one moment with dishonesty, he is in a fair way to desert Christian principle.

We may, however, characterize religious principle as a settled purpose to do right, the Scriptures being our standard of right. What is conversion but the adoption of such a purpose, and having it divinely inwrought into the soul? If we are genuinely changed in heart, this is precisely the purport of the change. The law has been incorporated, inwoven, inwrought, burned into our nature. We abjure deceit and lying; we wash our hands of dishonesty; we reject unchaste actions and thoughts and persons; we cordially renounce covetousness and the whole catalogue of crime, high and low, fashionable and unfashionable, inside and out. And this being the case, when a season of trial or perplexity comes—when, if need be, we are in heaviness through manifold temptations—duty is still clear and before us as an essential part of religion. If we *can* not and *do* not feel as we would, we still know what to *do*. The path is plain, and we must keep in it until the day dawn and the Day-star arise in our hearts.

This strong sense of duty, this unfaltering purpose to do right, and this continual consciousness of earnestly trying to do it, is a most sublime and glorious

thing. It is a joy in itself. In this sense virtue is indeed its own reward. And then what a guide it is ! what a clearer up of difficulties ! what an untier of knots ! When life seems to become tangled—when our path seems hedged up, and there appears to be no way out but through some sinful by-way—only let the purpose to do right be firmly implanted in us, and let it bid us stand still and see the glory of God ; only let us obey its behest and keep on doing right, and it will prove the thread guiding us out of the labyrinth ; a blessed forerunner cutting down the mountain before us ; the rod of God in Moses' hand parting the Red Sea, delivering us, and submerging our doubts and fears—the mighty Egyptian hosts that threatened us with their wrath if we dared to do right.

Without this purpose accepted as an essential part of religion, when our joys are darkened, and temptation comes in like a flood, what shall we do ? We must fall by the hands of the enemy.

But we are not sure that this is all that is demanded for our safety in the time of trial. Duty is a noble idea ; right is sublime ; law is authoritative. On the one side is cursing and remorse ; on the other blessing and a good conscience. But if law or duty or right come to be regarded as abstractions, they will prove too weak for the more powerful class of temptations. Another part of that Christian principle upon which we are to fall back still remains to be mentioned. Who has given law ? Who, with infallible authority, has declared right and enjoined duty ? Who but a divine person, our Father in heaven ? To feel the power of duty, the obligation of right,



we must hear him pronounce it. All duty, all law, all power to reward and punish, must be referable to him ; all must be summed up in him, and the short method, and powerful as short, is to go to him. Then it is no longer merely duty or law or right that, from lips of sages or from tables of stone, issues its mandates, but the infinite and living Ruler of heaven and earth.

Look at your little children. By what means has right or law power over them? Is it that they are beautiful? No, right and law borrow their power from the parents ; duty goes into the heart of the child with the father's and mother's smile—with their voices, their words, their love. The personality, the loving life of the parents, carries the child's duty to its young heart, and constitutes the power of household authority.

We, in dealing with the divine, are but children, if not less than they. In the hour of trial, when the heart seems no longer to feel—when emotion sinks down to polar coldness—the mere commandments are in danger of losing their power over us. Our dull nature is ready to ask, How can an abstraction help or harm us? Law and duty alone are likely to grow shadowy in conflict with tempting ingots—with lust, fashion, ambition, and even with vanity. Then, as a part of religious principle, we must look to the Father, and array duty in his thunder or in his smile. He must have been already enthroned in the conscience, the reason, and the affections. The thought of him, almighty and yet gentle, infinite yet condescending, speaking worlds into being and yet talking with poor, sinful men—the thought of him as enter-

ing into covenant, as fixing his tabernacle, with men ; the thought of, the firm belief in, him as a holy, just, infinite person, threatening to punish in unspeakable woe, and promising to bless and reward with ineffable love and tenderness—the thought and assurance of him, if any thing, will save.

Thus it has been with the saints of the olden time. Hear Job in his darkness. When joy had departed with his fortune and with the lives of his children ; when he execrated the day he was born ; when he rose up from scraping himself with a potsherd—a wealthy and renowned prince, reduced to a beggar—see how he hides himself as in the bosom of God : “ Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go : my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.” What cleaving, in darkness, poverty, sickness, and contempt, to his own inner sense of rectitude ! and yet not to this alone, but to God also, and chiefly. Though slain by his heavenly Father, he would not still distrust. If he had received good at the hands of God, should he not also receive evil ? In troubles like those rained on him what would Job have done with the mere sense of honest purpose, precious as this was, and without a divine and almighty Father to appeal to for the vindication of his integrity ? To him joy was gone, earth was gone, children gone, friends almost gone, every thing external gone, only God remained to strengthen his righteous aims and keep the soul from sinking. Job was a man, not of mere impulse, but of religious principle, and when all else was gone he could not be dislodged from that citadel.

We repeat again, Christians ought to be happy, only we must call things by their right names, and assign them their proper places. Excited feeling is not the only happiness ; and even the truest happiness itself is not the great aim of religion. There is a quiet happiness of resting content on the deep and broad foundations of religion, but the great aim of religion is holiness. Holiness is a right state of the heart, with an energetic life of goodness. A Christian who makes happiness his chief aim is like a farmer taken up with the flowers in the fence corners of his fields while he neglects to plow his grounds. Flowers are fine things, but make poor bread ; wheat is the great staple of the farm. The bubbles that glitter and dance and break on the surface of the fountain are pretty, but the living waters are the main thing. And so happiness is a good thing ; but the well-spring of holiness in the heart, and the harvests of obedient and benevolent living, from which the truest joy proceeds, are far better. Holiness must be diligently sought after ; we must work with all our power to glorify God and bless men, and the happiness will take all the better care of itself for not being thought absent.

. True, we find happiness frequently alluded to in the Scriptures, but ever as the fruit of a care for something else than itself. What a luxury of pleasure is expressed in the words of St. Peter : " Whom having not seen ye love ; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory." But this unspeakable joy is not an independent essence, a something standing on a foundation of its own ; it is a product of faith and love

toward Jesus. We are therefore to seek Jesus, not happiness. But Jesus found, so is happiness.

But is it not said, "Rejoice evermore?" Yes, certainly, and our aim is to lead you to that very point. He that relies chiefly on emotion, when that fails him is well-nigh stranded. He must wait until it returns. But the Christian who regards emotion as subordinate ; who builds on Scripture ; whose great aim is to frame his heart and mold his character after Christ, in seasons of great emotion will not be over exalted, and even when he is depressed and tried will find a compensation for lost joy—nay, a real sober joy itself—in resting on the principle to which he has tied his soul fast forever.

Thus, when every thing smiles about him—when health is firm and animal spirits run high—his pleasure will be toned down by discretion ; and when gloom and temptation come, he will stand firm on his principle, and not sink. Like Paul, he will rejoice in tribulation also ; like the prophet, he will find a harvest in drought and famine, and exclaim, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength."

Finally, therefore, in times of sadness, of doubt, of failing physical strength, of fierce temptation, let us not forget that the essence of religion is holiness ; that Scripture history, Scripture doctrine, and the divine law, are the elemental forces included in genuine holiness ; that God the Father, and Jesus, the bright-

ness of his glory, give to these forces, to religious principle, their vitality ; and when from any cause our joy forsakes us, let us turn to what is better than joy, namely, its source—to the principles to which our profession of religion has committed us.

If we find we have these principles firmly rooted in us and still abiding—if our souls cleave to them in unshaken devotion, and our integrity remains unsullied—this is religion ; and, with Paul, we may say, “ Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world.” With this view of religion we need never fall into despair ; we may always be speedily delivered from doubt ; the jeweled robe of ecstasy in which religion sometimes decks itself, will no longer be taken for religion itself, and it will be understood that, although the King’s daughter may sometimes appear in sad attire, yet she is still always all glorious within.

Who is there among you, my brethren, that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servants, the prophets and apostles, and of Jesus, his Son, that nevertheless walketh much in darkness and hath little or no light ? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay him upon his God. Let him come forth out of the clouds ; let him recover his tone ; let him be happy again, very happy, not by listening for the breeze in the tops of the mulberry trees, but by burrowing down, by thoughtful prayer, among their roots. Let him remember that the song comes from the bird, not the bird from the song ; that the thunder comes from the lightning, not the lightning from the thun-

der ; that religious principle yields all genuine Christian emotion, and that emotion may have no better source than an excited human fancy. Trust in the name of the Lord—in the eternal foundations, not in a mere ornament of one of the pinnacles of the temple. Stay upon your God ; rest there, dwell there, and do not follow a Jack-o'-lantern, that fades at daylight, leaving its pursuer in the marsh. Then, bound to Christian principle, abiding in God, and seeking nothing besides, your varying and changeful emotions shall give place to a steady stream of blessedness, rolling, widening, deepening, until, having passed the region of cloud and smoke, it shall expand and glide into the sea of infinite joy.

## XVIII.

## MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.\*

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He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—HEB. xiii, 5, 6.

WHEN the bell had ceased to toll for Emory, but while its echo still lingered about the saddened heart, it was struck again with the same measured stroke for the subject of this discourse. The chapel of the institution in which they were both instructors had but just been hung in mourning, when we were called on to consecrate the sable drapery afresh to the memory of the last departed. The heart of an orator had just wept out the funeral praise of one of these devoted colleagues, when a humble pastor was called on to pay similar honors to the other. But these things, which are well befitting us, are now of no importance to them. It is for us to deal in signs ; theirs is the glorious significancy. It is for us to grieve over our losses, but for them to count over the gains of dying and the treasures of immortality. It is our sad lot to have been separated from them ; theirs to have met, and to have formed an indissoluble union. The moral heroes sleep in graves

\* Preached at Carlisle, Pa., July 9, 1848, on the occasion of the death of Professor Merritt Caldwell, A.M., of Dickinson College.

far apart, but their souls live in the same Paradise, and sit in the presence of the same glory.

It is our task to-day, however, to trace the character and earthly journeyings of but one of these distinguished men, Professor MERRITT CALDWELL. In regard to his early history, Dr. Clark, his brother-in-law, of Portland, Maine, writes to Professor Allen as follows: "Professor Caldwell was the third son of William and Nancy Caldwell, of Oxford, Oxford County, State of Maine. He was born November 29, 1806. His parents and grandparents were pious people, and worthy and exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their house was a home of the early itinerants of Methodism in New England. His father and mother still live, a comfort and a blessing to their children, and highly respected by the community among whom they dwell. His father is considered a man of great sincerity and uprightness, with much of the Puritan stamp. His mother, who is a mother indeed, is a woman of uncommon intellectual powers, and deeply versed in scriptural and religious knowledge. This excellent woman made a strong impression of the truth and loveliness of the Christian religion upon the minds of her children. As a result of her faithfulness, mainly, each of their four children was early the subject of powerful religious impressions. Merritt was always serious and thoughtful from early youth. To religious and sacred themes his heart was peculiarly susceptible. A mention of these great subjects, or a reference to them, quickly excited his attention. At the age of seventeen, while a student at home, under the instruction of an elder brother,



Rev. Zenas Caldwell, when there was no special religious interest in the community, he came into the liberty of the children of God." Dr. Clark then goes on to state that he finished his education at Bowdoin College—was appointed Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary—and was finally called to the chair of Political Economy and Metaphysics in Dickinson College, in which position he lived and died.

If our departed brother had been a man of the world, different feelings from those we cherish might have been appropriate. We might then have indulged the grief of reason as we now do the grief of nature. But he was a Christian—noiseless and unobtrusive, but steadfast and immovable; eagerly solicitous to know what duty was, but utterly fearless about the consequences of its performance. If he had been a man of the world, instead of the strong words of certainty and of God with which we shall this day seek to comfort the bereaved, we might have labored to call off their memory from the dead, and to fix the soul simply upon its own improvement. But he was a Christian, whose life was the ornament, the stay, and the example of theirs. If he had been a man of the world, although in another place and on another occasion we might have found in him much to admire, and might have said much in his praise, yet in this sacred place, and in these solemn circumstances, silence must have sealed our lips. But he was a Christian; and this sacred place, and these solemn circumstances, invite the mention of his name and the exhibition of his virtues.

He was, however, not merely a Christian. He was a Christian of a particular stamp—one in whom

a certain class of virtues was cultivated to the last degree—not so as to destroy the others, but yet in some degree to shade them. The sun does not destroy the stars, he only outshines them. So with Professor Caldwell's firmness and Christian courage, and their stern associate virtues ; they did not destroy the milder graces of his religion, but they called off attention from them. As the massive pillars which supported the moral edifice, they stood out in bold relief—the first to catch the eye of the observer, and from which it was difficult to call off his thoughts that he might fix them upon the more delicate, but hardly less important, parts of the structure. It is upon this class of Christian virtues, constituting the substance of whatever was marked in the outward life of Professor Caldwell, that we wish to fix attention. They are fully covered by the clause of the text, "I will not fear what men shall do unto me." Our plan will be, with a general reference to the text,

First, To state these prominent features of the character of our departed friend, and,

Secondly, To account for them.

1. *The prominent traits of his character.* The master trait of his character was moral courage. This is a virtue of prime importance, especially to one occupying his position. Professor Caldwell was a stranger to the fear of man. In forming and expressing an opinion, or performing a duty, whether it would be agreeable to the views of the majority or of those in high places, was never a question with him. When he had discovered what he believed to be right, his course was fixed : there was no policy that could

recast the opinion, no voice of popular applause that could seduce the firm resolve, no sympathy that could cause him to relent, no friendship that could win him to a different course. It was right, and it must be done. If the whole world was on one side and himself alone on the other, he could not help it. He could only feel, and in substance say, with Luther, "Here I stand, I can no other." If this had proceeded from passion, or stubbornness, it might still have been courage, but not the courage of a Christian. But so far was this from being the case that these feelings never seemed to mingle in the least degree with the exhibitions of his courage. It was a firm and grave adherence to Christian principle, wherever it might lead him. He seemed to think that the responsibility belonged to the truth, not to him; and that if there was to be any excitement about it, the truth must feel it, and not he. After the most careful conversation with those who have known him, and been intimately associated with him for a number of years, I have not been able to find that he was ever unduly excited, or even at all, except slightly, when he considered some great principle in danger of being sacrificed. And while this moderation gave a character of soundness to his courage, it became an example of it. It was an illustration of that apothegm of inspiration, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." For it is not to be supposed that he was by nature destitute of temper; on the contrary, some, who have had the best opportunity of knowing, think him to have been a man of naturally quick temper, and that the equanimity which he so constantly displayed was the result

of internal battling and severe self-discipline. Here, then, was true heroism—a determined and forcible entrance into one's own heart, for the purpose of detecting and binding every unholy passion, and consuming every idol; for the purpose of subjecting the flesh to the reason, and the reason to Christ.

But Professor Caldwell was an active philanthropist, particularly in the great field of temperance. And here he found, as such a man would have done anywhere, exercise for his Christian courage. He not only showed his hearty good-will for the cause, by sacrificing for it time, ease, and health—riding out into the country at night after his college duties were done, and delivering temperance lectures, and returning home the same night—but he also showed the boldness of his character by the manner in which these labors were performed. He tried to raise the poor drunkard with one hand, while the other was lifted up, with steady nerve, to rebuke the man who, while he claimed the respect of the community, sat among the glittering decanters and received the wages of iniquity. The popularity of any new phase of the reformation, even though it might be universal, never moved him from his firm attachment to the old landmarks. When the Washingtonian movement swept over the country, proclaiming non-interference with the license system, and several other new notions, the friends of the cause in this place yielded the old principle, almost to a man, and he was left to stand literally alone. The hurricane of popularity, however, which accompanied that movement, left him just where it found him, and in a year or two they were all seen retracing their steps, and taking

their places again alongside of their old leader, on the platform which they had left. His moral courage was seen in the boldness with which he rebuked even legislators and judges, for the sake of temperance. If the one advocated a law, or the other gave a decision, injuriously affecting the interests of the cause, if his influence could reach them they were sure to hear it again, and to have it pressed upon their attention in such a manner as to make the subject very disagreeable. And as he never espoused a bad cause, so when he had once devoted himself to a good one he never deserted it. Hence he continued a zealous supporter of temperance to the end of his life. From all this it must be obvious, that although Professor Caldwell was a man of great moral courage, yet his courage was not rash and destitute of caution. If, in his battles for truth, he fought bravely in defense, it was from behind a breastwork of principle, which it had cost him the labor of a life-time to throw up. If he sometimes became the assailant, and led the attack against the enemies of humanity, it was after he had taken the precaution to cover himself with the mail of truth and a good conscience. He was eminently a cautious man. But his was not a caution that wasted itself in driveling doubts, nor a courage that boiled away to vapor over the fierce fires of passion ; but a caution that strengthened courage by steadying it, and a courage that made caution practical and useful by firing and rousing it. His caution was the guiding reason, his courage the strong and deciding will.

But still some might suppose that if he had been exposed to great physical danger his courage might

have failed him. Such a notion proceeds upon the supposition that mere physical courage is superior to moral; that the warrior in the battle-field and the duelist in the secluded grove are superior in courage to the Christian hero. Those who thus contend forget that the fountain cannot send the stream above its own level. They forget the difference between the motives to physical and those to moral courage. In the one case they are revenge, plunder, and power, all limited by the present life, and not daring even to look beyond it. In the other they are the favor of God and eternal life, neither of which death can for a single moment interrupt. When the warrior has rolled his garments in the blood of his conquered enemies, when he has called their lands after his own name, and gathered their gold into his coffers, how often does it happen that a single lust conquers his intelligence, and a single appetite swallows up even life itself! But when the Christian soldier has conquered himself, and has had the courage promptly to meet every religious duty, he has rendered himself invincible, not only to moral, but even to physical danger. It may devour him, but he knows it cannot destroy him, and his heart refuses to take counsel of his fears. Thus it was once in the life-time of Professor Caldwell. He had, as you all know, embarked at Boston for Europe. Near Halifax, the ship, in the midst of a dense fog, ran upon a rock, and fastened there. And while she rolled and beat upon the rock, threatening her own dismemberment and the destruction of all on board, and while nearly all were in the utmost consternation, Professor Caldwell went below, and after eating his dinner, and filling his pockets

with bread, came on deck again prepared to take to the boats if it should become necessary. All this time he acted with the same coolness, and the same apparent consciousness of safety, as if he had been in his own lecture-room.

In connection with his Christian courage may be noticed another trait of character for which he was most remarkable, namely, punctuality. To the value of this let those bear witness whose reputations and fortunes have been ruined by its neglect. Punctuality springs from respect for truth in our engagements, and consists in the strict performance of those engagements in regard to time, manner, and matter. Where this is wanting, whether in family, Church, or college, disorder must prevail. Where it is found, it is both a means of advancement and an indication of progress. Professor Caldwell possessed this practical virtue in a high degree. He kept his engagements, all his engagements, whether more or less important—his engagements to meet, his engagements to pay, his engagements to do. With him, any promise worth making was worth keeping; any meeting worth appointing was worth attending; any hour sufficiently appropriate to be fixed upon was sufficiently important to be remembered. With him a pecuniary obligation was a law, and the smallest circumstance of it was binding. As he used but few words in buying what he needed, so those from whom he bought might use still fewer in collecting what he owed. In short, he was always in his place, always at his post, always up to his engagements.

We may also notice his promptness in matters of more than ordinary difficulty and perplexity in the

government of the college. At such times he always went for the right, without the slightest sign of fear or timidity. The reason of this was, that he consulted, not expediency, but the principles which from the beginning had been his guide. Expediency is a varying rule, directing us by turns to every point of the compass. And although there is such a thing as a just and righteous expediency, yet it ceases to be such as soon as it ceases to be fashioned and guided by principle. Now, from the operation of passion and sympathy, most minds are in danger of bending the principle along the crooked track of expediency. instead of straightening the expediency by the principle ; or, which amounts to the same thing, they are in danger of forgetting the principle, and trusting to expediency. The mind is then at once driven out to sea ; the coast-marks and light-houses disappear ; indeed, the compass is gone ; and amid the conflicting claims of the different plans, recommended by different degrees of expediency, the mind becomes dizzy, and can scarcely decide at all. But when true principle—we mean that of religion—is enthroned in the reason and established in the heart, and when expediency stands at a respectful distance only waiting to do its bidding—when the principle is the sun, and expediency only the clock, which, to be of any use, must be regulated by him—how rapid then is the process ! how prompt the decision ! how calm, how forcible, the sentence ! Thus it was with Professor Caldwell. He looked to his principles, he applied them to the case in hand, and in a moment all knew his opinion ; and although it might be the fate of that opinion to be disapproved at the time, it



was very apt in the end to be looked upon as the true one.

But we must not omit to mention that evenness of his whole course of life which made so distinct an impression upon all who knew him long, and which might have been inferred almost with certainty by a stranger at first sight. We have already spoken of the evenness of his temper, but this no more gives the idea we intend than a single tree gives us the idea of an extensive landscape, or a feeble rill that of a magnificent river which it aids in swelling. It was an evenness of temper, of words, of actions, and, doubtless, of thoughts ; an evenness of all these, not on some great occasion merely, but on all occasions ; not for a single day, or month, or year, but for the whole life. This was the ground on which the picture of his life was drawn ; the clear atmosphere which surrounded its points and filled its interstices ; the steady light in which his actions were bodied forth. It was the even surface, not of a shallow policy, but of a deep principle. The smooth waters appeared still because they were deep. Every particular manifestation of his life was part of a habit, and every habit was woven into a character possessing the most remarkable unity ; the texture was close, the color was modest, and the finish not brilliant, but becoming.

These traits of character, so strikingly developed in Professor Caldwell, eminently fitted him to be placed among the guardians of a college under religious patronage and control, and will cause his death to be severely felt—by the Church, to whom he stood in the relation of a moral and intellectual almoner ; by his colleagues, who always loved and honored him,

and frequently leaned upon his safe and resolute counsels ; by the students, to whom he was a guide, sometimes severe, but always faithful ; and by this congregation, to whom he was a brother beloved, a faithful steward and trustee, and a fellow-communicant at the same holy altar.

Having given the character of Professor Caldwell, as it appeared to all who knew him, we now come

1. *To account for it.* And does it not need to be accounted for ? Is there not an air of mystery about its quiet energy ? and especially when you consider that he never *seemed* to have any religious feeling, never spoke of it, never showed it ? The common interpretation of his character was that he had a great deal of religious principle. We have already shown this to be true ; but in this connection it is very indefinite. If it has any definite meaning, it must be a firm adherence to religious principle, that is, to the doctrines and precepts of religion. But this, instead of accounting for such a life and character as we have been describing, is the very thing in which they consist. For what are courage in defending the truth, punctuality in respect to every circumstance of the truth, and promptness in deciding for the truth, but so many forms in which steadfast adherence to religious principle is expressed ? This, then, would be making a thing to account for itself. We think that the true explanation of Professor Caldwell's life and character is to be found in the circumstances of his death, and is especially couched in the declaration which he made a few days before he left the world : " I have lived too exclusively by faith." And this establishes the very connection which we

see in the text—the connection between faith in God and a bold and steadfast soul: “He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.” Paul believed in God ; in the magnitude and eternal importance of religion ; in the promises, and trusted that he was embraced in them ; and this put fear to flight. Thus it was with our departed brother. He had faith in God and was not afraid. He threw himself, without timidity or reserve, upon those principles which he felt assured were from God, and was determined to follow them through fire and flood. This was the secret of his being—the internal fountain from whose basin of rock rose the strong, but quiet, current of his life. This, too, is the bridge over which we must pass from the stern virtues of his life to the triumphs of his death ; the link which holds the two together in harmonious, but strongly antithetical, union ; the standpoint from which we must view them in order to understand them both.

Faith embraces two different, and yet obviously kindred, mental processes. The first in order, and we will mention it first, is conviction, which in the beginning makes its way against doubts and objections, until it reaches the settled persuasion of the general truth of religion. It then goes forward until it takes in each of the more prominent truths of religion separately, and receives the distinct impressions which they are calculated to make. These impressions are not immediately friendly either to peace or courage ; indeed, for the time they make both impossible. The doctrine of depravity makes

an impression of uneasiness, mortification, and shame. The holiness of the divine law, as the representative of the purity of God, impresses the soul with the utter impossibility, in its present state, of union with the only Source of happiness. The doctrine of future punishment fills it with terrible forebodings of the second death; and the atonement of Christ, instead of giving it comfort, only sheds a more awful effulgence upon the divine purity and its own sinfulness. This degree of faith, then, in which the soul stands firmly persuaded of the certainty of the great truths of religion, and has nothing more, instead of making the soul strong and courageous, only robs it of its self-reliance, without giving it any thing else upon which to rely. To such a soul the attributes of God are not those of a friend pledged to protect him, but those of an enemy, threatening and able to destroy him. Even natural courage gives way; and the soul, made cowardly by its consciousness of guilt, trembles before its own shadow, or starts at the sound of a falling leaf. Yet this state of mind, all dark and alarming as it may be, is the stepping-stone to that higher faith which stopped the mouths of lions and quenched the violence of fire. It is the dark vestibule through which we pass into a temple of ineffable brightness.

The other intellectual process, which we said was embraced in faith, may be called appropriation, because by it we appropriate to ourselves the promises of God and the atonement of Christ; and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, take the love of God for our solace, the wisdom of God for our guide, and the power of God for our protection. We have now been ad-

mitted into the fortress ; and though *it* and its great Captain are the same, yet our relation to them is changed—the strength of the fortress is no longer directed against us, but is employed for our defense, pointing away from us in every direction against our enemies. Or, to speak without a figure, this faith assures us of the friendship of God ; gives us to know that he dwells within us ; and that, while we continue faithful, he will never leave nor forsake us. Here, then, is room for confidence, for firmness the most unwavering, and bravery the most undaunted. If physical courage is firm and steady in proportion to the soldier's confidence in the general's skill and in his own strength and dexterity, who shall estimate that courage which is proportioned to legitimate confidence in the eternal power and Godhead of Christ ? Behold, my brethren, the patience of the saints—the secret life-power of the martyrs—by which, while their bodies consumed away at the stake, their souls were hid with Christ in God ! Behold the Rock on which Christian heroism has rested, in suffering and in acting, in every age of the history of the Church ! This is the same faith by which our departed brother said he “*had lived too exclusively.*” But how could he say he had lived too exclusively by faith, when faith is the root and spring of every other grace, without which it is impossible to please God ? We suppose he meant that he had been in error in being satisfied with merely the solid peace resulting from faith, and not seeking the raptures of religious enjoyment ; in contenting himself with *working* out an expression of his faith, and not seeking more earnestly a deeper, fuller baptism of divine

love. And no doubt this was a defect of his religious experience ; but, as he had lived by faith, it was easily supplied. He had only to ask, and receive, that his joy might be full. Faith wrought by love, and filled his soul with rapture. This love and this rapture were not the fruits of a new faith, but of increased ardor and power in the exercise of the old. It was the old fire blazing up with a broader, brighter flame as it came nearer to its original Source. It was the adaptation of his strength to his day.

We shall now call upon you to look upon this love and this rapture as they found expression in his own beautiful, and, strange to say, sometimes highly poetical, words.

In a letter to his daughter, dated April 11, after exhorting her to constancy in prayer, he says, "I have had great peace of mind in my affliction, and am proving that religion can sustain one under the most afflictive circumstances."

In another, to the same, of May 13, he writes : "If you could see me now, you would see me much more feeble than when you kissed me at the cars. You would, also, see me arranging my business with reference to leaving it whenever God shall see fit to call me, with as much deliberation as I prepared myself to leave for Europe, or for Portland a few weeks ago." After telling her that they have decided that it will be better for her not to come on to Portland, he says : "Think of me as when I left Carlisle, and if you should hear of my death, think of me not as having ceased to exist, but as living a better life in a better world. Death, properly understood, is not to be dreaded by those who are prepared

for it. And as to you, God will take care of you and the other children. This affliction may do more for you than my life could have done, however long protracted." May 29 he wrote the last letter she received from him. In that he says : " I feel that I am gradually approaching my house not made with hands, and feel that it will be glorious to exchange earth for heaven. I have committed all my family to God, and he will do his part in the care of *them*—of *you*, my dear daughter, only do your part to take care of yourself."

From notes taken by Rev. S. M. Vail, from the lips of persons who were with Professor Caldwell during the last few days of his life, I have made the following extracts :

" *May 30.*—The day of the month being mentioned, he said, ' I may live to see the summer—to see the earth spread with green and clothed with beauty—but I wonder when I shall again see decay ? I reckon there is no decay in heaven. If there are green leaves there, they never fall—there shall be no death there.'

" *May 31.*—He said, ' I have strength equal to my day in every circumstance ; my peace is like a river.' This he repeated often. Looking at his swollen feet, he remarked, ' This looks pleasant ; it is as strange to me as it is to you, yet I like to look at it.' Addressing Mrs. Caldwell, he said, ' Surely you will not lie down on your bed and weep when I am gone ; you will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me all along, and will, I trust, sustain me to the end. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time ;

do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night ; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing.'

" *June 1.*—He said, 'One symptom after another assures me that I am approaching my end. I have been graciously saved from extreme sufferings. It may be I shall go down to death without them. But I think nothing of that ; God knows what is best.' He then added, 'I find an additional sweetness in the name of Jesus,' and repeated,

' Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease.'

Again he remarked, 'I have given up nearly every care to others ; the world goes on, almost without a thought or care from me.' Hearing it remarked that the cares of earth would soon cease with us all, though they now press upon us for a little time, he replied, 'O yes, I would not exchange ; I have not viewed it in this light before. O no, I would not exchange conditions with any of you—I am now wholly the Lord's, and he is mine. Glory to God ! Praise the Lord !'

" *June 3.*—To a lady who called to see him he said, 'Mrs. Caldwell told me to-day that I had been here twelve weeks ; they have been weeks of great suffering, yet I believe in all this I can say with Job, "I have not sinned, nor charged God foolishly."' "

" *June 4.*—Suffering great oppression, he said, 'I feel in my extreme debility just like lying down and sleeping in Jesus ; I shall sleep in Jesus ; he is my trust.' To the doctor, raising him up in bed, he remarked, 'I am very languid.' The doctor replied, 'Yes ; but while your outward man perisheth, your



inward man is renewed day by day.' 'O yes,' said he, 'when my mind returns from its wanderings and fixes itself on Christ, there it rests.'

"At another time he remarked to the doctor, 'Faith is a great thing ; it enables me to stand on the dividing line between the two worlds without trembling.'

"*June 6.*—As some one was fanning him, he said to his mother, 'Mother, I have no temptation to murmuring or impatience ; on the contrary, I feel, as the fan is brushing by me, that the heavenly breezes are passing over me.' His mother responded, 'Glory to God ! I shouted glory to God when you were converted, but then I rejoiced with trembling ; now I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And could I but rejoice, when I see my son breathing his life away in the arms of Jesus, and melting away into the light of heaven ?' He added, 'I lie down to sleep as deliciously and composedly as an infant.' Again, speaking of dying, he remarked : 'This is not dying. It is the consummation of life ; a little while, and it will be life eternal.'

"A short time before he died he had a struggle with the powers of darkness, but it was of short duration ; he was soon the victor, and, raising his head, and in token of triumph waving his right hand, he shouted, 'Glory to God ! glory to Jesus ! he is my trust ; he is my strength ; he is my rock ; because he lives, I shall live also ; glory to Jesus—to Jesus—Jesus !' and with the name which is above every name upon his lips, he took his upward flight—a glorious end of an honorable and useful life."

And now, in closing, indulge me in a few words of application.

And, first, let me address the younger part of this congregation. Let me remind you that the foundation of Professor Caldwell's character was laid in youth ; that at the early age of seventeen, without waiting for a general religious excitement, he gave himself to God. It was then he began that honorable and useful course which has just been brought to so glorious an end. Youth, my young friends, is the true seed-time of life, in which he that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind ; but he who, like Professor Caldwell, "sows to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

To those in the congregation who are parents, I would recall the fact that Professor Caldwell was indebted to the instrumentality of his parents, under God, for his early religious impressions and training, and that his religious character seemed to have been cast in the mold of theirs. The uprightness of his father, and the piety and deep religious knowledge of his mother, find their appropriate response in the steadiness of his life, the strength of his faith, and the triumph of his death. The powerful hold which his mother had upon his confidence is seen in the fact that, in the last struggle with the enemy, among all the friends who surrounded his bed, he instinctively turned to her for sympathy, and besought her to pray for him. Let it be our *care* to be such parents, and it shall be our *joy* to have such children.

To this whole Church and congregation, in whose communion and bosom was spent the flower of his days, and among whom he went out and came in, a bright and a steady light, let me say that to you he has left an example of unchangeable devotion to re-

ligion, and of firm attachment to that particular form of it to which we profess adherence. And since we, as members of the same Christian congregation, are permitted to share in the honor of his life and the joy of his death, let it be our chief concern so to live that we may be partakers of his reward.

To the bereaved family and relatives let me say, that to you he has left the heritage of "a good name, which is as ointment poured forth," and which will continue to refresh you with its fragrance as long as you labor to follow in his footsteps. For the rest, let me remain silent; for though you mourn not as others that have no hope, yet "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

## XIX.

### THE ASPECT OF CHRISTIANITY FROM THE END OF A THIRTY YEARS' PASTORATE.

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Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel, if we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—ACTS iv, 8-12.

PENTECOST was just past, and its glory was still gleaming in the souls of the disciples. Peter and John had gone up to the temple at the hour of prayer, and at the Beautiful Gate had found and healed a certain lame man. The poor man, made almost frantic with joy and gratitude by his sudden cure, followed the apostles, leaping and praising God, and the people crowded about him in wonder and amazement. To this crowd Peter preached, only stopping when the authorities arrested and locked him up for the night.

The preaching seems to have been very successful; so much so that the Jewish authorities were alarmed,

and the next morning, when the prisoners were brought from their confinement, they were solemnly asked the question, "By what power or by what name have ye done this?" The pentecostal zeal of the apostles had not been weakened, or even dimmed, by confinement, and Peter not only promptly answered the question, but proclaimed that Jesus Christ of Nazareth, in whose name the miracle had been wrought, was the Saviour of the world, the cornerstone of the Church of God, the only being through whom men could be saved.

This declaration he adhered to in defiance of threats and warnings, and the subsequent career of all the apostles is only a continuous, multiform repetition and illustration of the same declaration. Paul reasserts it when he says, "If we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed;" and he tells us what that Gospel is in the most compressed form when he says that "Christ crucified is the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The meaning of the text, the meaning of the whole Bible, is that the Gospel of Christ is the only power that can save the world.

We have selected this theme to-day to enable us to express, in a single discourse, the particular conviction which has gathered emphasis and power during a ministry of thirty years. I am about to leave the pastorate and to enter upon a new form of my divine calling; and as I look back over my ministry, over the Church of Christ and the history of the times for the last three decades, I feel most pro-

foundly and solemnly—that men as individuals—that human society, whether considered as a whole, or as separated into nations—can only be saved, purified, and ennobled by Christianity. This is the world's hope, or else there is no hope; and, standing, as I do, at the terminus of a long and laborious pastorate, this, my deepest and dearest conviction, shall be my farewell.

My theme, then, is, Christianity, the saving and purifying power of humanity

First of all, we take it for granted that purity is an attainment possible to men. One good man is a proof and an example of what is possible for man as man. If millions of individuals in the course of the ages have been brought under the control of holy motives—have become pure, benevolent, peaceful, and self-sacrificing—we cannot see why the same achievement should be impossible, in due time, for the whole race. Human nature is substantially the same in all men, and the cases in which evil is subdued and good built up to beauty and glory are a prophecy for the race. And who shall number the host of the renewed who have appeared on earth to adorn the page of history and to draw men toward holiness?

If, then, there have been good men, and not a few of them, and if they are justly to be considered specimens of what any man may become, our next remark is, that the renewing and purifying power must be looked for from the side of religion. As far forth as a pure character and life can be regarded as the work of ideas, the ideas themselves must be the very highest. And where are such ideas found but in religion? In politics, for example, the great idea is

justice, or right, in its application to earthly relations—to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In art, of whose refining power we hear so much, the one idea, the one aim, is to gratify the demand for the beautiful. In morality, so far as it may be considered apart from religion, the ideas are indeed most important: man must be just to his fellow-men; he must form his own character by the rules of chastity, truth, and honesty; but *why* must he? Religion must furnish the answer, or we shall have none but a shallow one. Indeed, morality without religion is a mere collection of dead rules drawn from the fitness of things. Its ideas are cold and bloodless; and virtue, under such a system, would have neither root nor obligation—no relationship to vastness or grandeur.

Religion, on the contrary, is at home amid the noblest of all ideas. Indeed, these ideas are part and parcel of herself. What are they? Why, chiefly, God, a future life, and the service which the creature owes to God. In the idea of God we have the infinite in power, wisdom, holiness; in the future life we have the ideas of reward and punishment, that is, happiness or misery in another world; and in the service owing from the creature to God we have worship in its various forms, and obedience to the divine will. Now, here are the highest, most fearful, most sublime, and hence, too, the most powerful, ideas of which it is possible to conceive. If goodness is to be called into existence in the fallen soul by the touch of an idea, then here is the idea, with the necessary creative power. The infinite breadth and height and depth of the idea of God, linked with that of a future life of misery or happiness, must give infinite

weight to duty. These are the conceptions which are native in the sphere of religion, and which, if ideas can, will stir the torpid soul of sin to its depths.

Nay, further, with these great conceptions of religion once in possession we can raise to dignity the other chief spheres of life. Morality only comes to have a meaning when religion touches it. Rooted in religious ideas, it becomes divine. So of art: the beautiful is its aim, but it is religion that keeps it from debasement, that puts the polish of purity upon the soul of genius, and wins it for the uses of moral improvement. The same is true of politics. But for the divine motives that come to it from religion in the souls of the better people, the only politics possible would be a stringent tyranny.

Yes, it is plain that if our race is to be purified the power to accomplish it must come from the side of religion. The ideas of God, of worship, of obedience to a divine law, and of the future life, must have a large share in the renovation. This is the verdict of the whole world. The father of the latest system of philosophy falsely so-called, Comte, who denies the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, thought at first that he had no need of religion; but toward the close of his life, even in that barren waste of a soul without a God and expecting to die like a brute, religion, after a fashion, vindicated itself, and the atheist constructed a catechism, with sages and warriors in the place of God. He felt his system of philosophy was not complete without a religion. It lacked, in the absence of that, the highest element.

But where, brethren, shall we look for the needed religion from which is to come the longed-for purifi-



cation? The answer is plain : There is only one religion that survives the light of modern science, and it is the religion of the founders and promoters of that science. For these thirty years of pastoral labor and thought, as I have looked at the wickedness of our great cities ; as I have heard the roar of drunkenness and profanity in our streets ; as I have seen the worst classes of men and women massing themselves up before the moving chariots of our Christian civilization, I have turned ever, and hopefully, and only, to the Christian Scriptures—to the heavenly forces of Christianity—and in that direction I turn now.

We must not, however, forget that Christianity is not the same thing in all hands. When we say our hope for man is in Christianity, we mean neither the disguised Christianity of superstition, nor the naked and dismembered Christianity of modern unbelief. Romanism covers Christianity with loads of tawdry rubbish, and then calls on it to move and save the world. A movement follows, not indeed of Christianity, but of the superincumbent mountain of rags. Romanism works most precisely with those parts of her system that do not belong to Christianity ; she lays God the Father and our Saviour mostly aside, and devotes herself to the excrescences of saint-worship and wafer and wine worship ; she covers up baptism under grease and salt, and directs attention away from the atonement by pointing to the cross of wood, to relics of saints, and by the pantomime of the sign of the cross. She has also Protestant imitators in these extra-scriptural performances, who show that they have no confidence in the power of

simple Christianity, but only in the dress in which their ingenuity can trick it out.

Romanism, on the one hand, whether genuine or counterfeit, errs by excess ; it relies on finery and tradition for what the truth alone can accomplish. On the other hand, the several forms of Rationalism claiming to be Christian err by defect. Unitarianism and Universalism are only different sides of the same system. The same theory of interpretation will draw either of them out of the Scriptures, and with equal facility. If the New Testament, especially the first chapter of John's Gospel, does not teach distinctly the Godhead of Jesus, there is no way of knowing what it does teach ; and if Jesus and the apostles do not teach the eternity of future punishment, we do not see how they can possibly escape the charge of purposely misleading plain people, not only by particular passages, but by the general drift of their teachings. The misfortune of liberal Christianity, as it sees fit to call itself, is that, according to the idea of Rationalism, it goes into the Scriptures with a theory which it concludes to be rational, and there cuts and slashes fore and aft until every thing is put into a shape to be measured by its tape.

Instead of drawing out of the book itself a theory which will harmonize with the whole tenor of it, and allowing it to say what it will, these " Liberals " hold their theory firm and stark, and bend and torture the record until it submits and gives the answer they want. Books, like men, rarely utter the truth under torture. " The word of God is not bound ; " and if the human intellect, in its pride of boasted liberty,

attempts to bind it, the danger is it will carry away the falsehood it wanted.

No, neither Romanism nor Rationalism is Christianity. Both of them mangle and distort it until they make it quite another thing than we find in the New Testament. Romanism changes and betrays, overlays and neutralizes it by innumerable forged codicils, which claim equal right with the original Testament while contradicting it ; Rationalism boldly takes out of the Testament the offensive parts. The two together exhaust the apocalyptic anathema : " If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life ;" and " if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

Neither of these perversions of Christianity has power to transform human nature. Romanism retains her power with the ignorant masses born in her pale while they remain ignorant, but makes them not one whit less besotted for all her control. In converting men from sin she does nothing. Rationalism, as represented among us by Unitarianism, has no missionary zeal, and preaches the Gospel only to rob men of their faith. In the hands of Rome the Gospel is now a toy, a picture, a theatrical show, and now a bugbear of priestly terrors. In the hands of Unitarianism it is a small philosophy, with nothing about it that need trouble an *enlightened* conscience.

Christianity smothered under the trappings of the Middle Ages cannot recall the human race from spiritual death ; no more can the dainty eclecticism of Unitarianism.

No ; in the last thirty years I have seen thousands of people reformed and made new creatures, filled with the inspiration of a heavenly zeal, but not by masses and holy water—not by an eviscerated Gospel—but only by the earnest preaching of evangelical Protestantism. Yes, the doctrines of Jesus, as developed by Paul and his fellow-apostles—the doctrine, for example, of the moral ruin of the race by sin, by which “all are children of wrath ;” the atonement by the death of the spotless and divine Christ ; the preaching of repentance in his name ; the certainty of eternal death to the impenitent, and eternal glory to the penitent ; the great truth of justification by faith alone ; the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul as enlightener and sanctifier and witness ; the glorious truth of the new birth and a holy life—these are clearly the essence of the New Testament record, the very voices of Jesus and his apostles, almost lost sight of for many ages in the wilderness of forms and ceremonies, and amid the mummeries of popes and monks, but restored at the Reformation, never, never, we trust, to be eclipsed again.

So far as we have seen or known, these are the truths with which Christianity has ever won its real triumphs. These are the words of simple, but mighty, power, before which the sinful heart has quailed and melted, and the sinful life has been exchanged for one of glorious purity. The Gospel, thus understood in its most obvious sense, meets practically all the great problems of the human life—of the struggling, sin-sick soul.

It meets, for example, that terrible sense of sin which is universal, which fills the whole earth with

groans, which no soft words of philosophy, nor any cunning changes of name, can silence. The crimes of history, the shameful scenes of the police courts, the difficulty of virtue in the best, and the universal sense of guilt, can only be met by a religion which teaches original sin—an inward moral blight which has cursed the race. The contradiction felt by the soul between itself and the divine law can only be met by an atonement, a satisfaction to divine justice, and the demand for *this* can only be satisfied by a personage who, like the God-man of the Gospel, combines the glory of the Deity with the possibility of suffering. When we go to the fallen race with a Gospel the message we take them will be no Gospel, no good tidings, unless it proclaim the doctrines of regeneration. Nothing else will do; through sin the break-down is complete; the reconstruction must be so complete as to be a renewal in the image of God, a new birth from incorruptible seed, bringing in the power to keep the commandments of God. When we go to the slaves of sin, with their consciences seared, counting it a glory to riot in the day-time, we can only reach them with a preaching that opens upon them the Sinaitic artillery, and scatters among them the bolts of divine wrath; they must hear of the lake of fire; their clutch of sin must be burned loose. And when we descant on the graces of religion, on the beauty and sweetness of a holy life, we shall be as those who mock unless we can proclaim a Comforter, an indwelling God, a present spirit of Christ, who works in us the good pleasure of his will, and makes the renewed temple of the heart his own dwelling-place, and unless we can tell

of an eternity of purity and bliss at the end of the earthly race.

These are the keys with which orthodoxy, fired by the evangelical spirit, opens, practically, the mysteries of human life ; the ordnance with which she batters down the strongholds of Satan ; the music and the feasts with which she soothes and satisfies and strengthens the souls that yield themselves to God. This is indeed the Gospel—the Gospel of the apostolic and of the modern evangelical Church, which, however woven into human creeds, and allying itself with present or future forms of literature, art, and worship, has before it the task of converting the world. This is the Gospel, which is free in development, but unchangeable in substance ; which will work mightily, whether in the log school-house, in the gorgeous temple, or in the streets and fields ; which will pour its purifying power upon humanity through one ecclesiastical organization, or through a friendly cordon of distinct denominations.

My growing belief in the power of Christianity as held by evangelical Protestants has ever joined itself closely to the Church. Christ's name is the only name of power ; it holds in its mystical letters all the truths of the evangelical creed ; but it, and the creed that grows out of it, must live in the consciousness of the Church ; the truth must put on the Church as a garment in which to make itself visible, must use the Church as armor, as enginery. Now, as I stand here at the end of thirty years and look back, I feel a profound regret for the quarrels of evangelical Churches. I feel a pang of remorse for momentary indulgences of sectarian feeling in my own experience.

But I nevertheless feel that there is a true and profound union among the evangelical Churches, of which close-communication in one denomination, and the dogma of apostolical succession in another, are only very slight interruptions. The Stubbses are well offset by the Tyngs. And close-communication is only the result of a difference of opinion about the mode of an ordinance, which does not in the least obstruct hearty co-operation in most of our Christian enterprises. Evangelical Churches are one in all the essential principles of a common faith; they can join, all round the world, in repeating from the heart the Apostles' Creed. They are one in laying the highest stress on the same truths in preaching; one in hostility to the errors of Rome and of Rationalism; and this real oneness of the Churches is coming more and more to distinct consciousness. This is the meaning of the Evangelical Alliance in England and elsewhere, and of the Church Diets in Germany, where the evangelical Churches recognize each other's Christianity by common expressions of their faith and common plans for the weal of mankind.

This real union of the evangelical Churches, resulting from their outgrowth from the eternal Root of Gospel truth; from their feeling within them the juices of a common life; from the love that binds them, one and all, to their Lord is destined to advance, and to become an instrument of great power for good. We cannot tell what effect the ages may have on ecclesiastical forms, either in changing the old, or in forming new ones. We do not know whether the complete unity of the Church will come by uniting all sects in one compact organization, or whether it

will take place rather in a spiritual sense, toning down the spirit of party, eradicating rivalry, and, by a spirit of love, broad and deep, fusing them into one for all the purposes of communion, and retaining their several organizations for the sake of efficiency. But that a working unity will come the signs foretell, the world demands, and I do not doubt. And when it is fully come, there is nothing to which it will not be adequate.

Just think what evangelical Christians could accomplish in our own country if they were all more perfectly united by the love of God and of one another than they are now as sects. The results would be something like the following: Prompted by a Christ-like piety, whose undivided tide would move with the strength of an ocean and the gentleness of a zephyr, the Church would follow the example of the Master in looking up the worst classes of the community. Instead of leaving such work to uncertain philanthropy, she herself would establish missionary institutions for magdalens, and similar establishments for hopeless inebriates—missionary reformatories for the worst classes of every description. She would recognize in even the most degraded of these the brothers and sisters of the publicans and sinners to whom Jesus gave special personal attention when on earth. These would be gathered up, if possible, as fast as they fell, and the effort would be by the Gospel and its divine charity, by bread of earth and of heaven, to bring them to Christ and to health. The abuses of the press would be corrected. A public opinion would be created before which bad books and newspapers and other periodicals would disappear.



Such a paper as the "Police Gazette," and portions of many others, like moles, dazzled blind by the pure light, would burrow out of sight. Impure amusements would share the same fate. Extravagance in dress would become disreputable, and the money now spent in jewelry and the mere changes of fashion would feed the poor and reform the wretched.

Such would be the force of virtue going forth from the whole evangelical Church of the nation, so united, that the Government would be permeated by it. It would breathe an inspiration of purity into the public life. It would demand the good and wise for office, and our laws and their administration, in such a light, would blush at impurity, at injustice, or at profanity. Our city governments, no longer controlled by mere party interests, would make virtue their central idea, and the officers, from the highest to the lowest, would feel and show the power of the ruling idea.

Nay, if the whole evangelical Church were carried up into this sublime unity, merging her differences in love and in the practical aim of saving the world, she would, with her whole heart, address herself to the roots of social order, as they are presented in the life of childhood. The family, the very root of society, would become the theme of profoundest sanctified study, and the object of devout and sleepless care. As now it is in the family that vices first root themselves, and, unconsciously watered and warmed by over indulgent affection, grow into strength before we know it, so then the intensified force of the divine life in the Church would make pure religion the ruling sentiment of the fireside. The children, instead of growing up the playthings of vanity, with

pampered appetites, regarding wealth and social position as the greatest things, would estimate trifles at their true value, and feel in the divine atmosphere about them the dignity of goodness.

This divine idea would naturally enter and rule the schools ; and a perfect unity of Christians would know how to secure a system of Christian instruction which would be seen to be quite as essential, even to common school education, as arithmetic or grammar. To this the Church, inspired by love and truth, would add organized care for vagrants and destitute persons generally, gathering them like lost treasure, and laboring to restore them to purity and happiness. This is in the very genius of Christianity.

Now, brethren, suppose such a united evangelical Church, penetrating all the forms of public and private life with its whole energy of accumulated love—suppose such a Church to be the heritage, not of our country only, but of every country of Christendom—and who can measure or limit its power? How would international law drink in not only justice, but divine charity! How would the weak tribes become the wards of the powerful States, to be taught and elevated! In a word, how soon and how rapidly would the world be on the way toward the fulfillment of that poetry of Scripture in which “ the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together ; and a little child shall lead them ! ” The union of the human race has been the dream of heroes and dynasties, but they knew no principle of unification but physical force. Heathen Rome united the nations by conquest, stringing them

on her great sword. Papal Rome attempted the same thing in the spiritual sphere, but her ecclesiastical bond was forged out of the broken sword of her heathen ancestor. Catholicity is right, but its principle is not force ; it must be begotten of love, and free-born.

But is not such a union utopian ? Is it possible that all true Christians should heartily unite around the only saving name, with loving appreciation of its divine meaning ? We answer, It is not only possible, but certain. It is pledged in the prayer of Jesus, "that his people may be one as he and his Father are one." It is prophesied and promised in a hundred sacred texts, and it is rapidly advancing toward realization this moment while we speak. Think for a moment of the time, scarce a century ago, when even Protestants had not learned the lesson of freedom of conscience, and when to have a creed involved the condemnation of every man who rejected a single minute point of it. Recall the still more recent time when, liberty of conscience reluctantly conceded, the principal activity of the evangelical Churches was found in the department of heated polemics.

And behold what an advance ! Evangelical alliances, Church diets, union prayer-meetings, general Sunday-school conventions, general Christian commissions, a common creed distinctly recognized by all evangelical Churches as containing all essential truth, and for which martyrs could be found in all communions ; and, as the crown of all, behold the dawning of a loving co-operation, before which exclusiveness colors with shame, prejudice perishes, and the various denominational organizations, consecrating

themselves to the general good, build themselves up only as a part of the kingdom of Christ. He who does not see among evangelical Christians a broadening charity, an easier movement at the points of interdenominational contact, a sort of quiet emptying of the streams into the ocean, seems to us to need a touch of the divine "eye-salve."

But, if this divine unity comes, is it competent to the work of the world's renewal? Are the ideas of the Gospel, of the fall, of the God-man, the atonement, repentance, regeneration, hell and heaven—are these, as a divine revelation, scattered, breathed out of the heart of an agreeing, laboring Church—are these sufficient? Why, is not this unity of the Church involved in Christ's law of universal brotherhood? Nay, is it not included in Christ's spirit, in his example of sacrifice? Is not love, which is the very life-breath of Christianity, an element of moral omnipotence? Is not heaven itself only the perfect bloom of the love which shall unite the purified Church? Does not the good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of his enemy, represent the work of the Church? And when the whole of the living Churches of Christ shall be baptized into the good Samaritan's spirit their united strength shall lift the world out of its sinful sockets and establish it in righteousness; clouds of reproach shall spring from their frown, and their smile shall become the common light of daily life.

Every good man, in the light of the Gospel, with our view, becomes a type of the race—every union of Christian hearts a symbol of the conquering power of love at the last. If God shall overthrow many by

one, he shall subdue the world by the united all. We may say this is far off ; that there are many obstacles to surmount ; mountains are to be leveled and seas to be bridged, as it were. What of that ? The mills that are to grind out these results are not pressed for time ; they do not wear out, but only polish and improve, by friction. A few days of a thousand years each, of which we shall watch the dawn and flight from the hills of glory, will finish the work. In heaven there is no growing old—we can afford to wait ; here we can wait for heaven.

With this view of the Gospel and the Church, inspiring, as it does, pity for Christ's enemies and contempt for their hatred, I can retire from the pastorate with cheerfulness. The office of pastor has, indeed, penetrated my being with its sanctities. It is hard, but sweet, to preach ; it is painful to bury the saints, and yet it is sweet to have heard the language of triumph from their dying lips ; it is toilsome and exhausting to have upon one the care of souls, and yet that chastened care adds keen zest to social enjoyment among the flock. It is sad, after a pastorate of thirty years, to feel that you are within a few hours of never again having a people ; but I shall seek to remunerate myself by retiring into the chambers of memory and arranging the past, as Paul did his cloud of witnesses. I shall compensate myself by numbers for the ethereal and shadowy character of my new and yet old flock. It shall consist of all the congregations of which I have been pastor. I shall preach to them and visit them often, but shall much oftener have them preach for me. Their eyes shall melt me, and their lives and loves shall comfort me. You, my dear

brethren, are my last flock ; you will occupy a place very near to my heart ; and when, in my new sphere of labor, I shall turn aside occasionally and review the past, I will see you in imagination as I have so often seen you in this church, and by your invisible presence my spirits shall be cheered and my soul elevated into holier communion. May we so live on earth that we shall greet each other again, when the storms of life are past, in the Church of the First-born—the New Jerusalem—Heaven !

THE END.



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